Nov. 25, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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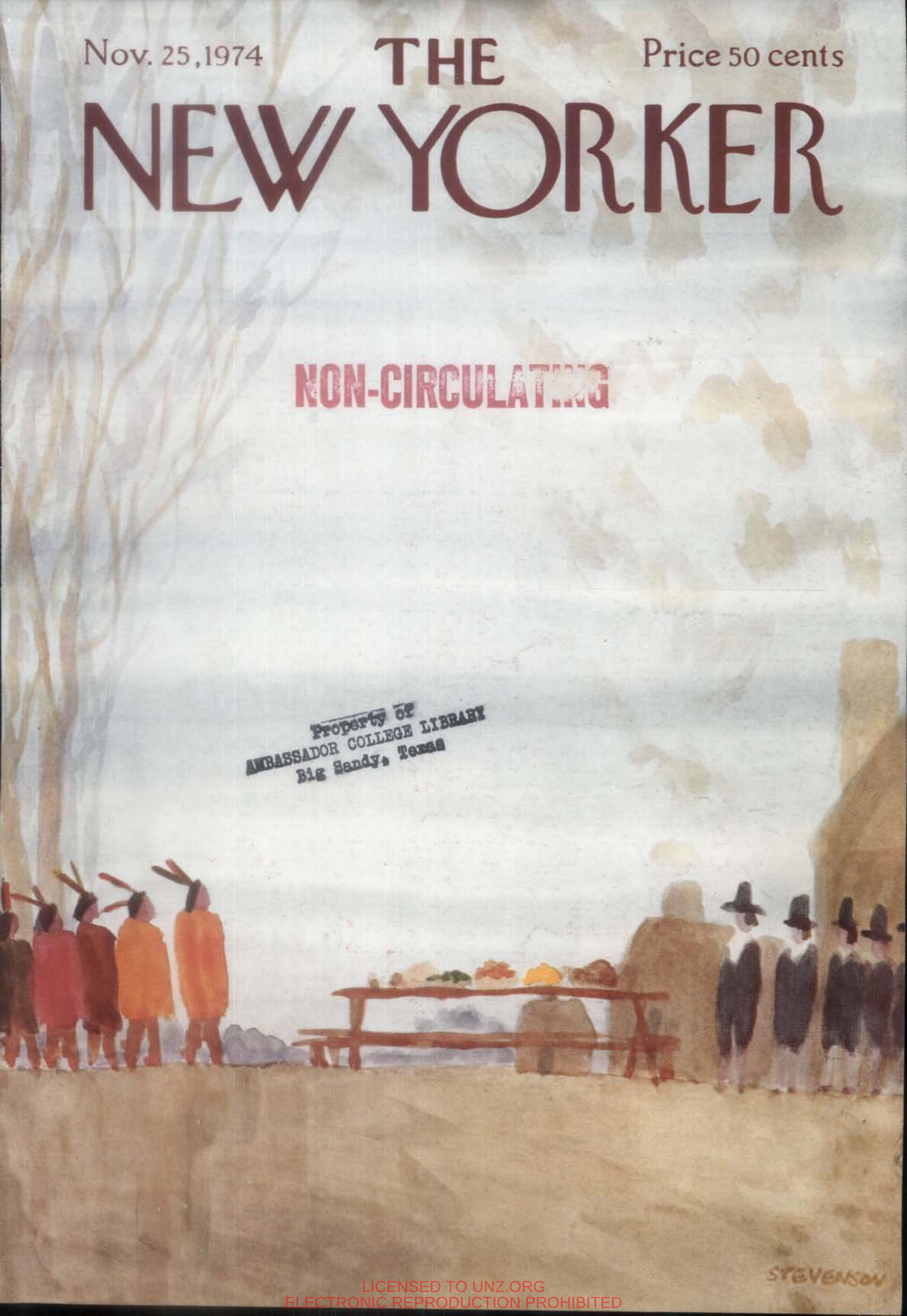

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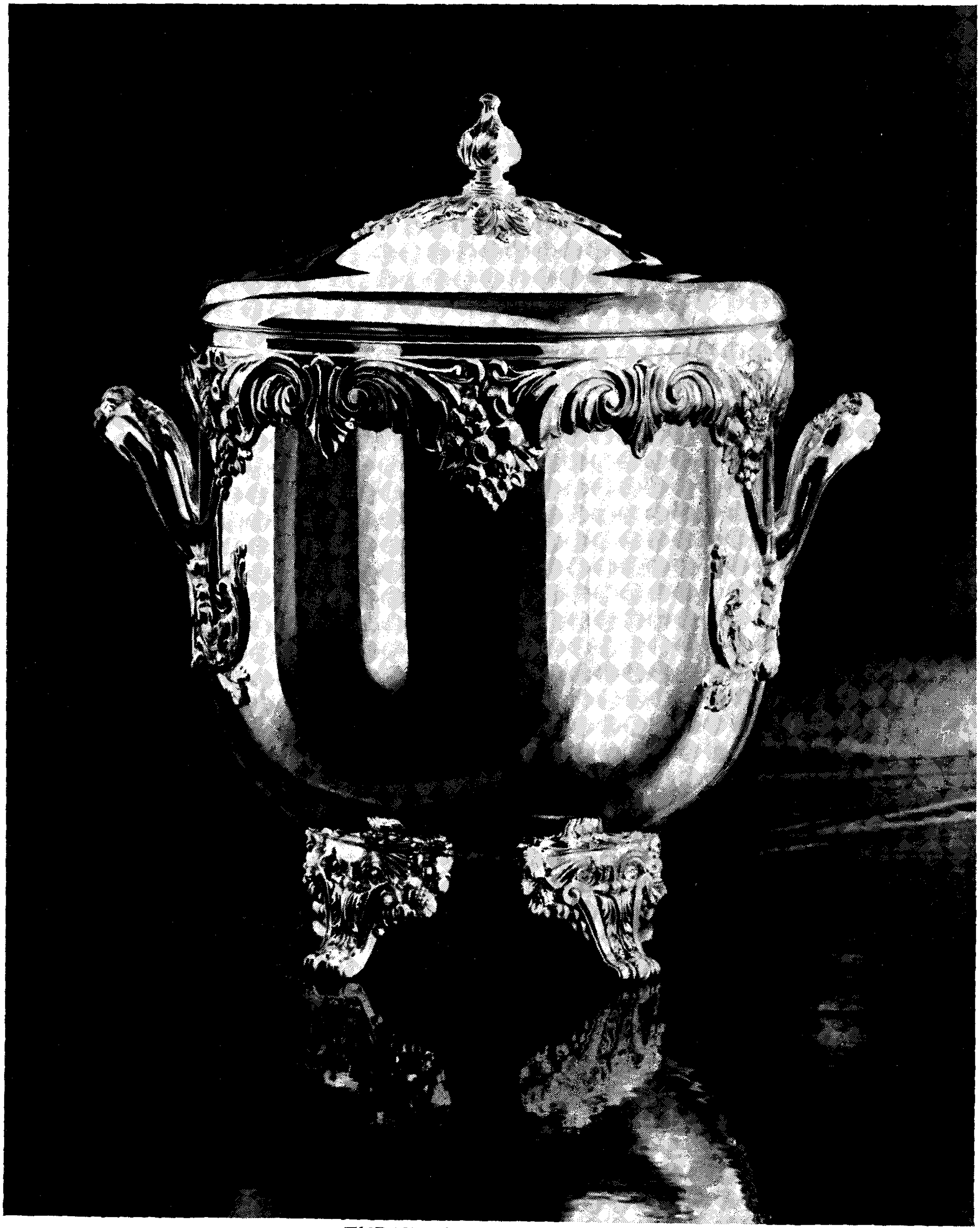

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BATTLE OF ANGELS—Tennessee Williams' first produced play, which subsequently became "Orpheus Descending" and the film "The Fugitive Kind." (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 874-1080. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

THE BEAUTY PART—A fine revival of S. J. Perelman's rich satire, directed by James Hammerstein. With Joseph Bova, Ron Faber, and Cynthia Harris. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

THE BIG WINNER—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

BLACK THEATRE ALLIANCE—A five-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, and poetry readings) by twenty-nine groups. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: Alonzo Players and Ju Ju Players Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 7:30: New Heritage Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: Weusi Kuumba Troupe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: Frank Silvera's Writers' Workshop. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3: Brownsville Lab Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: East River Players. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: Demi-Gods. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 7: A gala performance of "Truckin'," an anthology of American black theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: Voices, Inc. (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. For tickets, call 245-8125. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

BRIEF LIVES—Roy Dotrice in an uncanny re-creation of the life and times of that crotchety antiquary John Aubrey, whose head was full of gossip about Shakespeare, Elizabeth I, and other worthies. The astonishing set is by Julia Trevelyan Oman, and can be touched and, in part, eaten. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

CANDIDE—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—A superlative revival of Tennessee Williams' preposterous and yet immensely entertaining Gothic romance. Elizabeth Ashley is a superb Maggie, and Fred Gwynne's Big Daddy is on a par with Burl Ives' unforgettable original. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 24.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical **THE BOY FRIEND** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EQUUS—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day, at 2:30.)

FAME—A play written and staged by Anthony J. Ingrassia, with Ellen Barber. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

GYPSY—Pretty, jolly Angela Lansbury feverishly impersonating a shrew. The Jule Styne–Stephen Sondheim songs stand up well after fifteen years, and Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, has directed the show with

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COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Ed Fisher, Donald Reilly, Al Ross, Everett Opie, Dana Fradon, William Hamilton, Jack Ziegler, Malcolm Hancock, Mischa Richter, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Barsotti, William Steig, James Stevenson, Lou Myers, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Joseph Mirachi, Bernard Schoenbaum, Frank Modell, Henry Martin, Nurit Karlin*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

How to Get Rid of It—A musical based on Ionesco's "Amédée," with a book and lyrics by Eric Blau and music by Mort Shuman. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Days of British Honduras—A play by Ronald Tavel. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

Love for Love—Congreve wrote this comedy in 1695, and it is not as funny as it used to be. A large cast plays very broadly under the direction of Harold Prince. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)

Mack & Mabel—Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters in an attractively tenderhearted musical about Mack Sennett and his star, the comic actress Mabel Normand. The book is by Michael Stewart, the songs are by Jerry Herman, and the direction and choreography are by Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. **THE TROJAN WOMEN** and **MEDEA:** Thursday, Nov. 21. . . . **THE TROJAN WOMEN** and **ELECTRA:** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30. . . . **ELECTRA** and **MEDEA:** Sunday, Nov. 24. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

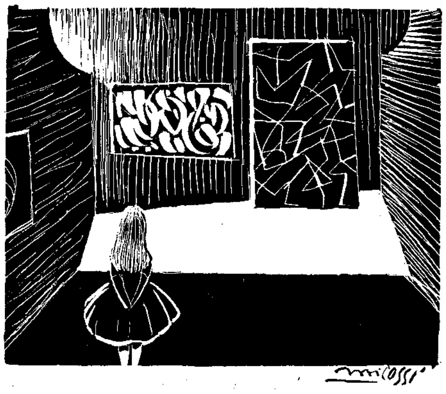
Mert & Phil—Anne Burr's sad and muddled play about a miserable middle-aged couple and how things are going to get worse for them instead of better. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

My Fat Friend—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 7.)

The National Health—From the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, Arvin Brown's faultless production of a sad-funny play by Peter Nichols. The large cast is impeccable. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)



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San Francisco Mime Troupe—A five-week engagement of two plays; through Monday, Dec. 23. Brecht's **THE MOTHER,** based on a Gorky novel: Opens Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8. Thereafter, Thursdays, except Nov. 21, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3; on Thursday, Nov. 21, at 7. . . . ¶ A science-fiction thriller, **THE GREAT AIR ROBBERY:** Opens Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8. Thereafter, Mondays and Wednesdays, as well as Sundays, at 8. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Saturday Sunday Monday—Sada Thompson and Eli Wallach in a comedy by Eduardo de Filippo, imported from London. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 21. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Philip Locke as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and The Island—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa: Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. . . . **THE ISLAND:** Previews Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 24, at 6:45. Thereafter, performances Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner, and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

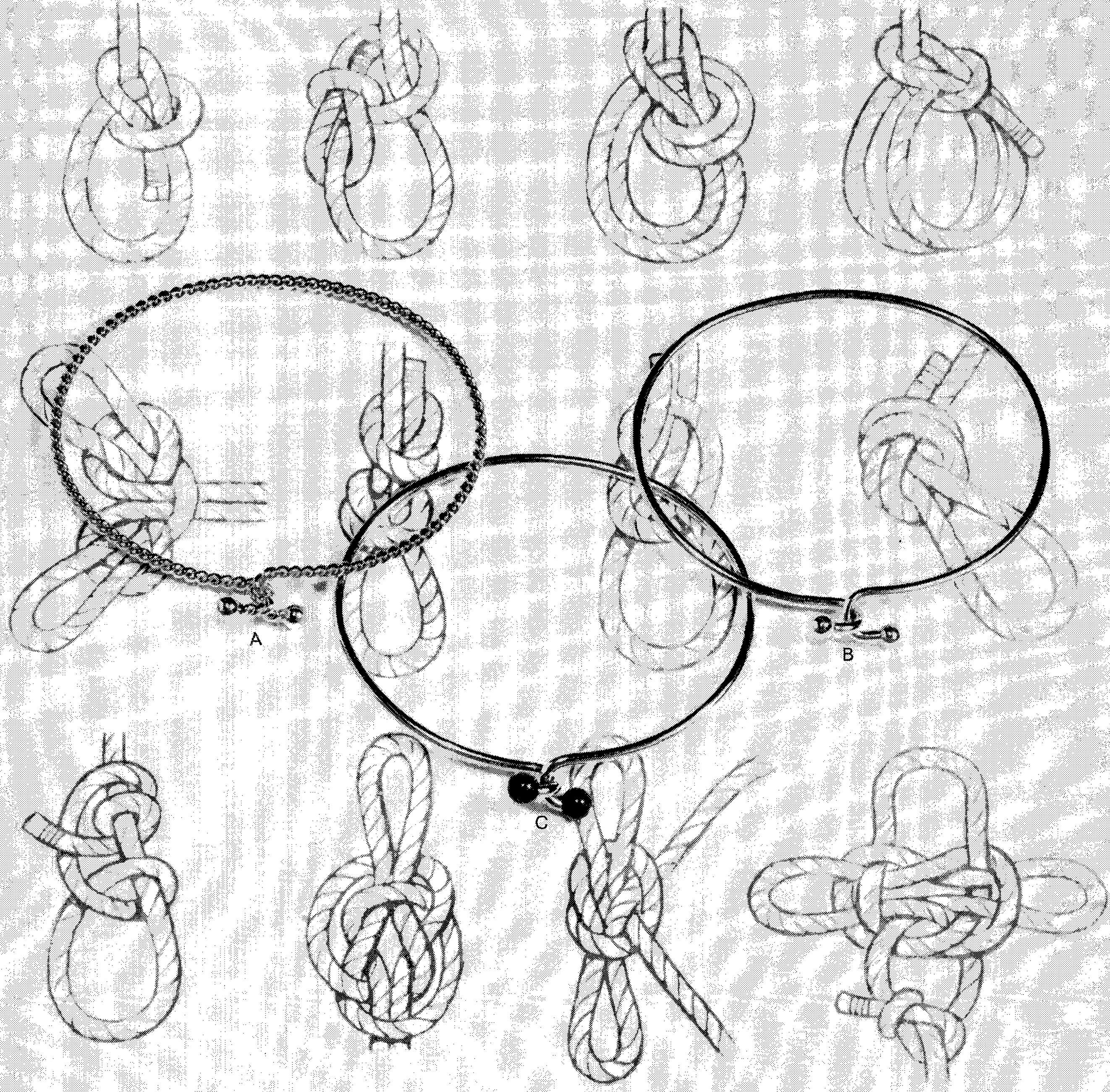
Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,065 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Mummenschanz—A Swiss masque-and-mime troupe of three. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Nov. 29, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Coppélia." (A benefit preview; for tickets, call TR 7-4700.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Coppélia" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Harlequinade," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Harlequinade," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Dybbuk Variations," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 24, 1: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7: "Scotch Symphony," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Variations



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pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "*Dybbuk Variations*," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Tarantella," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Raymonda Variations."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Harlequinade," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Royal Swedish Ballet—A one-week engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Swan Lake."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Grand Tarantella Pas de Deux," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Konservatoriet," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: "The Consort," "Miss Julie," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St., 246-8989.)

Rudy Perez Dance Theatre—Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Pedestrian Mall," "Running Board for a Narrative," and "*Monumental Exchange*."...¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8: "Panorama," "Arcade," and "New Annual." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

National Dance Company of Senegal—A troupe of thirty-seven singers, dancers, musicians, and stilt walkers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 5:30.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a five-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 5—Friday, Nov. 29, at 8 (preview): "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8 (preview): "Sephardic Song," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and "At Midnight." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Soviet Georgian Dancers—A troupe of eighty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a trio, at dinner and supper. Beginning Monday, Nov. 25.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Alto saxophone and flute, leading a quartet. Beginning Wednesday, Nov. 27, from nine-forty-five to three.

Sonny Greer/Russell Procope/Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Keith Jarrett—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano and soprano sax, with a quartet, at ten, through Sunday, Nov. 24.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three. ...¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With Wilbur Little. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20-21, from nine-thirty until two.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals and saxophone, respectively. At dinner and supper Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, through Saturday, Nov. 23.

John Lewis, Ron Carter, Paul Desmond, and Connie Kay—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, bass, alto saxophone, and drums, respectively. Mondays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three-thirty. (Lewis and Kay will be absent on Monday, Nov. 25, performing with the Modern Jazz Quartet in Avery Fisher Hall.)

Junior Mance—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, with a trio, Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at ten.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Bass, leading a quintet, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at ten.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Nov. 23.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a sextet, at ten and midnight, through Saturday, Nov. 23.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4550). Piano, from eight to one, beginning Monday, Nov. 25.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, is the John Lewis Sound, a trio skippered by drummer and pianist Lewis. On Mondays and Wednesdays, drummer Andrew Sieff brings in his trio. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and a jukebox stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Trumpeter Joe Newman and his quartet hold forth through Saturday, Nov. 23. On Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 25-26, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson works with Frank Strozier (on alto saxophone), bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Beaver Harris. Reedman Sonny Fortune begins performing with his quartet on Wednesday, Nov. 27. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club, on occasion so clamorous before and between shows that one walks out feeling exhausted and hoarse. But however congested, this mini-concert hall boasts ample seating and a simple, pleasant décor, and its commitments to the sound system and the lighting are admirable indeed. The diverse and often imposing roster of performers is staggering. Orleans, a jovial rock band from Woodstock, trades sets with singer and songwriter Tom Waits Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20-21. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 22-24, Cashman & West, another group of rock-and-rollers, appears opposite Al Kooper, a rock explorer, producer, and star, who is now based in Atlanta. Blues singer Freddie King drops in on Monday, Nov. 25. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 26-28, Johnny Nash will be singing mostly reggae, and expert electric guitarist Cornell Dupree will be leading his combo. Leonard Cohen, Canada's single-handed answer to Jack Kerouac, Bob Dylan, Rod McKuen, and Khalil Gibran, will sing his tunes, beginning Friday, Nov. 29. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Jimmy Rowles and his bassist, Bill Takas, provide the music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. Rich commands an exciting and talented sextet, featuring tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet, pianist Kenny Barron, Reggie Workman on bass, guitarist Jack Wilkins, and Angel Aaende on the congas. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. Starting Monday, Nov. 25, Balaban & Cats, a lively sextet, will perform Dixieland jazz. Shows at ten and midnight. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ellis Larkins, a subtle, facile pianist, manages to subdue even the most dedicated of diners in this busy restaurant. Bassist Benny Moten helps him out through Saturday, Nov. 23. On Monday, Nov. 25, pianist Mary Lou Williams, a Kansas City-jazz legend who was a featured soloist with the Andy Kirk orchestra from 1931 to 1942 (she began arranging for Kirk in 1929), starts perform-

LOVING HANDS AT HOME

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ing. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

Gregory's, *1149* First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes here is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz and his trio and vocalist Lynn Crane take over Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to three. Pianist and singer Onzy Matthews is in charge of a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to nine. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Pianist John Lewis and drummer Connie Kay, one-half of the disbanding Modern Jazz Quartet (their final concert together takes place Nov. 25 at Avery Fisher Hall), team up with alto saxophonist Paul Desmond and super bassist Ron Carter for a two-week stint. This quartet will function with replacements for Lewis and Kay on Monday, Nov. 25, when the M.J.Q. gives a farewell concert at Avery Fisher Hall. The hours run from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, and each Sunday, Jane Valentine sings along. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, the Gene Roland quintet holds forth from eight to two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Now under new ownership, this famous food-and-music emporium has switched its menu offerings from "Steak, Lobster, and Chick Peas" to "Steak, Lobster, and Lasagne," but its entertainment offerings for the most part remain basic rock and roll. Pianist Larry Young and his sextet inject a bit of jazz into the proceedings, starting Wednesday, Nov. 27. Two shows nightly, except Sunday and Monday, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round, Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Marian McPartland whips out polished fantasies that come from such diverse sources as John Coltrane, Carole King, and Alec Wilder. She is assisted by bassist Jay Leonhart and drummer Joe Corsello. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. On Wednesday, Nov. 20, at eleven, Mrs. McPartland and three other major jazz pianists—Roland Hanna, Dick Hyman, and Hank Jones—work out four-part inventions. On Mondays, a Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Chico Hamilton seems pleased as punch (as do the customers here) over the inventiveness of the young musical craftsmen in his quintet. Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Shows are presented at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. Two energetic young singers—Peter Allen, who also plays piano, and Lynn Kellogg, who accompanies herself on the guitar—share the facilities. On Sundays, singer Tally Brown goes on at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who is on intimate terms with several hundred songs, performs her recitatives with accompaniment supplied by her pianist, Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his trio. Lee Konitz and his bassist, Wilbur Little, collaborate Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20-21. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, the Greg Bobulinski quartet moves in. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 27, and Thanksgiving.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful paintings and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty, free-form music of Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist Sonelius Smith. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Ali and Wilson, who doubles on frying pan in the course of his duties as soul-food chef, were responsible for much of the decorating and remodelling of the room, which also serves as a recording studio. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soft drinks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Live music has been reinstated at this rambling, tri-level downtown institution. On Thursdays, harpist Daphne Hellman plays with bassist Lyn Christie and guitarist Mike Gari from nine to midnight. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, bassist Charles Mingus heads up his quintet, beginning at ten. Pianist Junior Mance and his trio will be on hand opposite the eight-person, progressive-rock band Isis on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, as well as on Thursday, Nov. 28. On Monday, Nov. 25, organist Charles Earland's quintet will perform from eight to one. Radio station WRVR-FM will broadcast a portion of the music. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Keith Jarrett, at twenty-nine, is a gifted pianist who has attracted considerable critical and professional attention for more than twelve years. His approach to the piano—electric and acoustic—is singularly cerebral and acrobatic: he sits on the edge of his seat, almost standing up, and hunches his shoulders, contorts his face, rolls his head around, and hits unlikely keys. The other members of his stalwart quartet are bassist Charlie Haden, drummer Paul Motian, and reedman Dewey Redman. Through Sunday, Nov. 24. The fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, with vocalist Juanita Fleming, blasts off on Mondays. The entertainment begins at ten.

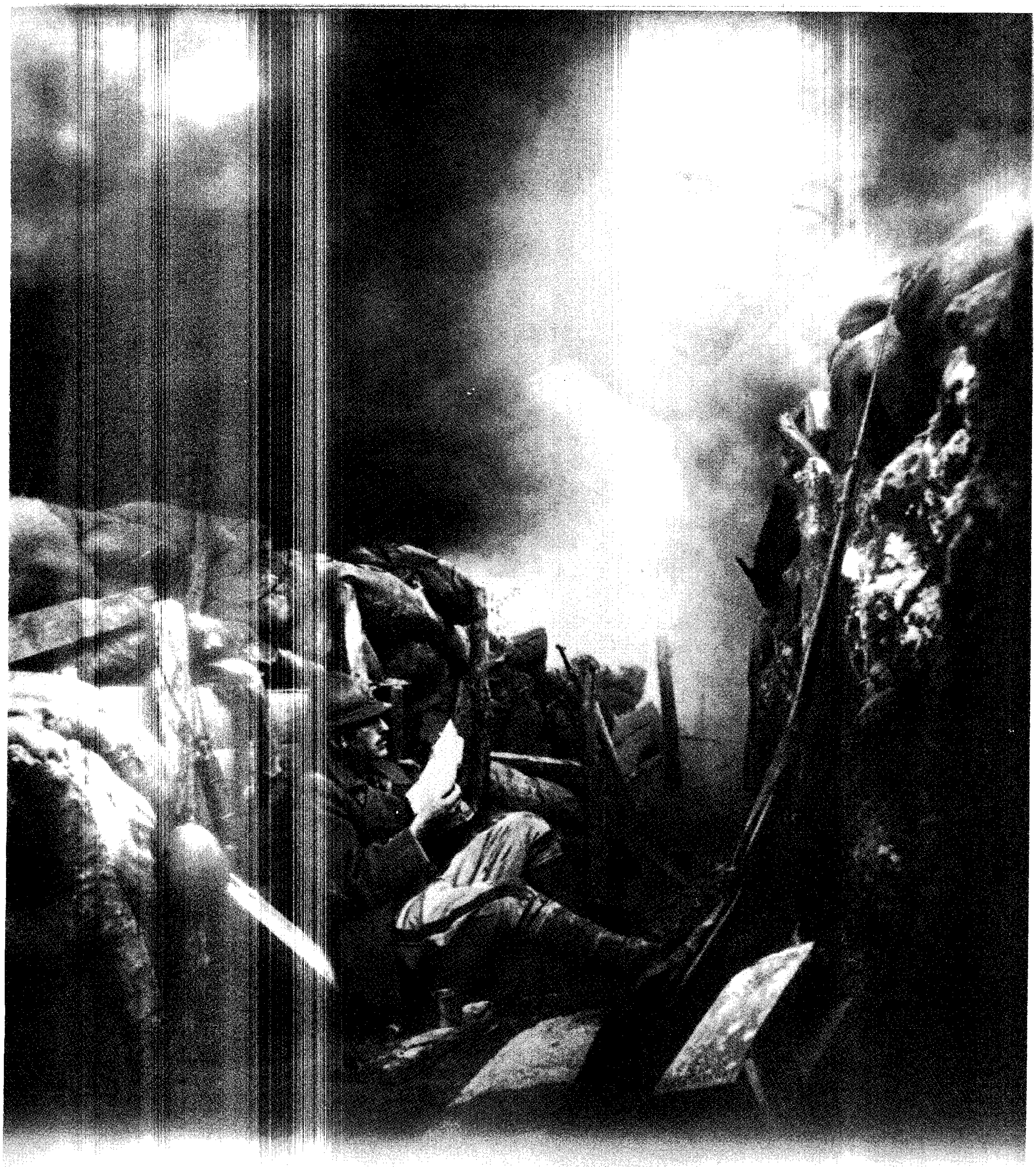
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Jill McManus performs with her bassist Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 21-24. Her replacement will be Nat Jones, who takes over the Thursday-through-Sunday niche beginning Nov. 28. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist. The music runs from eight to two. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and pianist Robin Clark (subbing for regular Brooks Kerr). Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, glides along with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works out with Ed Lewis on trumpet, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and a drummer named Ditto on Fridays and Saturdays. Pianist Mabel Godwin plays and sings with her trio on Sundays. All this and student food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café**, pianist Herb Winner's dance three-



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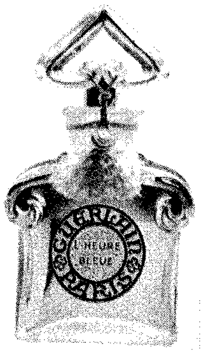
He reads the letter for the hundredth time…



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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some is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Steven Weltner plays solo piano Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jazz singer Chris Connor will be in operation in the **PERSIAN ROOM** through Saturday, Nov. 23. Monday, Nov. 25, brings along vocalist Ednita Nazario. Shows at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this height of land, during dinner and supper, Sally Kellerman is displaying her vocal talents. On Monday, Nov. 25, the Charlie Byrd quartet and the Barbara Carroll trio will succeed Miss K. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Cleo Laine dazes her listeners with her husky-voiced interpretations of works by Gershwin, Coward, Shakespeare, and her talented composing husband, John Dankworth, who plays admirable saxophone behind her. This impressive British jazz partnership is aided by an orchestra under Mr. Dankworth's direction in the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper. The dance band is Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM** are devoted to the pop songs of the O'Jays. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHARLES ADDAMS—Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, original book jackets, and other works, from 1935 to the present; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

VIRGINIA BAILEY—Modern Persian newspapers and calligraphy are used in painted collages of animals whose forms are derived from ancient Persian art. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Recent works by this color-field painter. Starts Saturday, Nov. 23. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Abstract brush drawings as well as oil-tempera and watercolor miniatures. Through Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

FRANK BOWLING—New abstract paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Abstract acrylics. Through Dec. 7. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

DADO—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world done in incongruously soft pastel tones. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract forms, like fragments of ancient tablets, painted against vivid backgrounds in oil mixed with sand and powdered pigments. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD (1901-73)—A softer, less polemical side of the artist is revealed in this collection of paintings, drawings (including sketches of his parents), and prints, some of them on loan from museums. Through Dec. 7. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROLAND GEBHARDT—Small abstract gray-and-white-marble sculptures. Through Dec. 7. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

LEONEL GÓNGORA—Works in mixed mediums. Through Dec. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

DOUGLAS GORSLINE—Recent paintings, including some landscapes of China. Through Dec. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

SANTE GRAZIANI—One of the attractions in this exhibit of paintings is a wide-eyed George Washington snuggled under an Early American quilt, some patches of which are cloth, some meticulously rendered in acrylics. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—"Painting, Smoking, Eating," the title of one of the paintings on display, suggests the concerns of this appealing series of large canvases, simultaneously cartoonlike and epic, and done mostly in reds and pale pink. Through Dec. 18. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

NIGEL HALL—Aluminum wall pieces. Through Dec. 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WHITNEY BROOKS HANSEN—Woodcuts, mostly of children, and still-lifes. Through Dec. 3. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

NEWTON HARRISON—Mixed-media proposals for ecological systems; first one-man show in New York. Starts Saturday, Nov. 23. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—New paintings in this artist's free-flowing, rich colors. Through Dec. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ASGER JORN (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

KARL KNATHS (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1959 and 1971. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JOHN KOCH—Realistic paintings of figures in elegant interiors. Through Dec. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BRUCE KURLAND—Small still-lifes of fish and fowl, vegetables and flowers. Through Dec. 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—"The Artist's Studio," a series of four large paintings, all heavily reliant on the benday process. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

JOHN MACWHINNIE—Portraits, figure studies, and one vast interior painting, five and a half feet high and thirty-six feet long, which takes us into the artist's studio, introduces us to his friends—among them artistic luminaries of the Hamptons—and his pet dog, and affords us glimpses, through doors and windows, of the flat eastern Long Island shoreline. Through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Oils by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Jan. 10. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCIA MARCUS—Oil paintings, some of them self-portraits and others based on Greek themes. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ALDEN MASON / MICHAEL BERESFORD—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Sculptures of bicycles and tricycles, which the viewers are requested not to ride. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

FRANK METZ—Semi-abstract landscapes, mostly island scenes in Maine, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

DONN MOULTON—Enormous lacquered fibreglass wall reliefs of apples. Through Dec. 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

DAVID NOVROS—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Andean-inspired acrylics on canvas by a Bolivian-born artist who lives in New York. Through Dec. 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

GEORGE PARRINO—Abstractions based on the female figure. Through Dec. 3. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

HECTOR POLEO—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

KENNETH PRICE—Ceramic cups, plus the artist's drawings for them. Through Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919)—A benefit showing of about sixty paintings on loan from museums and private collections. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

NICHOLAS ROERICH (1874-1947)—Stage and costume designs for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and for Russian operas. Through Dec. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JOCHEN SEIDEL (1924-71)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

SARAI SHERMAN—Figurative paintings with literary and social themes. Through Dec. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALBERT STADLER—New abstract works by a color-field painter. Through Dec. 7. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

SAHL SWARZ—Sculptures done over the past twenty years in a variety of mediums and techniques. Through Dec. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

YVES TANGUY (1900-55)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty paintings by the French-American Surrealist. Through Dec. 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ELIHU VEDDER (1836-1923)—Paintings and drawings, mostly of Italy, by an artist who was a well-known muralist and illustrator in his time. Through Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HOWARD WARSHAW—Metaphysical paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES WYETH—Sixteen oils—portraits, landscapes, and paintings of animals—done from 1968 to the present. Through Monday, Nov. 25. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Poster art done between 1890 and 1930. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FAR GALLERY,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics of animals or birds by such contemporary artists as John Groth and Jane Canfield, as well as by Audubon, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American and European paintings by Ralph Earl, Pierre Bonnard, George Bellows, and others. Through Dec. 7. . . . **KRASNER,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Archipenko, Dubuffet, Miró, and Nevelson, among others. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14. . . . **SAMUELS,** 18 E. 76th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, French furniture, and other pieces, to complement the art-dealers exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Degas, Moore, and Manzú. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Mad-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Through Dec. 28. . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Drawings by such Americans as Gorky, Pollock, Avery, and Pearlstein. Through Saturday, Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN / CHARLES SELIGER—Fragmented musical instruments embedded in concrete. Through Dec. 28. / Small abstract oil paintings. Starts Friday, Nov. 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JACK BUSH / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—New paintings by a Canadian color-field painter. Through Dec. 4. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JACKIE FERRARA—Surreal wood constructions. Starts Saturday, Nov. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

KEN GREENLEAF—Two large welded-steel sculptures, and several small ones. Through Dec. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

MINORU KAWABATA—Abstract paintings based on the envelope, by a Japanese-born artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

NORMAN LALIBERTÉ—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Dec. 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

RAYMOND MASON—Deep plaster reliefs of such disparate scenes as St. Marks Place and its freaks downtown, and Mont le Lubéron and its rolling vineyards in Southern France, all painted realistically and producing a hyper-stereoscopical effect. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GREGORY MASUROVSKY—Works in ink on paper in which the subject matter—a book of matches, a flower, a page of want ads—is not so much drawn as adumbrated against a background of hair-thin horizontal lines. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROGER NELLENS—Oil paintings of machinery and drawings that are studies for the paintings; first one-man show here. Through Dec. 7. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO—Photographic images (a nude model, a man, a leopard, two boys) silk-screened onto large polished-steel mirrors in such a way that the viewer becomes, willy-nilly, a startled part of the composition. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT SIVARD—Decorative gouache paintings of street life in Portugal, Haiti, Cyprus, and France. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JESÚS RAFAEL SOTO—Recent wood and metal sculptures in a show of the artist's work running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Dec. 7. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH STEFANELLI—Large abstract works in most of which a boxlike central form is outlined on unsized canvas and lightly colored with a thin acrylic wash. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

KURT TRAMPEDACH—Paintings and shockingly realistic sculptures—a young man sprawled asleep in a chair, a couple making love, a man in a darkened room transfixed before a television set—by a Danish artist; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

DAVID VON SCHLEGELL—Three new sculptures in steel and granite. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Landscapes of Maine by a painterly realist. Through Dec. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—New constructions and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966)—Watercolors and animal sculptures. Through Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Thomas Hart Benton, Grant Wood, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi are three of the artists represented in a show of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Open Mondays.). . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Among those contributing paintings and drawings are Oldenburg, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Starts Saturday, Nov. 23.

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GALLERIES—SoHo

DOTTY ATTIE—Small, delicate pencil drawings, done in series that follow a mysterious story line. Through Dec. 4. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JANET BRAUN-REINITZ—Large acrylics of female figures, including three five-panel screens. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

BARBARA COLEMAN / KATE RESEK—Six paintings, all of them in white acrylic impasto. / Chalk and acrylic on canvas. Through Dec. 11. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—"Twenty-Four Songs," two large works in ink on vellum. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Castelli and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway.)

PAUL GEORGES—Paintings, including a number of self-portraits of the artist in his studio. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

THEOPHIL GROELL—Paintings and drawings of female nudes, many in abandoned poses. Through Dec. 5. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

RICHARD JOSEPH—Realist paintings, one a large depiction of a sort of King of the Hill struggle, the others focussed on a family engaged in some kind of household ceremony; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 7. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

KWONG LAM—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 4. (South Houston Gallery, 93 Prince St.)

PAUL MOGENSEN / DAVID NOVROS—Paintings on multi-shaped canvases. Through Dec. 4. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ROBERT MURRAY—Five painted aluminum sculptures. Through Dec. 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GUY PEELLAERT—Lurid illustrations, in mixed mediums, used in the artist's book, "Rock Dreams." Starts Friday, Nov. 22. (Star, a new gallery, at 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Large oil paintings of rushing rivers and torrential creeks, as well as some quiet pools where water lilies grow. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART ROSENBAUM / VERNITA NEMEC—Large figurative watercolors. / Sculptured-cloth landscapes. Through Dec. 5. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

TIM SCOTT—New work in thick slabs of Plexiglas and steel braces by the British sculptor. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

MARINA STERN / LOUIS LIEBERMAN—Precisionist paintings, mostly of factory rooftops. / Wall sculptures. Through Friday, Nov. 22. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

HELENE VALENTIN—Voluptuous abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

REBECCA WEISBERG—Abstract Expressionist oil paintings of figures, watercolors of landscapes and seascapes, and faces done in oil on paper mounted sculpturally on Plexiglas stands. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

CHRIS ZELLER / NORMAN COLP—Sculptural floor pieces made up mostly of tubes. / Hoping frankly that some of their glory would shine down on him, this young man wrote a number of artists asking for a talisman from each, and their sixty-three responses, ranging from worn-out brushes and a pair of sneakers to curt letters of rejection, make up this strange exhibit. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: The circle is the formal basis for paintings and sculptures by eight artists, including Jean Cohen, Budd Hopkins, and Phyllis Mark. Through Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: Jason Seley's sculptures made from automobile bumpers; drawings of figures by Mal Luber; and sculptures by Steven Linn. Through Dec. 7. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** in a new location, at 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Richard Smith, Richard Pettibone, and Porfirio DiDonna, plus some American stoneware from the last century. Through Saturday, Nov. 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

MARVIN GOLDSTEIN—Collages made from billboards. Starts Friday, Nov. 22. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

OTELLO GUARDUCCI—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite and marble bases. Through Dec. 6. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

WILLIAM HAENDEL / LYLE LIGHT—Molded-paper reliefs. / Natural-wood sculptures with movable parts. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—A retrospective of more than seven hundred and fifty drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 7. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

WILLIAM PACHNER—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Dec. 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HARRY CALLAHAN / CARL TOTH—Pictures of Peru. / Hand-painted photo-collages. Through Dec. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT DOISNEAU—Photographs of Paris and Parisians. Through Dec. 14. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

WALKER EVANS—Work from all periods, including some vintage prints, by this well-known photographer. Through Dec. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ—Studies of rock stars and other notables. Starts Friday, Nov. 22. (Star, 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

MINOR WHITE—Two shows of photographs done during the past thirty-five years. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Through Dec. 3. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M. . . . ¶ Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through Dec. 14.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Marion Faller, Richard Levy, and Harvey Stein. Through Dec. 3. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.). . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Antonio Leale showing views of bicycle racers, plus eighteen other Italian photographers. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: New work by George Alpert, in addition to prints by other photographers. Through Dec. 3. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photography from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1841 to the present, made up of over two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Starts Thursday, Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs, etchings, and silk screens donated by such artists as Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Motherwell, and Saul Steinberg to endow a professorship at Columbia University in honor of art historian Meyer Schapiro. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A series of twenty-six oil paintings, each with an accompanying text, by a California artist called Jess. Through Dec. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 5. A complementary show is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from both the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and the museum's collection. Through Jan. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings done during the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—This exhibition of contemporary portraiture includes paintings, sculptures, and silk screens by Alice Neel, Chuck Close, Marisol, Andy Warhol, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Dec. 29. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

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Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Berggasse 19: The Office and Antiquities of Dr. Sigmund Freud," a showing of photographs taken in 1938—a few weeks before Dr. Freud fled from Austria—together with thirteen of his Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities (frescoes, gods, tomb objects) on loan from Anna Freud. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifteen bronze studies for Rodin's monument to Balzac. Through Dec. 15. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints focussing on New York in the post-Revolutionary period when the society was founded by John Pintard. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Various papers and books arranged in honor of the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Astor Library—part of *this* library since 1895. Through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 9.) . . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Architect W. Joseph Black's survey of Harlem architecture—including landmarks and new buildings—made up of photographs, some in color. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Acrylic paintings and color etchings by two African artists who are now living and working in the United States. Through Dec. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 20: "Jenufa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; conducted by John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 21: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and Richard T. Gill; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 22: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Lucia Valentini, Christine Weidinger, Douglas Ahlstedt, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Mildred Miller, Harry Theyard, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Thomas Palmer, and Robert Schmoor; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 23: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Lenus Carlson, James Morris, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 25: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 26: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Lucia Valentini, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 27: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rita Hunter, Mildred Miller, Harry Theyard, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Thomas Palmer, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 28: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 29: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 30: "Jenufa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 30: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Daniel Barenboim conducting on Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 22, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8; no soloists.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting Messiaen's "From the Canyons to the Stars," with Yvonne Loriod, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Light Fantastic Players—Daniel Shulman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Morton Gould conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Hampton Porter conducting. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3. For tickets, call 865-5280.)

Wuerttemberg Chamber Orchestra—Jörg Faerber conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a Buxtehude-Poulenc recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Anna Xydis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Albert Lotto—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

John Shirley-Quirk—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8, an all-Schubert program, with Walter

Trampler, viola, and George Hoertnagel, contrabass.)

David Bean—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ingrid Dingfelder—Flute, with Martine Géliot, harp, and Rita Koors Myers, keyboard. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:15.)

Karen Shaw—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3:30.)

New School Concerts—Lee Luvisi, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Ronald Leonard, cello, in an all-Mendelssohn program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 5.)

Ray DeVoll—Tenor, with Lucy Cross, lute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Beatrice Rippy—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Margot Nyström—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca—In the second of two programs presenting the Bach cycle of sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with George Crumb, speaker; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; and Harvey Sollberger, conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—The sixth in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **lillian hellman** on Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 5:45.

Johnny Mathis—With the Miracles. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Tony Bennett and Lena Horne—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.

Yes—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8.

Beach Boys—With Roger McGuinn. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Barry Manilow—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Renaissance and Caravan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Wishbone Ash and Average White Band—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 11:30.

Jazz Trios—Cedar Walton, Walter Davis, Barry Harris, Wilbur Little, Philly Joe Jones, and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 7 and 9:45.)

America—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, at 9.

Red Balaban & Cats—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, and Chet Baker—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Jerry Herman) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 5:30 and 8:30.)

Eddy Arnold—With George Gobel. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday through Saturday, Nov. 25-30, at 8. Matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3 and Saturday at 2.)

Modern Jazz Quartet—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8.

Gilbert Bécaud—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.

The 5th Dimension—With Jo Jo's Dance Factory. (Uris Theatre. Wednesday, Nov. 27, through Sunday, Dec. 8. Nightly, except Monday and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Kinks—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 27-28, at 8.

New Riders of the Purple Sage and Waylon Jennings—Academy of Music. Wednesday, Nov. 27, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8 and 11:30.

Donovan—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8.

Elton John—With the Kiki Dee band and others. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 28-29, at 8.)

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, and the Ozark Mountain Daredevils & Hoyt Axton—Academy of Music. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8 and 11:30.

Roy Buchanan and the Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8 and at midnight.

Ella Fitzgerald—With the Tommy Flanagan quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Al Haig Quartet with Jim Raney—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8.

Graham Central Station—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Marshall Tucker Band, James Cotton Band, and Charlie Daniels Band—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Count Basie and His Bands—An exhibit of photographs, posters, art work, sheet music, audiotapes, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:35.

College Football—**saturday, nov. 23:** Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1. . . . **saturday, nov. 30:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:20. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 24: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Nov. 23, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 23; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 28; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—Eight gigantic figures (among them Bullwinkle and a dragon) bobbing along above seventeen floats, four thousand costumed marchers, fourteen bands, and eight Royal Lipizzan Stallions. Starts at 9:30 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:10.

Music—By the **new york philharmonic:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . **poko puppets:** A program demonstrating the history of jazz, done in conjunction with the New York Jazz Museum. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 765-2150.). . . **concerts for young people:** The Quartetto Esterhazy. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 3.). . . **light opera of manhattan:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Nov. 30, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Milky Way." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 26, there will be a new show, "A Midnight Clear." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 29, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

ET ALIA

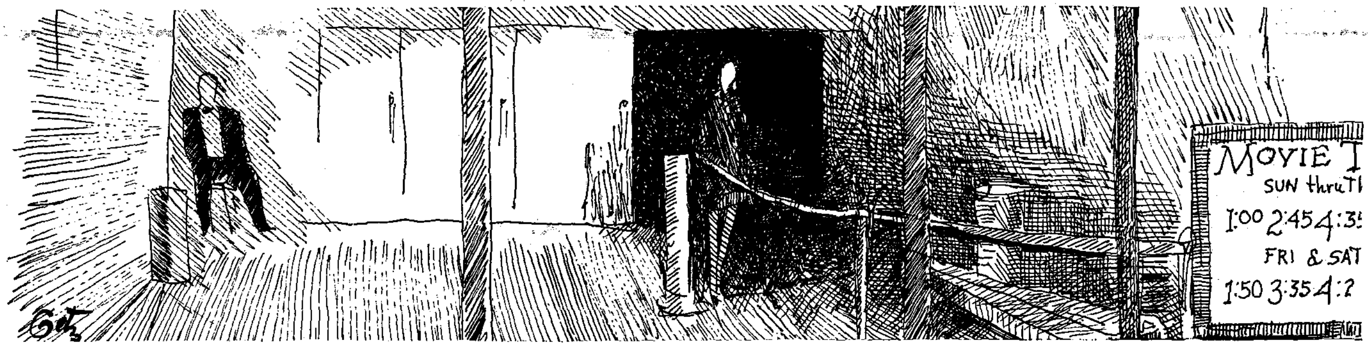
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The twenty-sixth annual exhibit will feature special showings by twelve governments and postal administrations. On the first day of the show, new stamps will be issued by the United Nations Postal Administration, the Isle of Man Post Office Authority, the Department of Postal Administration of Jersey, the Papua New Guinea Post Office, and the Republic of South Africa. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 24, from 1 to 6.)

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, and 3, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 2: English and American literature, from the collection of the late William E. Stockhausen. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, snuff bottles, and works of art; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: Oriental rugs, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century pottery, Art Nouveau and Art Deco glass, ceramics, and furniture; from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 22.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 26: "Last Days of Man on Earth" and "Fantastic Planet."
From Nov. 27: "Death Wish."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 23: "If I'm Lucky" and "Pin Up Girl."
Nov. 24-26: "A Royal Scandal" and "Lifeboat."
From Nov. 27: "Drums Along the Mohawk" and "Maid of Salem."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 26: "California Split" and "Siddhartha."
From Nov. 27: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "A Thousand Clowns."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 26: "California Split" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."
From Nov. 27: "The Sting."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport 1975."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death Wish."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 21: "The Abdication."
From Nov. 22: "The Three Stooges Follies."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Phantom of the Paradise."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 23: "Law and Disorder."
From Nov. 24: "Murder on the Orient Express."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Nov. 20: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali."
From Nov. 21: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 26: "California Split."
From Nov. 27: "The Sting."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Gold."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Longest Yard."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Odessa File."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Airport 1975."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Amazing Grace."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 21: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." and "Letter from an Unknown Woman."
Nov. 22-23: "Images" and "Don't Look Now."
Nov. 24: "The Idiot" and "The Lady with the Dog."
Nov. 25-26: "Samurai, Parts I and II."
Nov. 27-28: "Bed and Board" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Law and Disorder."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 26: "The Groove Tube" and "Heat."
From Nov. 27: "Shoe-Shine" and "Miracle in Milan."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 26 at one or another of the theatres: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Wedding in Blood"/"California Split" and "The Boys in the Band"/"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "If . . ."/"Chinatown" and "Don't Look Now."
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 20: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Testament of Orpheus."
Nov. 21-23: "O Lucky Man!" and "Little Murders."
Nov. 24-25: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Variety Lights."
Nov. 26-27: "Borsalino" and "Benjamin."
From Nov. 28: "A Clockwork Orange" and "If . . ."
Note: Sunday, Nov. 24, one performance, at noon: "The Balcony."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Klansman."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harry & Tonto."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 26: "The NADA Gang" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Nov. 27: "The Sound of Music."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Le Trio Infernal."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 20: A three-hour program of short films made by students at N.Y.U. over the past twenty-five years.
Nov. 21: "Mean Streets" and two hours of short films by students currently at N.Y.U.
Nov. 22: "Jules and Jim" and "Two English Girls."
Nov. 23: "Top Hat" and "You'll Never Get Rich."
Nov. 24: "As You Like It" and "Richard III."
Nov. 25: Theatre closed.
Nov. 26: A three-hour program of short films made by students at N.Y.U. over the past twenty-five years.
Nov. 27: "Glen and Randa" and two hours of short films by students currently at N.Y.U.
Nov. 28: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 26: "Chushingura."
From Nov. 27: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Harry & Tonto."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Law and Disorder."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 21: "The African Queen" and "Indiscreet."
From Nov. 22: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Bicycle Thief."

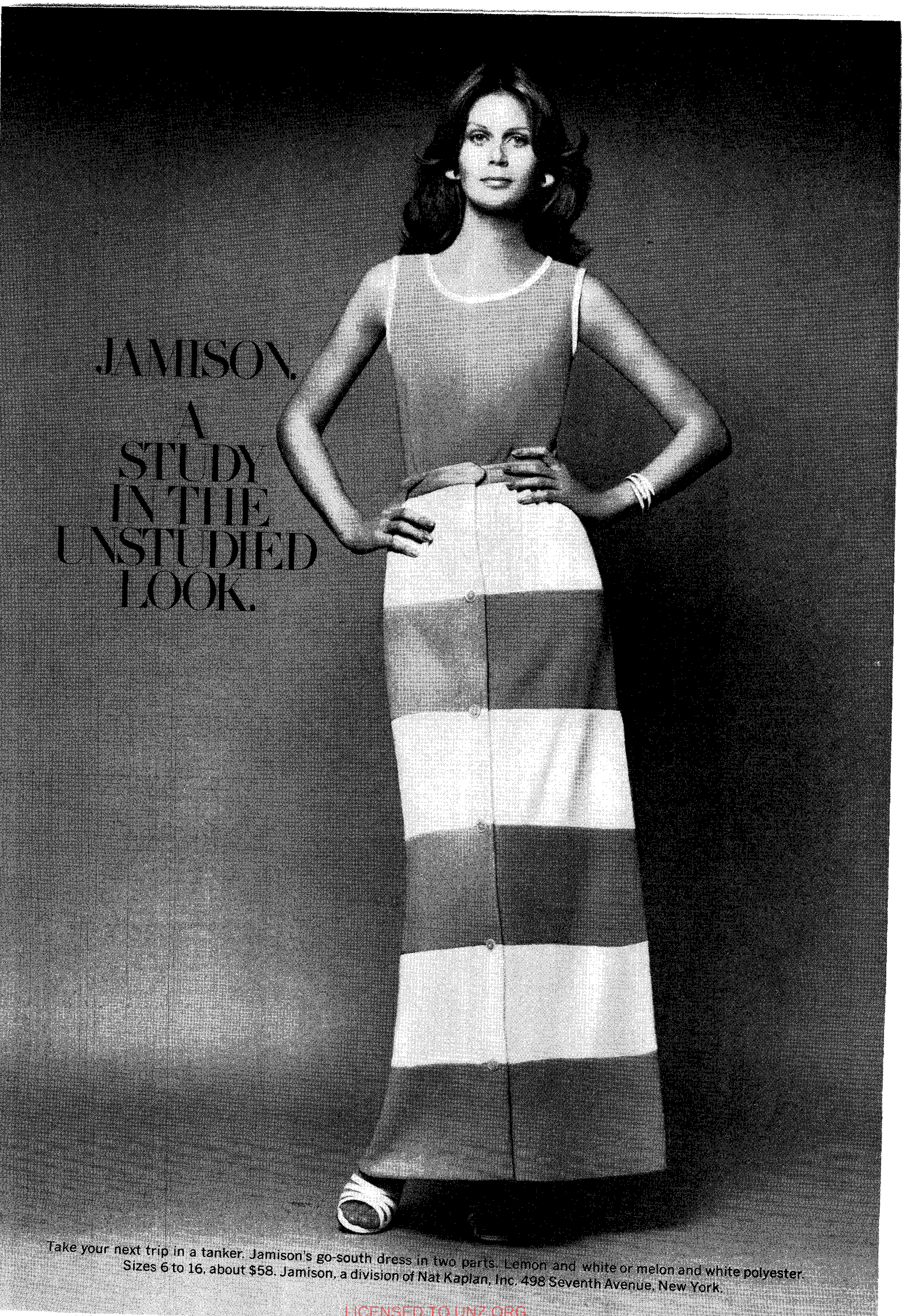
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 26: "The Last Detail" and "The Lords of Flatbush."
From Nov. 27: "Death Wish."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Nov. 26: "Flesh Gordon" and "Playtime."
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 26: "California Split" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."
From Nov. 27: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "If . . ."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 20 at noon: M-G-M featurettes. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5:30: "No Blade of Grass" (1970), directed by Cornel Wilde, with Nigel Davenport and Jean Wallace. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: M-G-M featurettes. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5:30: "Two Weeks in Another Town"


JAMISON.
A
STUDY
IN THE
UNSTUDIED
LOOK.

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(1962), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Kirk Douglas and Edward G. Robinson.... ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner and Kirk Douglas.... ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "No Blade of Grass."... ¶ Nov. 22 at 5:30: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.... ¶ Nov. 23 at noon: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Adolphe Menjou and Marie Prevost.... ¶ Nov. 23 at 3: "Ride the High Country" (1962), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Joel McCrea and Randolph Scott. ... ¶ Nov. 23 at 5:30: "7 Women" (1966), directed by John Ford, with Anne Bancroft and Sue Lyon.... ¶ Nov. 24 at 12:30 and 3: "The Champ" (1931), directed by King Vidor, with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. ... ¶ Nov. 24 at 5:30: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.... ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Village of the Damned" (1960), directed by Wolf Rilla, with George Sanders.... ¶ Nov. 25 at 5:30: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate.... ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: "Key Witness" (1960), directed by Phil Karlson, with Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley, and Dennis Hopper.... ¶ Nov. 26 at 5:30: A program of films by Nick Macdonald.... ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: "The Wolf Men" (1972), directed by Irwin Rosten and Nicholas Noxon.... ¶ Nov. 27 at 5:30: "Key Witness."... ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "Ryan's Daughter" (1970), directed by David Lean. with Robert Mitchum, Trevor Howard, and Sarah Miles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 20: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.... ¶ Nov. 21: "The First Time" (1951), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Robert Cummings and Barbara Hale.... ¶ Nov. 22: "The Little Match Girl" (1924), "Charleston" (1926), and "La Fille de L'Eau" (1924), all French silent films, directed by Jean Renoir, and with Catherine Hessline. ... ¶ Nov. 23-24: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1956), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell and Jayne Mansfield.... ¶ Nov. 27: "Operation Mad Ball" (1957), directed by Richard Quine, with Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs.... ¶ Nov. 28: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958), directed by Richard Quine, with James Stewart and Kim Novak. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30, and Fridays at 2:30 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Animation," a program of short films by Russett, Engel, Bubar, Slasor, Schwartz, Knowlton, Beckett, and Segal. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Films by Snow, DeWitt, and Straub. Showings Nov. 20-22 at 6; Nov. 23 at 2:30 and 6; Nov. 24 at 8; and Nov. 26-28 at 5, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton; through Nov. 21.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (New Yorker; through Nov. 21.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Amazing Grace—With Moms Mabley and Slappy White, directed by Stan Lathan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Regency; starting Nov. 27.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Nov. 27.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably right-hearted, but this is by no means a contemptible production. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a gamine to her fingertips and one of the great theatrical technicians specializing in heartbreaking charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is absolutely necessary, but she's an actress to see. She's a little handicapped by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines, but never for a moment does one think of her as Fräulein Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando. With Henry Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, and Leon Quartermaine. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Elgin; Sunday, Nov. 24, one performance, at noon.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27-28.)

Benjamin (1968)—Pierre Clémenti and Catherine Deneuve are the virgins who eventually get deflowered, while Michel Piccoli and Michèle Morgan have their mature love problems. Fine for people who like Gallic romps and aphorisms about the relations of the sexes. Directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 26-27.)

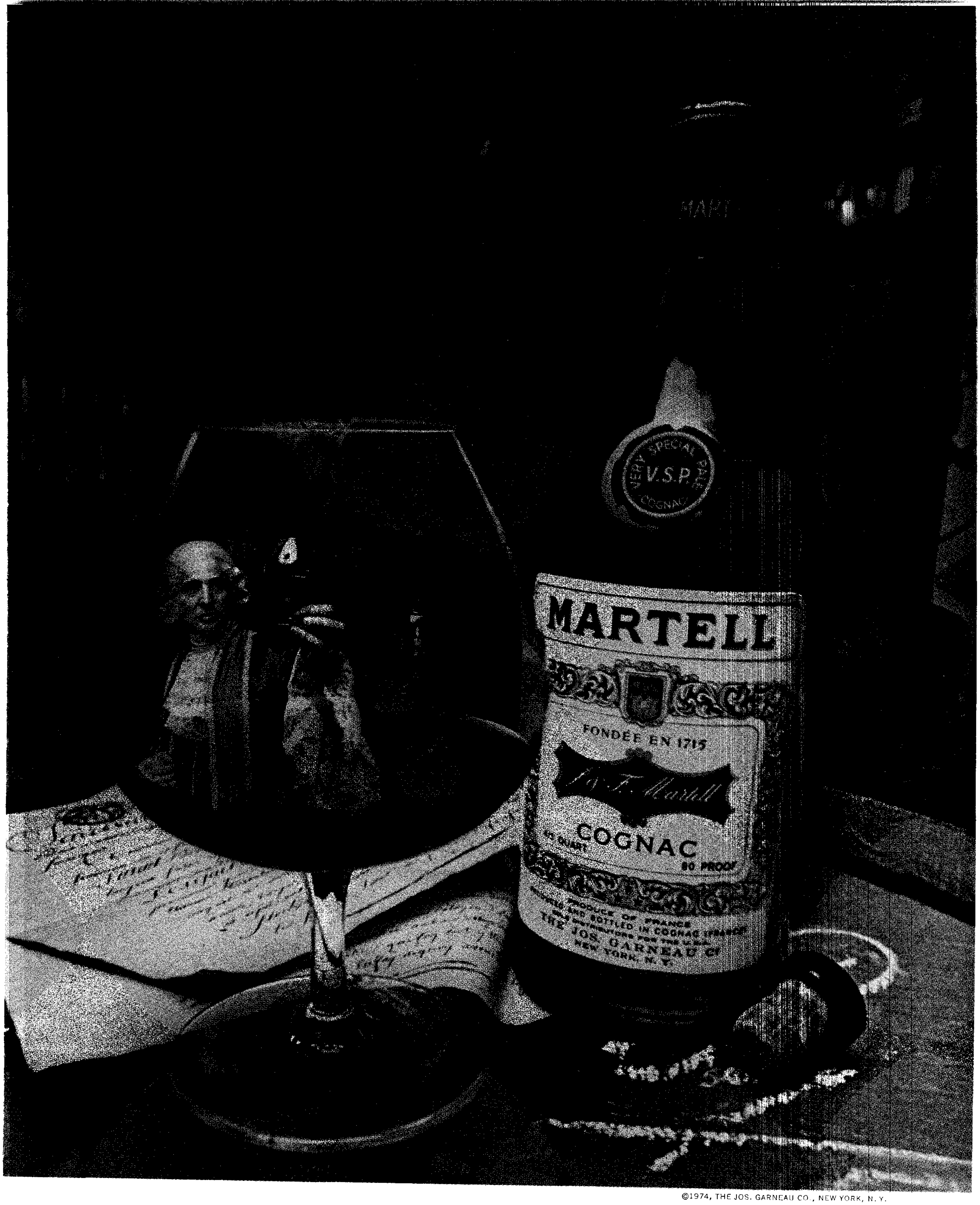
The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 22.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Gramercy, and Olympia; through Nov. 26.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 26-27.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy,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72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Nov. 26.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Regency; through Nov. 26.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Elgin; starting Nov. 28.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Art, and Symphony; starting Nov. 27.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22-23.)

Drums Along the Mohawk (1939)—One of John Ford's uninspired epics, this lavish color version of the Walter D. Edmonds novel never seems to get going. No one appears to know why the picture is being made, or what its point is, exactly. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are the young couple who go to the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and are caught up in the Revolutionary War; there are scraps with Indians and various upheavals, but one gets more involved in Colbert's spotless gowns—a tribute to pioneer laundering—and the fussy, dainty interiors, full of Early American decorator touches. The enormous cast includes Edna May Oliver, John Carradine, Ward Bond, Dorris Bowden, Jessie Ralph, and Mae Marsh. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 27.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 21.)

Earthquake—With Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, and George Kennedy, directed by Mark Robson. (Ziegfeld.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (Art; through Nov. 26.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris.)

Fear Eats the Soul-Ali—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 20.)

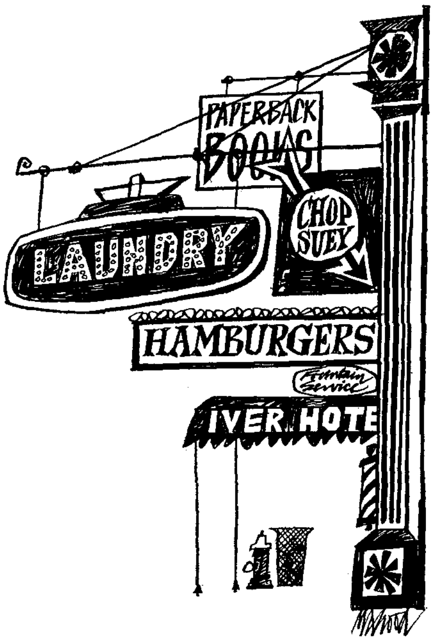
Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Thalia; through Nov. 26.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 22.)

Glen and Randa (1971)—Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, directed by Jim McBride. Skip it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Gold—A recycling of the old straightforward adventure films: the musty plot is about an international syndicate that floods a South African mine in order to drive up the price of gold. The picture is mindlessly passable, largely because it was shot on location in South African mines and in and around Johannesburg. The director, Peter Hunt, can't be much more than efficient with this material, but at least he doesn't try to squeeze us emotionally on behalf of the stock characters, played by bland, dimply Roger Moore, Simon Sabela, Susannah York, Bradford Dillman, John Gielgud, and Ray Milland, who manages to inject the only note of personality. (10/21/74) (Juliet 1.)



The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 26.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 26.)

The Idiot (1958)—The first half of a planned two-part film; the second half was never shot. Yuri Yakovlev's Prince Myshkin doesn't make anything like the impression that Gérard Philipe's Prince did in the 1946 French version, but the film shows the considerable intelligence of the director, Ivan Pyriev, who also did the adaptation. He experimented with a theatrical style, using single sets for long sequences. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24.)

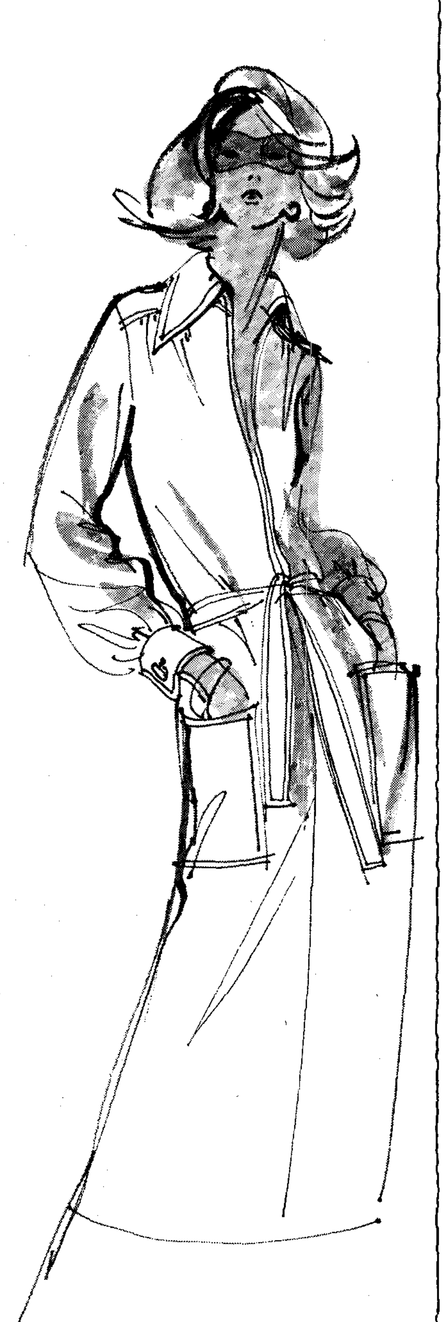
If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Nov. 28.)

If I'm Lucky (1946)—Routine Fox musical in the cheerful, lavish, tasteless style that Fox patterned; some good performances but a mediocre score and undistinguished direction (by Lewis Seiler). The cast includes Carmen Miranda, Phil Silvers, Perry Como, Vivian Blaine, and Harry James and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 23.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Regency; starting Nov. 27.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (12/23/72) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22-23.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Mi-



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chael Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out the cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (New Yorker; through Nov. 21.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 22.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Nov. 24-25.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

The Klansman—With Lee Marvin and Richard Burton, directed by Terence Young. (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Last Days of Man on Earth—With Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden, directed by Robert Fuest. (Art; through Nov. 26.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Symphony; through Nov. 26.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Nov. 23.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career (in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco). (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 21.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 21.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and, regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain, and William Bendix as a wounded seaman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-26.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; Nov. 21-23.)

The Little Prince—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Richard Kiley and Bob Fosse. Directed by Stanley Donen. (Music Hall.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 2.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Symphony; through Nov. 26.)

Maid of Salem (1937)—Accusations of witchcraft in an only so-so, sometimes pompous picture directed by Frank Lloyd for Paramount. Claudette Colbert is alluring in the prim garb of a Puritan maid, with a severe frill at her neck and a wicked bonnet that dooms her to Bonita Granville's accusation, but Colbert's performance suggests that she would rather have been in another period, in a different picture. Something similar could be said of Fred MacMurray's performance as her suitor, but then it could really be said of all his performances. (When did he ever quite fit in?) Edward Ellis makes a strong appearance, and the black actress Madame Sultewon has a fascinating episode. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 27.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 27.)

Murder on the Orient Express—Albert Finney playing Hercule Poirot, Agatha Christie's Belgian detective. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Coronet; starting Nov. 24.)

The Nada Gang—With Fabio Testi, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy; through the afternoon of Nov. 26.)

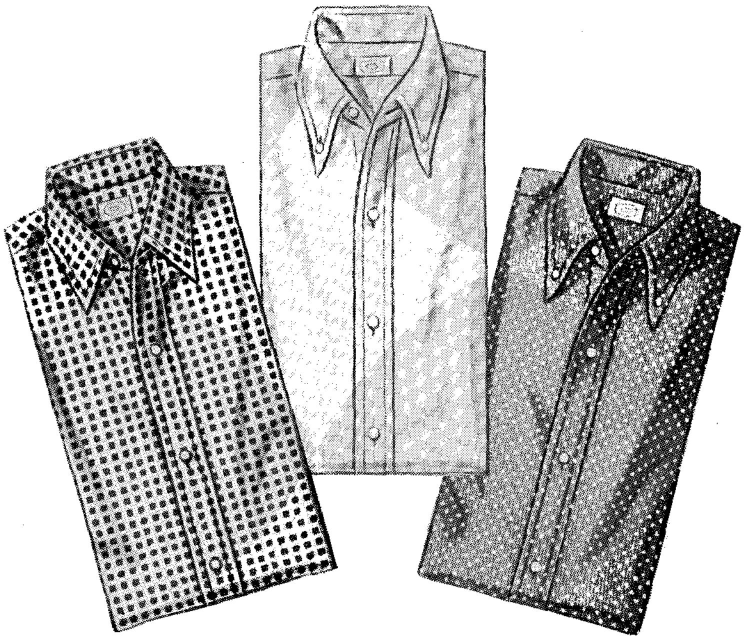
The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; Nov. 21-23.)

Phantom of the Paradise—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and the combination is sizzling entertainment. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. You practically get a kinetic charge from the screwily personal, breakneck wit of the film. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (11/11/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Pin Up Girl (1944)—Just another Betty Grable/Fox musical—gaudy, overdressed, and



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immaculately foolish. Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown are in this one, but they're not blessed with good material. Bruce Humberstone directed; with Charley Spivak and his orchestra playing a large batch of forgettable tunes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 23.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (7/2/73) (Thalia; through Nov. 26.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway possible screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died prematurely) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Ruman, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; Otto Preminger directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-26.)

Samurai—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954), and Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25-26.)

The Savage Is Loose—With George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere, directed by Mr. Scott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Greenwich.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Playboy; through the afternoon of Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

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Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for blackmarketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 27.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (7/23/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. Gigantic sniffles. (Playboy; starting Nov. 27.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 27.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27-28.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet, slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the compeeres include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 27.)

The Three Stooges Follies—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Sutton; starting Nov. 22.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—A sequel to "Billy Jack," again with Delores Taylor and Tom Laughlin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 22.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Fine Arts.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Elgin; Nov. 24-25.)

Wedding in Blood—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

A Woman Under the Influence—With Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire is pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

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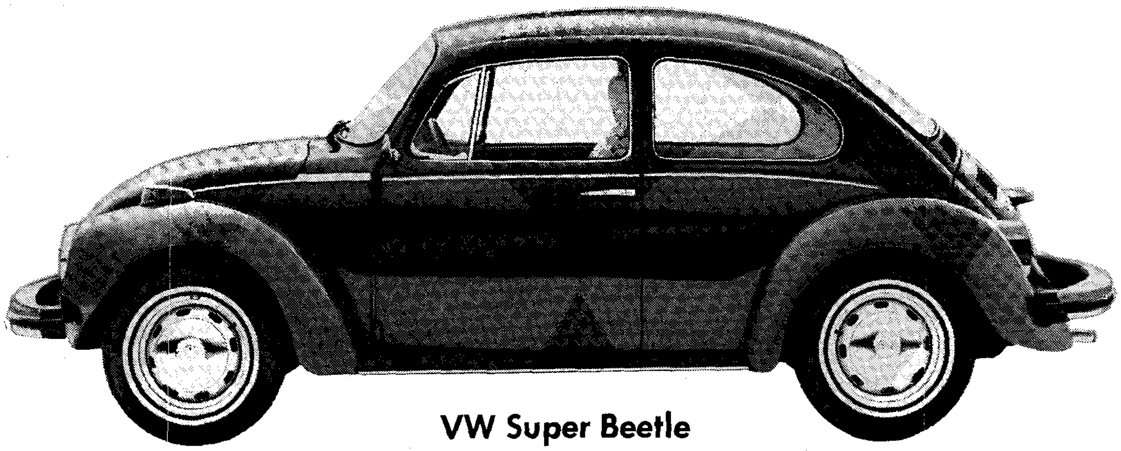

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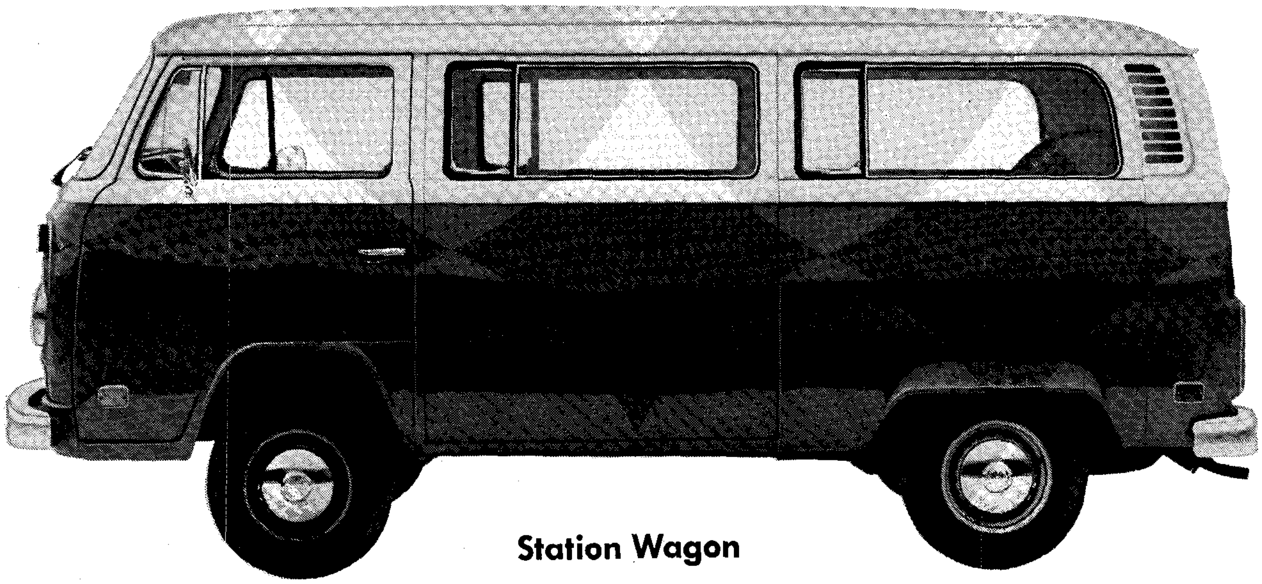

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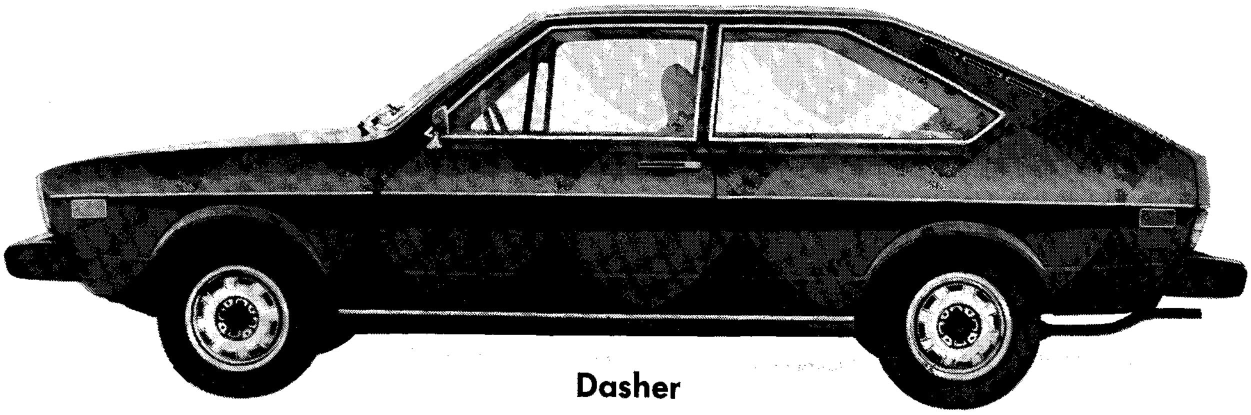

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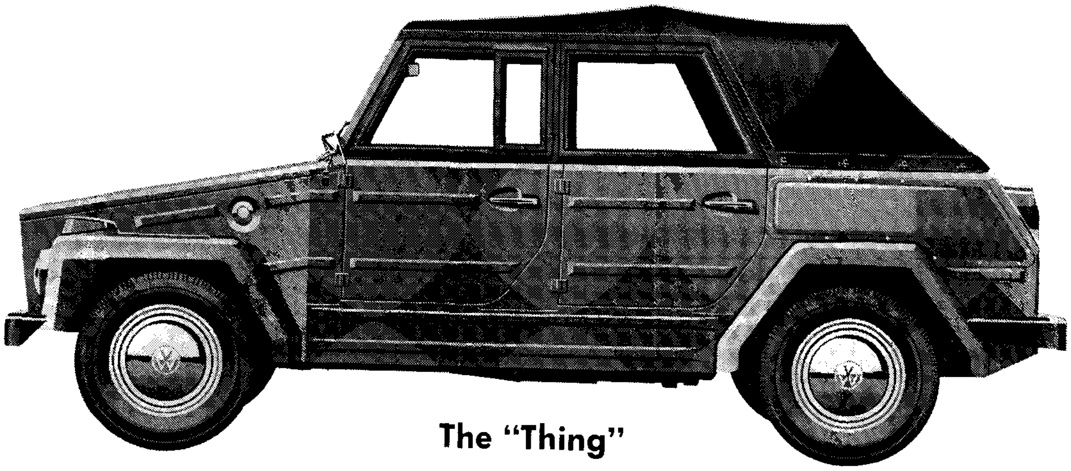

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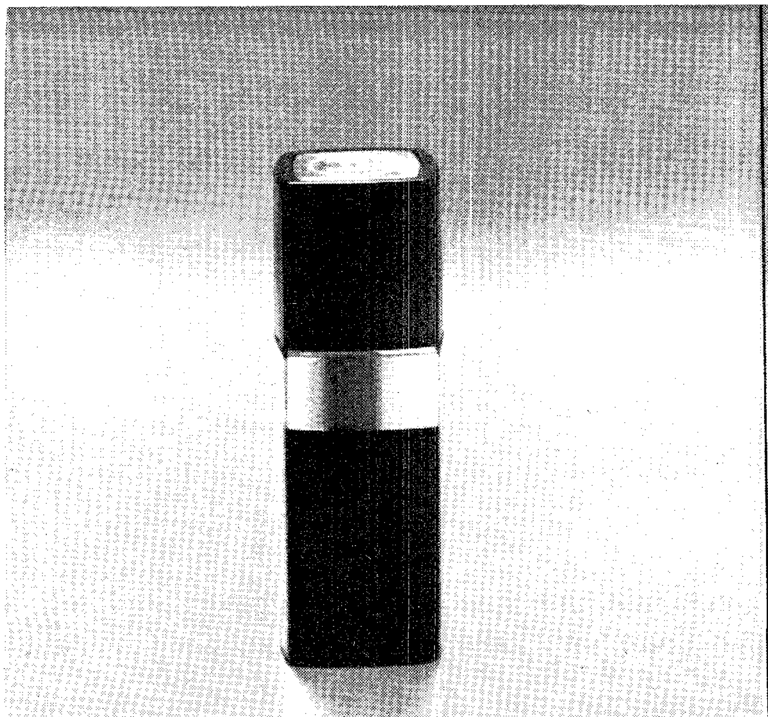

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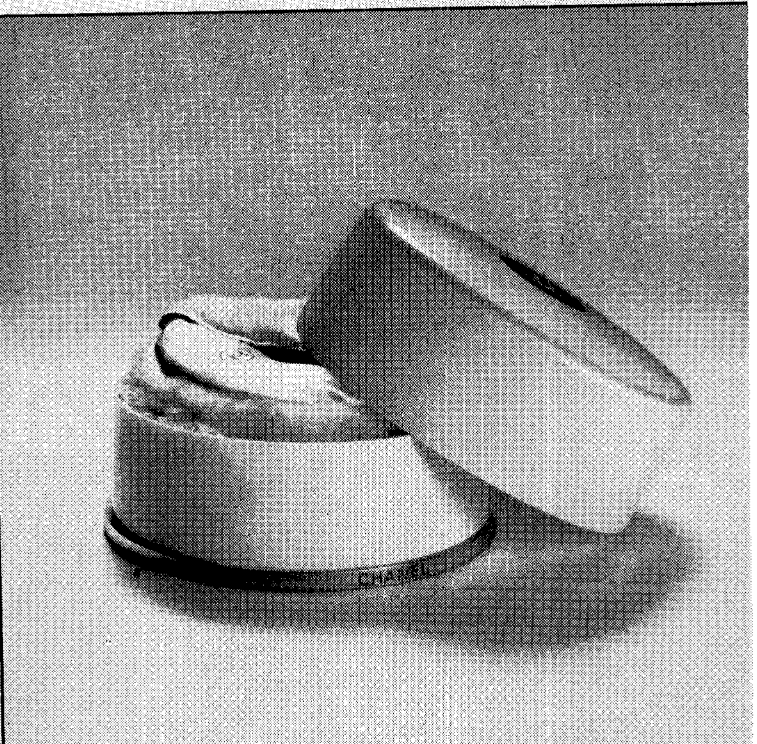

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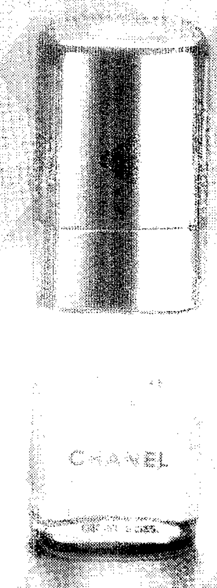

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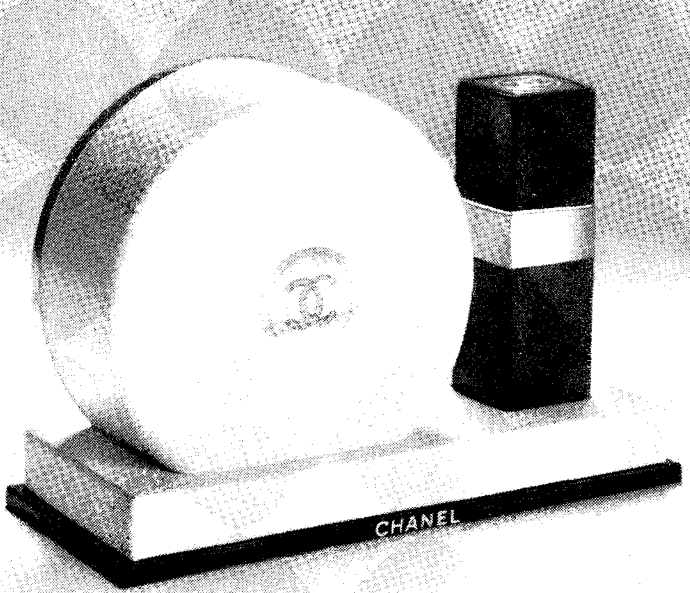

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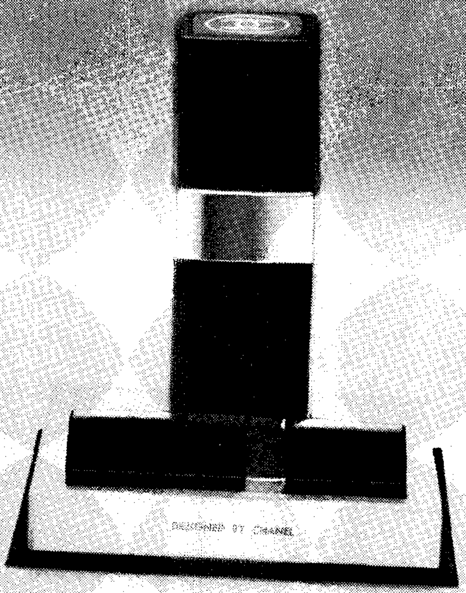
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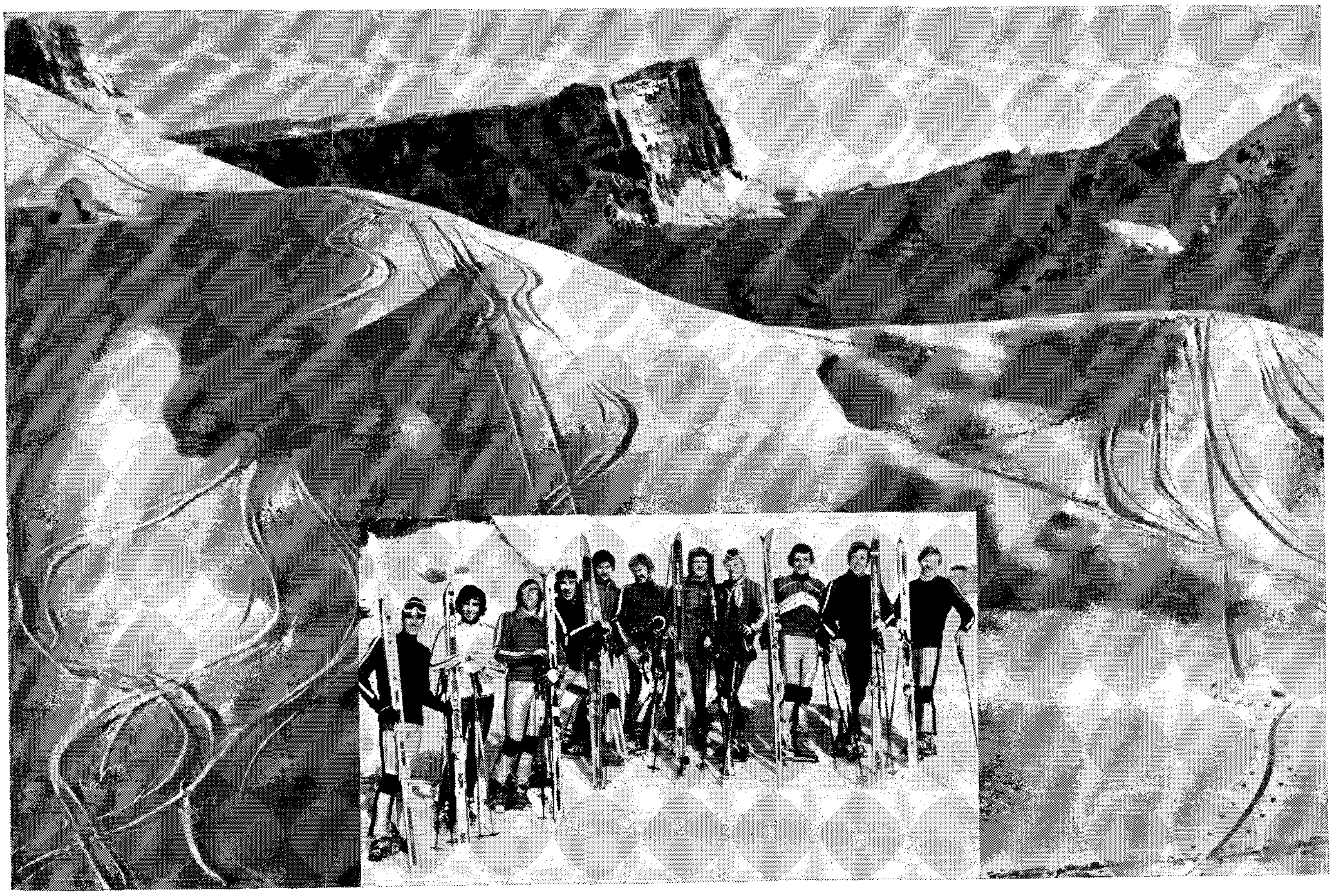

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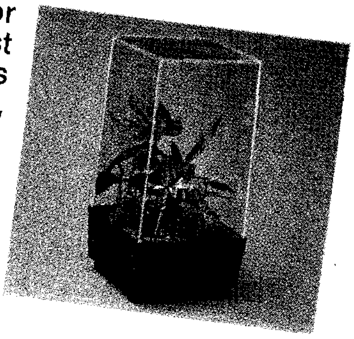

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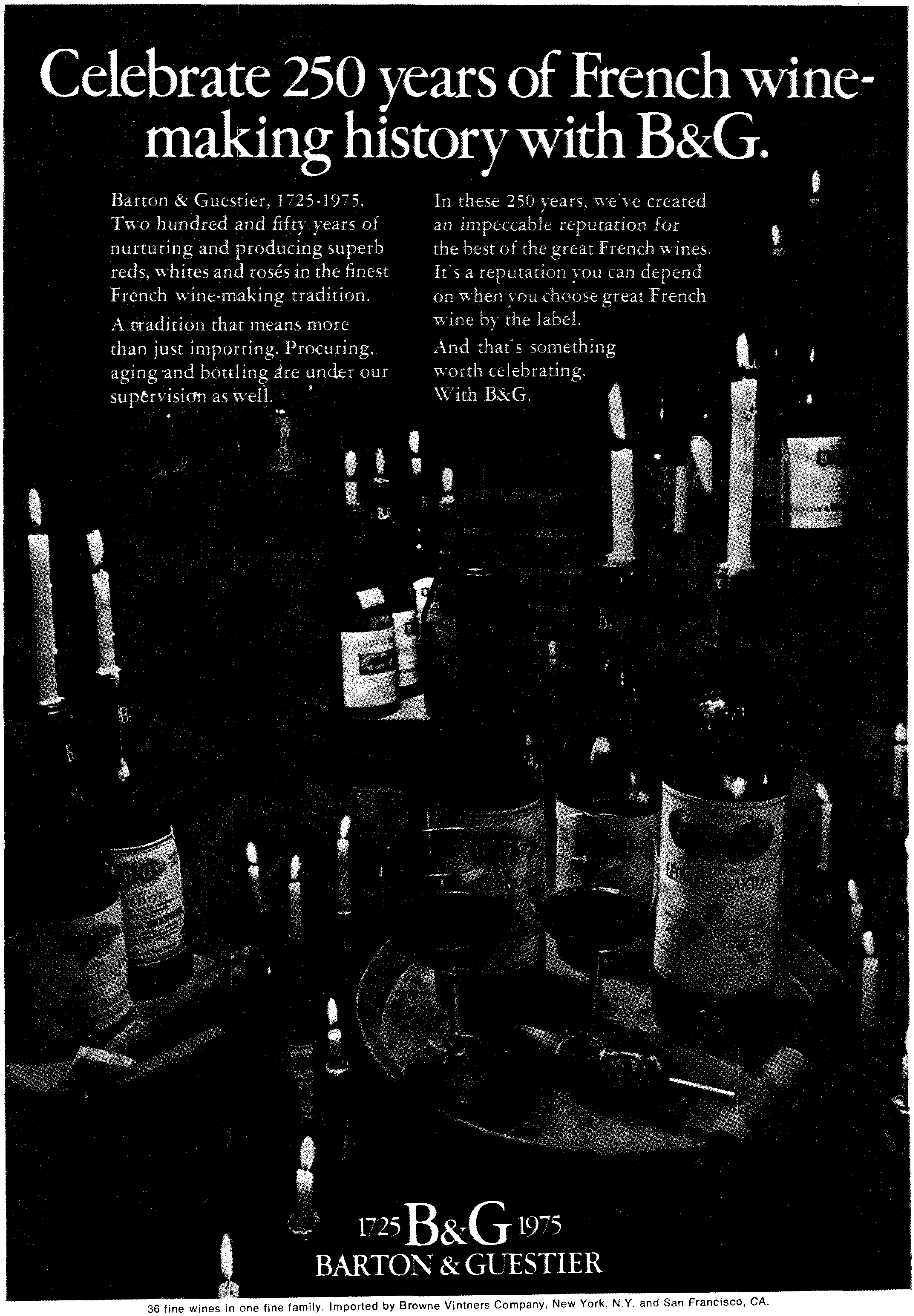

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1725 B&G 1975
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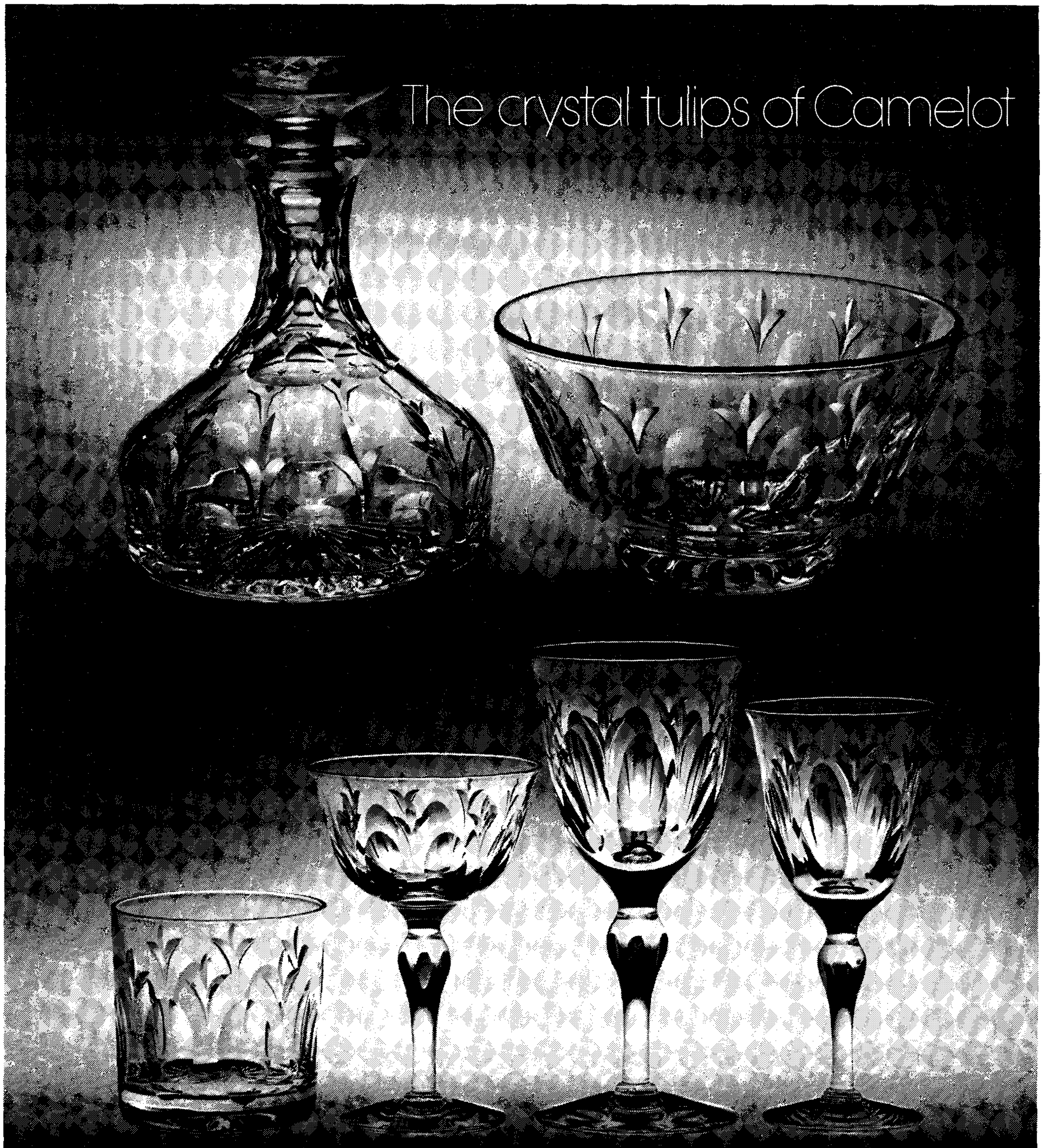

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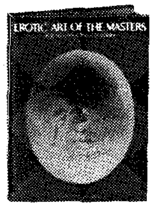
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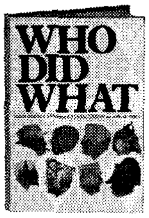
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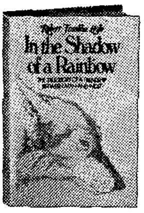
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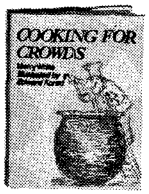
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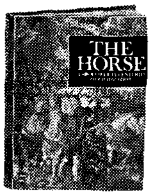

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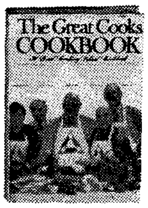
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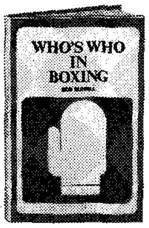
11D. The Great Cooks Cookbook. *Beard, Pepin, Brown et als.* $12.50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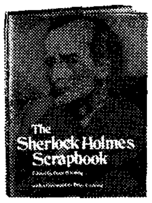
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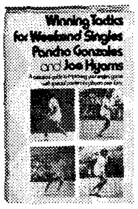
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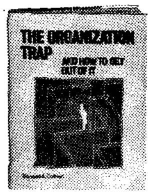
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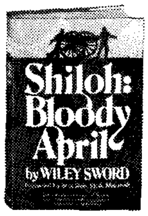
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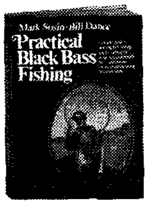
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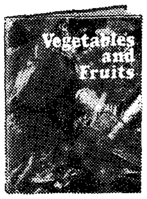
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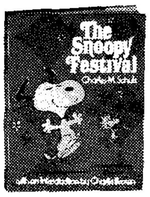
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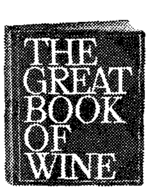
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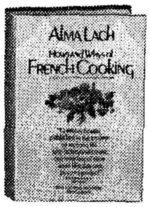
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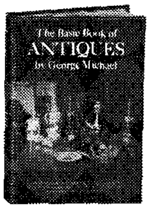
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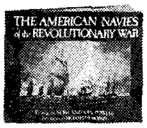
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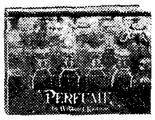

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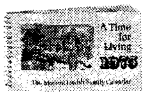
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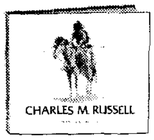
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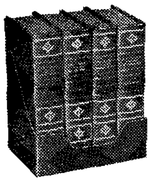

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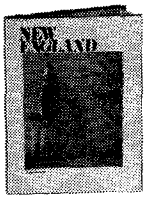
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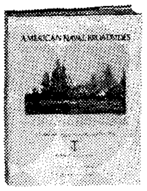
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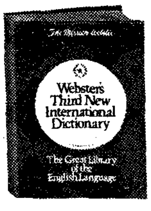
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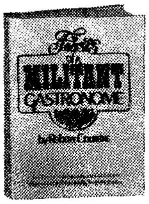
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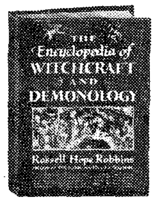
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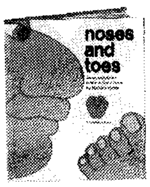
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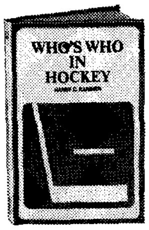
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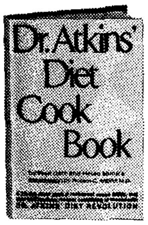
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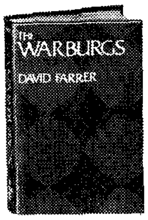
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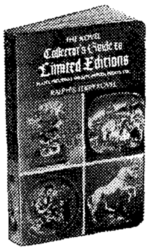
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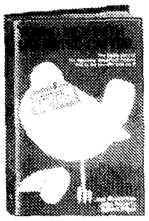

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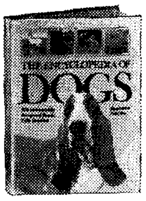
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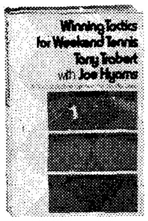
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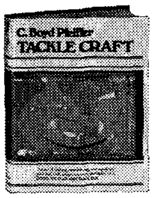
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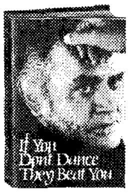
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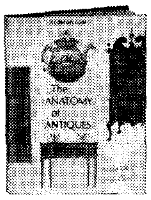
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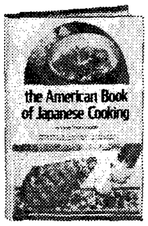
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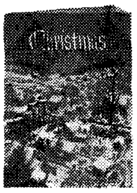

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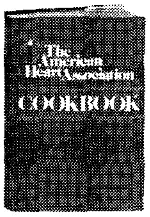
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Now Mercedes-Benz adds a subtle new dimension
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and you may well decide that here is the Mercedes-Benz
you've been waiting for.

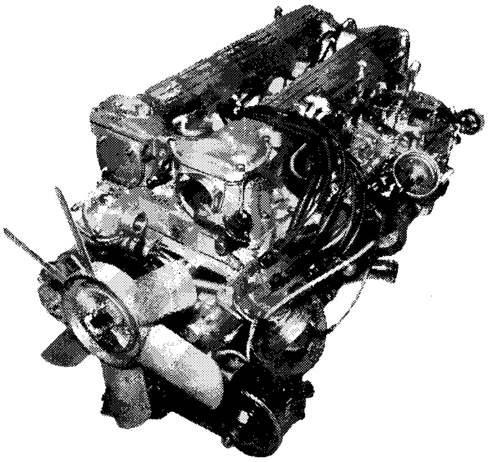
To start with the obvious, consider the engine. It's a double overhead camshaft six, with a transistorized ignition system and a Solex compound carburetor. That engineering bulletin translates into the following:

- An overhead camshaft configuration is a sophisticated design which requires fewer moving parts and allows more precise valve operation than traditional engines. Result: Better durability and smoother performance.
- The transistorized ignition system helps reduce stress and wear on contact breaker points. Result: Better starting performance.
- The compound carburetor provides two-stage optimum fuel/air mixture at all speeds. Result: Good fuel mileage.

This efficient power plant is complemented by a 4-speed automatic transmission with torque converter—and by an aerodynamic silhouette and steel-belted radial tires.

Lessons from a classic

In every detail save power train, the new 280S is the direct descendant of the now classic 450SE Sedans.



The Mercedes-Benz double overhead camshaft six. Efficient power plant of the new 280S.

The examples abound: Suspension is fully independent. Handling is simply superb, with extraordinary directional stability. You get quick response and surefooted road feel. You are in control—and you know that you are.

The power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels sweep an area of 451 square inches. You stop again and again smoothly, securely and without disconcerting fade.

The all-welded, unitized body is almost rattle-proof. And enormously strong. The roof alone can stand up to five tons of pressure.

The complete sedan

The 280S is fully equipped. Quite literally, it's a *complete* automobile.

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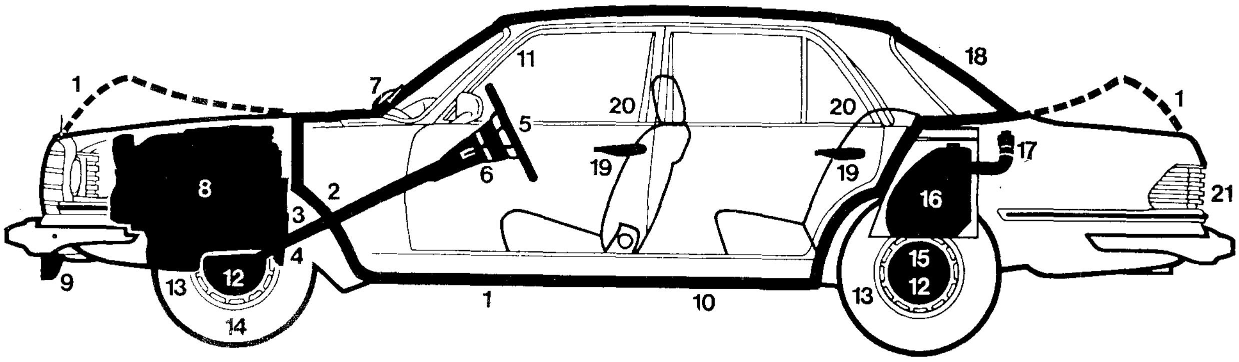

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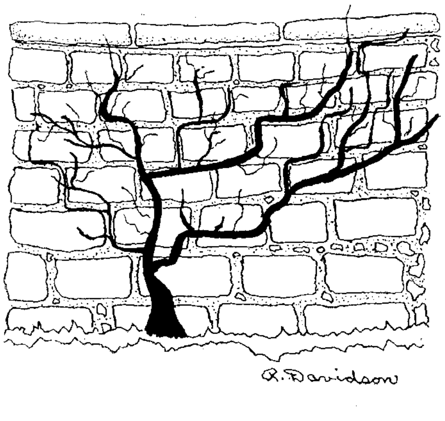
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE went to Rome a week or so ago to see what we could find out about the food crisis from the World Food Conference, but before we had been in the city long our attention was diverted by a number of other crises. Some of the new matters were well known to us from our reading in the United States, and some were less well known, but from the vantage point of Rome all of them had a different look. To pick up a newspaper in Italy today is to read about what is called simply The Crisis. The Crisis is almost beyond definition in its magnitude and its vagueness. It includes matters that range from the apocalyptic to the trifling. It encompasses things that have happened, things that are happening, and, perhaps most important of all, things that have not yet happened. Because such a large part of The Crisis is presentiment rather than current reality, extreme uncertainty is one of its outstanding features. There is in Rome a twelfth-century church that rests upon a fourth-century church that, in turn, rests upon a first-century church. Today's forebodings about the future are as many-layered as the Roman past that is underfoot. Closest to home is the progressive breakdown of essential services all over Italy. Here are a few of the occurrences that three or four days' reading of the local papers brought to our attention: In Milan, the traffic lights went out in forty districts—something that had never happened before. There, too, a group of four hundred and seven workers who had just been laid off occupied the factory where they used to work. In Venice, a clash between political groups disrupted the opening of an arts festival. Scores of families who had no place to live took over empty apartments in Florence; they called themselves "the commandos of misery." The situation in Florence was complicated by the fact that Florence had no city council and had been unable to form one for several months. In Milan, there was street fighting and gunfire during a clash between the police and a group of students who were rallying to protest the apparent murder of a worker by a neo-Fascist. "In other words, things are going on as usual," the reporter of that incident observed. But he went on to say that, because of the new background against which the usual street violence was taking place, "we all live with an anguish that none of us felt a year ago." Government institutions throughout the south of Italy were collapsing, an article said; the situation was "dramatic." In the north of Italy, "auto-reduction" of electric bills was spreading; that is to say, thousands of people were declining to pay their full electric bills. Throughout Italy, medical-supply companies were suspending deliveries of essential goods, because the hospitals, which on the whole were broke, could not pay their bills. The president of the association of suppliers had sent a telegram to the President of the Republic warning that the suppliers, too, would go broke if they continued to send supplies without getting paid. At a meeting of kidney specialists, it was announced that more than a thousand kidney patients had lost their lives because of the lack of supplies. In Milan and Rome, the hours of museums were being cut back for lack of staff. Some men in a car fired machine guns at a police car on an expressway outside Rome; no one knows who the men were or what they wanted. Political murders, bombings, and kidnappings—especially kidnappings—had been on the rise in Italy, and the terrorists of both the right and the left had merged to some extent with ordinary criminals, so that when a bank was robbed or a bomb went off or someone was kidnapped, it very often happened that no one knew what the purpose was. In these cases, the papers simply said that "bandits" had committed the crime. In Milan, it was reported, the zoo was in a state of crisis; there was not enough space to take care of all the animals. In Sicily, the system of patronage was collapsing; in other words, even corruption was breaking down.



All these cutbacks, disruptions, and breakdowns are a small part of a process that is sometimes called "the wearing down of the institutions" and is also referred to as "the inclined plane"—to describe a general downhill slide of the whole country. Also, Italy suffers from what seem to be the characteristic economic ailments of industrial nations at the moment—a high rate of inflation, rising unemployment, and an unfavorable balance of payments—but suffers from them in an especially acute form. Inflation, for instance, was twenty-three per cent in the last year, and the rate is increasing fast. An observation we heard several times in the course of a few days was that no country with a rate of inflation higher than twenty per cent has long survived as a democracy.

Faced with the wearing down of the institutions, with the inclined plane, many Italians naturally look to the government for programs. But there are no programs. What is more, there is no government, and hasn't been one since early October, when the last govenment resigned. That government, which was supported by a coalition of political parties, was forced out, because of incompetence and corruption—because, as one writer here put it, it had "completely lost its legitimacy." Nevertheless, most observers see no alternative to forming the same coalition again; new elections, they believe, would only return the various parties to Parliament in roughly the same numbers, and, without the coalition, would do no more than extend the present paralysis. On one occasion recently, when one would-be Premier, Amintore Fanfani, who was the last Premier—or, at least, had been named "Premier-designate"—failed to form a government, the *Corriere Della Sera*, which is perhaps the most widely respected newspaper in Italy, noted, "The government that Fanfani failed to form was not a utopia." (The *Corriere* might have continued in this vein by saying, "The lire that you don't have were not worth very much," or "The train that failed to arrive wouldn't have got you where you wanted to go.") As one observer who supported the resurrection of the coalition put it, the coalition, although its record was disgraceful, was "not actually dead," and was therefore "the only hope we have." The coalition has not pulled itself together sufficiently to form a new government, and, as of this writing, there is still no government in Italy.

While the political present remains unformed, the political past has begun to unravel under the pressure of investigations. There are two attempted coups d'état in the news today. One took place in 1970, and though its occurrence was known at the time, its full dimensions are becoming clear only now. An Army general who was then the head of the government security agency—a sort of combined C.I.A. and F.B.I.—has just been arrested as one of the plotters, and there are indications that persons even higher up in the government may have been involved. In the present atmosphere, though, the revelations haven't caused much of a stir. We asked a few knowledgeable people how they would describe the mood in their circles of acquaintance in response to all this bad news. One young man, a former student activist who is now an instructor at a university, answered, "Stagnation at all levels." Alberto Sensini, who is the *Corriere Della Sera's* chief political writer for domestic affairs, answered that the mood was one of "fear and fatigue." He went on to say, "People are uncertain about the lives of their children. They are afraid of what life in Italy is going to be like in a few years. People aren't putting their money in the bank anymore. They buy a country house or a picture or some jewelry instead. There's a sort of apocalyptic feeling. And people aren't reading newspapers anymore. When the news comes on television, they turn the television off."

The political and economic crisis of Italy is far from being the outermost layer of The Crisis, however. Any Italian who still reads his newspapers knows that President Giscard d'Estaing of France recently said that "all the curves are leading us to catastrophe;" that Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, of West Germany, has been wondering aloud about democracies' ability to survive high rates of inflation; and that the British have been in the midst of crisis at least as long as Italy has. The Italians tend to regard Italy as the most advanced case in a ward of patients all afflicted with the same disease; when Israel devalued its pound by forty-two per cent on November 10th, no one in Italy had to look twice to spot a fellow-sufferer. At one more remove from the daily lives of the Italian people is the layer of The Crisis which is made up of the world shortage of energy and food. If anyone in Rome was disposed to ignore the food crisis, the arrival of more than two thousand delegates and newsmen for the food conference made that impossible. At the conference, the speakers talked about how to balance the world supply of food and the world demand for food over the next several decades, but, as it turned out, the language they used was not very different from the language used by Italian politicians and journalists describing the strictly Italian dimensions of the crisis. An interchangeable vocabulary of doom seems to have developed, and it is made to serve for the collapse of the Italian postal system as well as for the world economy. Our own Dr. Kissinger, whose arrival here was something of a crisis in itself, being an occasion for several demonstrations, said to the conference delegates, "In the past thirty years, the world came to assume that a stable economic system and spreading prosperity would continue indefinitely. . . . That time has ended. Now there are fundamental questions about our capacity to meet even our most basic needs. . . . We must act now and we must act together to regain control over our shared destiny." Moreover, the Italian papers, like the papers everywhere, were carrying news from the part of the world where all the global strands of The Crisis seem to meet: the Middle East. The talk was once again of war. If there should be war, it was said, then the Arabs might impose a total oil boycott on the West, in which case the economic collapse of Europe could swiftly ensue. And it was said—in Italy, as elsewhere—that another war in the Middle East would be more likely than any of the past wars there to draw the United States and Russia directly into the fighting. And that, of course, could bring about the one event for which the new language of doom was unquestionably appropriate.

As we looked out upon the world from the east side of the Atlantic, it was hard to resist the impression that the whole world was on the inclined plane. We had to remind ourself that we were only beginning to get our bearings in this gloom-ridden region, where fatigue has begun to vie with fear. So for the moment we simply took in what we were reading and seeing, without trying to make necessary distinctions between one form of gloom and another, and comforted ourself with the thought that the grimmest aspects of The Crisis were mostly forebodings rather than facts. Our eyes were just beginning to get used to the dark.

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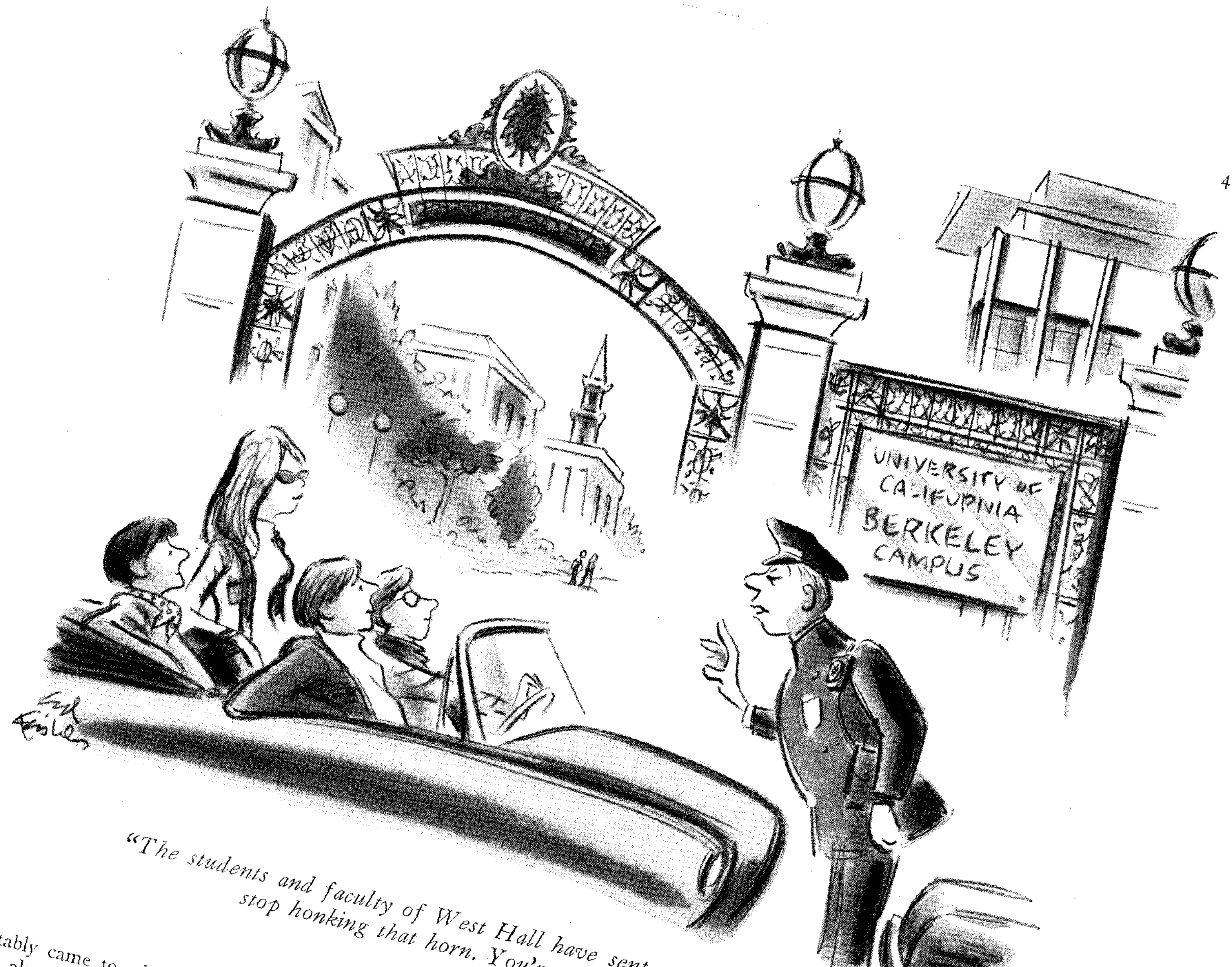
Bouguereau

IS there a Back to Bouguereau Movement? The once dazzling reputation of this nineteenth-century romantic classical salon painter—William Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905), who is incorrectly listed in the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Columbia Encyclopedia as Adolphe William Bouguereau (he signed his works "W. Bouguereau")—was pretty much killed while he was in his prime in his native France by the emergence of the Impressionists. His popularity continued to flourish in America, where it rose to a peak in the eighteen-seventies and eighties, but it presently collapsed here also. A couple of months ago, his "Alma Parens"—a typical Bouguereau allegorical female figure (La Patrie) surrounded by cherubic infants in the buff—was sold by the Schweitzer Gallery to Stuart Pivar, an American collector, for thirty-two thousand dollars. A recently published Harry N. Abrams coffee-table book—"Some Call It Kitsch: Masterpieces of Bourgeois Realism," by Aleksa Čelebonović, "Yugoslavia's leading book publisher and a distinguished art historian"—features Bouguereau as a ranking Bourgeois Realist of his day: "The new lovers of art began to acquire a particular type of creation, a type that reconciled traditional forms . . . with the predilections of the period, both for physical beauty and in the choice of attitudes or costumes. This new brand of Christian



"The students and faculty of West Hall have sent me down to ask you to stop honking that horn. You're disturbing classes."

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inevitably came to admire one painter above almost all others: William Bouguereau." The book makes a serious contemporary pitch in his direction:

> Works of the Bourgeois Realist school have returned to the forefront of interest. . . . A reconsideration of this realistic movement . . . leads to one conclusion. If it is true that this genre embodies an original idea, and presents us with a picture of the unfamiliar world of a period in the past; and if it is equally true that it uses methods of expression that draw on the lessons of the past while developing qualities of their own, especially in the naturalistic representation of beings and objects; and finally if this trend was assured of the backing of the social milieu in which it was born, then it must certainly be allowed the status of an authentic movement within the history of art.

Moreover, what is the New York Cultural Center about to unveil (on December 13th) but a Bouguereau exhibition that includes "Alma Parens" and twenty-two other oils. The figures in many of these are bigger than life size. We were told by Robert Isaacson, the retired art dealer and collector, who suggested, picked, obtained, and will install the show, that Bouguereau had two houses with big rooms, in Paris and in La Rochelle, where he was born; it was natural for him to paint big. The largest canvas—70⅞ by 102⅜ inches—is "Nymphes et Satyre," from the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute of Williamstown, Massachusetts. It was once owned by Edward S. Stokes, proprietor of the Hoffman House, whose bar it adorned for twenty years or so. An even more commodious Bouguereau, "The Song of the Angels," was unavailable, because it has been built into a chapel at the Forest Lawn cemetery in Glendale, California. According to Mr. Isaacson, it was originally called "Vierge aux Anges." "A great many Bouguereau titles have been changed," he said, "and this has contributed to a kind of confusion in which many Bouguereaus have disappeared. 'Mother's Treasure' is now called 'Breton Brother and Sister;' 'Seduction' was changed to 'The Proposal.' Both belong to the Met; the first is in the show." So is "L'Amour Fraternel," now called "Virgin and Child with Young St. John." It changed its name after moving to Boston over a hundred years ago. "It was interpreted as representing the Holy Family," Mr. Isaacson said, "but Bouguereau did not specify this. His titles were often evasive."

Another changed title at the Center is "Return from the Harvest," first called "Promenade à Âne," or "The Donkey Ride." It was commissioned by the department-store merchant A. T. Stewart, in 1874, "with the understanding that the painting was to be the artist's greatest work, and not a nude subject;" Bouguereau was famous for his callipygian nudes. "A vintage festival," Mr. I. said. "Stewart died before it was finished. It was sold in 1887, after Mrs. Stewart's death, for eight thousand dollars. The 'Charity' in the show—one of three paintings of this title—was bought by Joseph W. Drexel in 1880 for ten thousand five hundred dollars. We've insured it for three times that.” “Charity,” like “Alma Parens,” is full of callipygian cherubs crawling over a monumental female. “Bouguereau’s studio,” the show’s catalogue states, “was often filled with wriggling, obstreperous infants, with whom he loved to frolic, though admitting that he could use them for very little other than color, having to go to the Louvre to make drawings after the antique for the poses.”

Isaacson has contributed one entry himself—“Baigneuse Assise,” or “Seated Bather;” an early private owner was Harrison Williams. The pictures have been culled from museums abroad—Paris, Bordeaux, Strasbourg—as well as here. There are two Bouguereaus in the Hermitage, in Leningrad, and a self-portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence: not culled. We learned from Mr. Isaacson that the artist, who began drawing seriously when he was seven, reluctantly joined his father in the olive-oil business in Bordeaux when he was sixteen. After hours, he attended the École des Beaux-Arts there; at twenty-one, financed by thirty-three portraits he had sold and by an aunt, he entered the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. “He studied the architectural monuments of Paris, the antique sculptures in the Louvre, made a particular study of Greek and Roman dress, and went to the amphitheatres to watch dissection,” Mr. Isaacson writes, in a scholarly essay in the show’s catalogue, and the essay continues:

> Bouguereau spent many evenings in his student days at the Théâtre-Français watching the great tragic actress, Rachel, a living embodiment of the unity of nature with classical art. All his life, he kept a vivid memory of those evenings. The attitudes of his draped classical figures must often be conscious echoes of those of Rachel.

Spooky

FOLKS over at Bobbs-Merrill, the publishers, have a problem. They have this new Gothic blockbuster about revenge from beyond the grave, “The Search for Joseph Tully,” which everyone tells them could be the “Rosemary’s Baby” or “Exorcist” of the year. The grave is in Italy and the revenge is in Brooklyn. Sample dialogue: “ ‘Hold on to your drawers, Clabber. I’ll get to that.’ Christopher Carson puffed on his cigar, cocked an eye at Mrs. Quist, and continued.” Problem is the author, a good-looking Brooklynite named William H. Hallahan, won’t promote the book. No talk shows, no tours, no autographing of copies.

Answer to problem: Patti Goldstein, inventive P.R. veteran. On a small budget, Patti first erects an enormous tombstone for Joseph Tully on Park Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street, after getting permission from the city to place a “monument” on the spot. Next, she arranges a special press séance, to which Talk of the Town and Rex Reed are invited. Could we refuse? Of course not. Place of séance: West Side guaranteed-haunted townhouse dining room, lighted only by thirty-eight candles. Owner of townhouse: Tom H. John, scenic designer for “Wiz,” the new, all-black musical version of “The Wizard of Oz.” John had once consulted the medium of the day, who urged him to change his name from Tom John to Tom H. John. He did, and immediately landed a job with Joe Papp. Medium: Phyllis Woodbury, who operates out of the Ansonia and prepares for every séance by eating a single Hershey bar without almonds. Turned out neither we nor Rex Reed had been to a séance before. Both a little nervous. Medium first told fortunes. Told us we were about to go to London (had just been to London). Told Rex he was going to come into a lot of real estate down South. “Mmm,” said Rex. Then she went into a trance, and returned as Robert Ingersoll, the nineteenth-century American freethinker. Robert’s principal message to mankind seemed to be a warning to parents not to let their kids go trick-or-treating on Halloween. Then Robert was asked if any other spirits were present, who might have messages for us or Rex. Yes, there was a spirit named Judy with a message for Rex. Judy wanted to give some flowers to Rex for looking after “Leesa.”

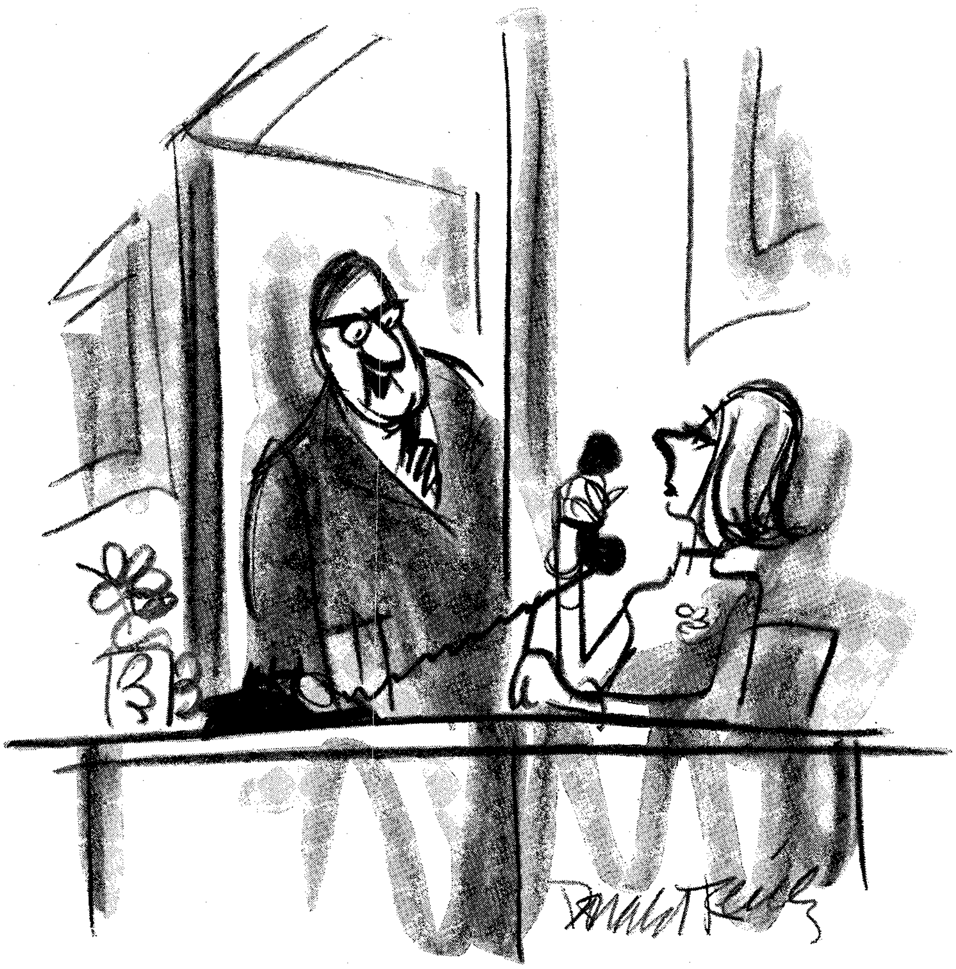
Once out of the trance, Phyllis Woodbury was questioned closely about Judy. Could that possibly have been Judy Garland? Well, yes, it could. And would she have been referring to Rex’s friendship with Liza Minnelli, her daughter? Certainly.

“Well, that’s very odd, because Liza just *dies* when anybody calls her Leesa,” said Rex.

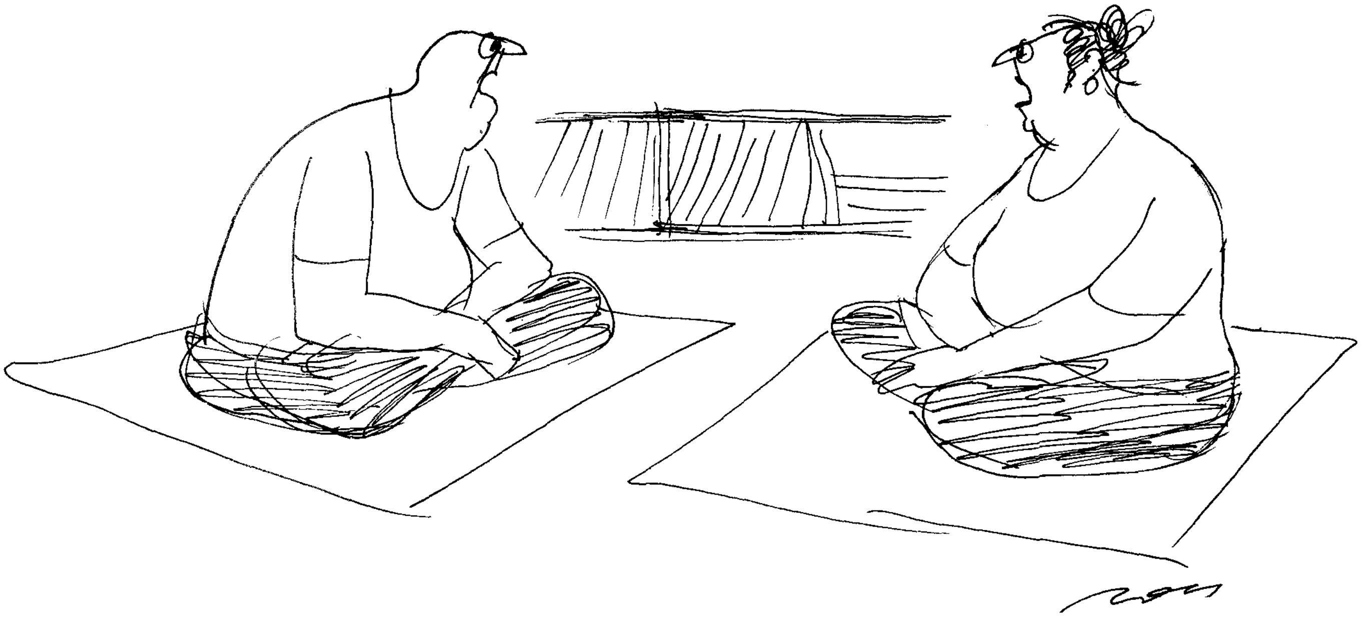
“Mmph,” said the medium.

Nice Day After All

REMEMBER last Tuesday? The rain, the drizzle, the mist, the fog, the traffic, the Palestinian Arabs,



“On second thought, Miss Marsh, I’ll bite the bullet. Book me coach.”



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the Jewish Defense League? It was one of those days. Only the imperturbable were unperturbed. There must have been a hundred thousand missed connections in town that day. We were missing connections right and left. First, we were supposed to board an advance unit of the Freedom Train, a beautiful twenty-four-car, steam-hauled train that is going to lug precious United States documents around the country for the next two years (it's the only Bicentennial gimmick so far that appeals to us at all), in Penn Station at 8 A.M. Well, first it was coming in on Track 2, then it came in on Track 5, and then—at ten to eight—it was given orders to vacate Track 5 and had to run all the way out to the yards in Sunnyside so it could turn around and come in on Track 9, a main New York-Washington track, which had the electrical-and-steam-hookup facilities the train needed. So we got maybe five minutes on board the advance unit—a cute little exhibit train run up for Johnson & Johnson, which looks like a Victorian parlor. Just time for a cup of coffee, because we were supposed to meet George C. Scott and his wife, Trish Van Devere, at the St. Regis at nine. Well, the Scotts didn't make it into town from Greenwich until a quarter of ten, and Michael Maslansky, Scott's press agent, who's about to marry a French girl, dashed into the hotel at ten past nine and grabbed the key to the room the Scotts had had the day before. But it turned out the hotel hadn't told him the Scotts had a new room, so he went upstairs to find a nice gentleman eating breakfast in his underwear in the place. Scott's in town because he's made a movie and is selling it himself to movie theatres instead of dealing through a distributor and letting him take twenty-five to forty per cent off the top—a trailblazing effort that has run Scott ragged. We finally caught up with him in a CBS dressing room, where he was waiting to tape the "Pat Collins Show." Just time enough for a cup of coffee.

In New York, you drink coffee to slow down.

So who was unperturbed? Henny Youngman, the great comedian—that's who. We had a lunch date with Youngman at twelve at the Friars Club—to talk about his Town Hall appearance the next night—and there he was, bang on the dot, at his favorite table, by the door of the dining room. "Hi," said Henny Youngman, spreading cream cheese on a toasted bagel. "Want to see my pride and joy?" He pulled out of his wallet a color photo of a bottle of Pride furniture wax and a bottle of Joy detergent. Then he gave us a complaint form, reproduced life-size below:

COMPLAINT FORM

Please write your
complaint in space
below. Write legibly.

☐

And then he gave us a Henny Youngman thirteen-inch ruler ("Everyone Can Use an Extra Inch"). On the back of the ruler it says "AVAILABLE FOR Banquets * Sales Meetings * Commercials * TV Shows * 'U Name It.' "

"I'm bringing out a book, 'The Compleat Heckler,' " Youngman said. "All insults. I was going to call it 'Of Thee I Zing,' but that was too inside. Jokes like 'That guy never lost an enemy,' or 'That guy never had an ulcer. But he's a carrier.' "

Henny Youngman's name was called on a p.a. system. A telephone appeared on the table. "Hello, sweetheart," Youngman said into the telephone.

A bad comedian approached the table. "Hello, Henny Youngman. How are you?" he said.

"Very clever," said Henny Youngman.

We asked Youngman how he prepared for a Town Hall appearance. "Town Hall—that's a cultural thing," he said. "The wife jokes are set, the doctor jokes are set. Little old lady goes to the doctor for an examination. The doctor says, 'Madam, that's the ugliest body I've ever seen.' 'That's just what my doctor said.' 'Then why'd you come to me?' 'I wanted another doctor's opinion.' Otherwise, I just ramble. I've got enough material for an hour. A fan of mine clocked me with a clicker in Las Vegas. I told two hundred fifty jokes in forty-five minutes. Two guys in Washington. One guy says, 'They ought to g-g-get rid of that whole b-bunch, and get a new b-b-bunch.' The other guy says, 'That's easy for you to say.' "

On the way out, we watched Youngman don a terrific little floppy tan rain hat.

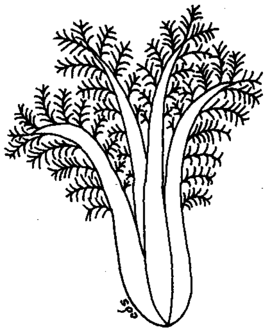
"Henny," we said, "where'd you get that hat?"

"I was the last one out of the restaurant," said Henny Youngman.

THE BEDROOM

IT was watching a house martin that kept me alone for a while in this room. We'd just had dinner. I ran upstairs to fetch a handkerchief, and there was the bird hovering outside the window. The tips of its wings were almost brushing against the dusty glass for an instant before it disappeared up into its nest under the eaves. Within seconds, I saw the bird again. It fell back into view and, as if following the curve of some invisible slide, skimmed down toward the end of the garden. Almost at once, it was back at the window, to hover and then disappear once more. Its breast had the sheen of white satin. In the May sunshine, the martin was repairing its nest, bringing soft mud from beside the pond. Most years, we have martins and swallows under the eaves; some make entirely new nests, but others make good the ones left from the summer before. I sat down in the armchair I leave my clothes on at night, and watched the bird make a few more journeys.

I'd not sat in that chair since we moved into this house, seven years ago. When we came here from a much smaller house, we bought new furniture for the living room, and this chair was relegated upstairs. It has bare wood arms, a seat of foam rubber, small wings—what is described in salesrooms as a TV chair. I felt comfortable in it; maybe I'd take it down to my study, where its gray fabric would go well with a many-colored wall of books. But then if I did that I should have to bring up one of the old kitchen chairs to hang my clothes on. This one was perfect for the job—trousers, held by friction, did not slip from its back to the floor; jackets (for I am unusually broad in the chest) were made to measure for its stump wings; the arms were of a convenient height for me when I was lacing shoes. I made a rapid calculation. More than two and a half thousand times I'd draped trousers and jackets on it, flung shirt, tie, and underwear on it. I didn't really need another chair in my study. I'd keep things, after all, as they were.



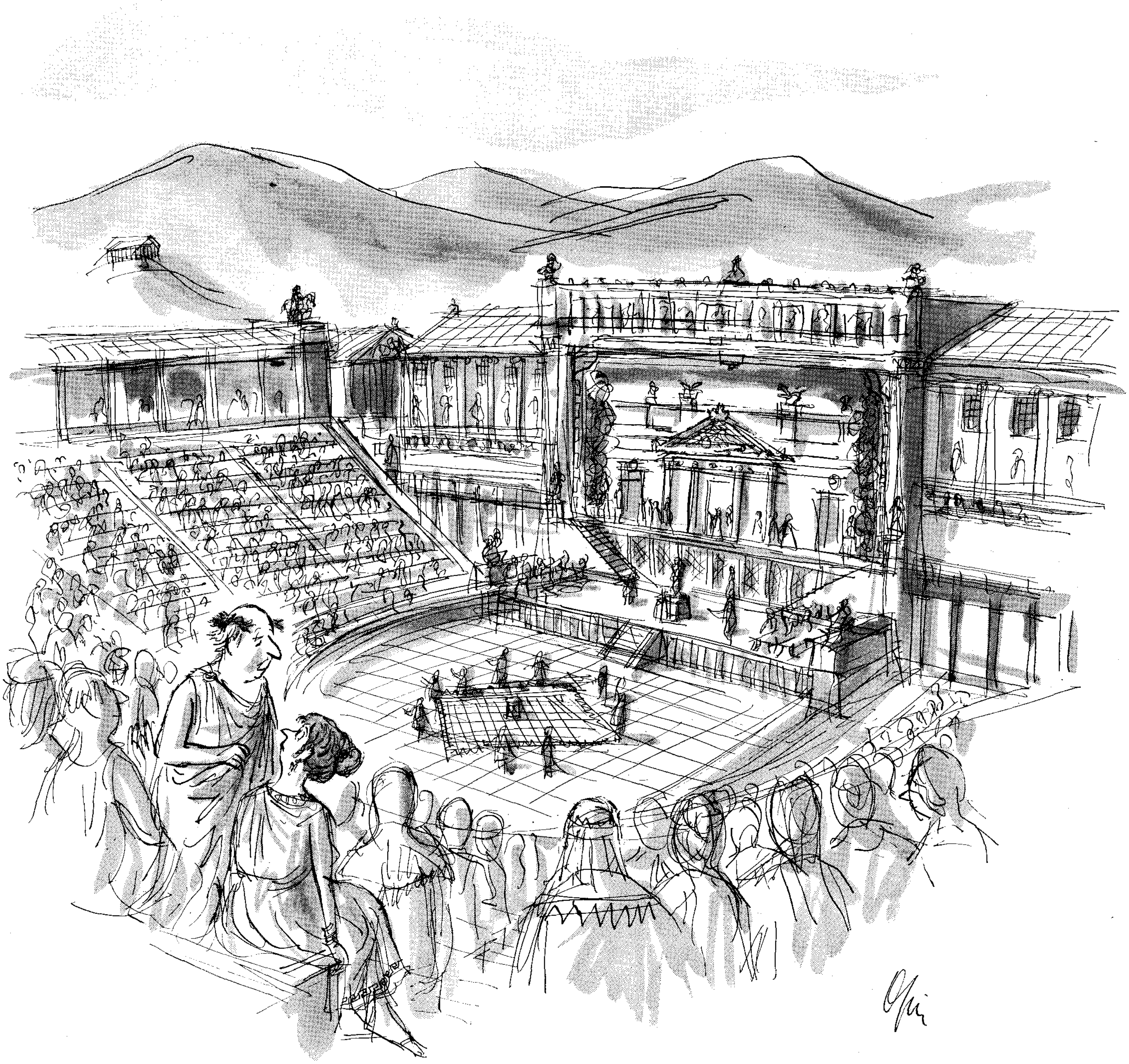
By now, I'd lost interest in the fluttering bird. I glanced around at the rest of the furniture in this unaccustomed room. There, in one alcove, was my wife's wardrobe. It's a stately, Edwardian item in dark mahogany—tall, panelled, with carved rosettes and brass fittings—which I bought for a few pounds at an auction sale and carried home in sections on top of the car the week we moved in. I'd not appraised its handsomeness since we assembled it, dusted it out, fitted the linen drawer, which smelled of lavender grown in somebody's garden before the Battle of the Somme. I opened the doors, parted my wife's dresses, saw behind them the faded floral pattern of the lining paper—elegant, worth looking at. And in the other alcove was my wardrobe, more workaday, more squat, thirtyish, light oak. I'd been given it by a man dead these five years. It has shelves and drawers on the left-hand side marked "Shirts," "Ties," "Hats," and so on. I keep everything in the wrong compartments. Hatless, I use the top shelf for miscellaneous objects that I don't need but that are too good to throw away—a battery-operated razor, a sunray lamp, a papier-mâché snuffbox containing shirt studs. On the floor of the wardrobe I noticed a pair of walking shoes I'd forgotten I had. It was high time I sorted through my clothes, throwing out the stuff I no longer wore.

It felt extraordinary, poking about in this room in the early evening, being aware of it and its contents in a way I never had been before. Sunlight entered it as it does not in the mornings, picking out unusual surfaces. This was almost somebody else's room. It was the one room in the house we'd not bothered to redecorate. We slept here, washed and dressed, prepared to go out of an evening, made love, sometimes mildly quarrelled in the dark. There, on the bedside tables, were the books we were currently reading: my wife's Maigret, my Collected Yeats. We were other people when we came into this room. In bed (I studied the design of the Welsh tapestry bedspread), we were concerned with nothing in the room beyond where our limbs would reach. Otherwise, it was simply an area in which to prepare for another day, another social evening. I thought of myself shaving at that sink, looking into that mirror. There were my toothbrush, my bottle of after-shave, waiting until I should use them next. It was stupid, my being here now, for the wrong reasons. I was astonishing the furniture.

Remembering why I'd come, I took a handkerchief from its drawer. Normally, this would have been a reflex action like blinking the eyes; but now that the martin had kept me here—the bird was still coming and going—I had to stop, and think, and remember to open the drawer marked "Collars." Then, for a second or two, I stared at the drawer marked "Handkerchiefs," persuading myself that it did indeed contain socks—that I didn't have to check. Outside, on the lawn, my children were arguing over who should bat first in a game of cricket. I moved away from the window, lest they see me up here. They'd call me down, and I didn't want to go yet. I lay on the bed, stared at a vase on the chest of drawers. That vase had never contained flowers, as far as I could recall.

Seven-Thirty. As a young bachelor straight out of university, I'd lain like this for twenty minutes or so after cooking some rudimentary snack of an evening. Those London bed-sits! There was never a truly comfortable chair—you had to lie on the bed or sprawl against threadbare cushions on the floor. You'd look up at the grubby ceiling, tracing the map of Asia in the marks of damp. You'd count your pathetic possessions; the suitcase on top of the wardrobe would hold all you owned. There was always somewhere else to go when you were sick of it—similar in its dinginess, but somewhere else. The cooking area and the sink were curtained off with stained and shrivelling plastic hangings, but there was no illusion of having more than one box to be in. The bathrooms were always occupied, or, if not, were festooned with the dripping laundry of other lodgers. There was nowhere to go but elsewhere, paying a week's rent in lieu of notice, and humping the suitcase once more along streets of drab stucco villas, or onto a bus, or down leaf-slippery steps to the Tube. One had lived through that cheerfully enough, twenty years ago. Occasionally (how different it all was then) you might smuggle in some girl, who must be smuggled out again in the early hours before there were even milkmen on the streets; and then those rooms for a week or two would seem special places—always to be remembered, in fine detail, for what had happened in them. But before long it would be another girl, another room, a room whose awfulness had to be borne those few weeks longer than one's loneliness could easily bear.

Later, after the three-week honeymoon room in the Bernese Oberland



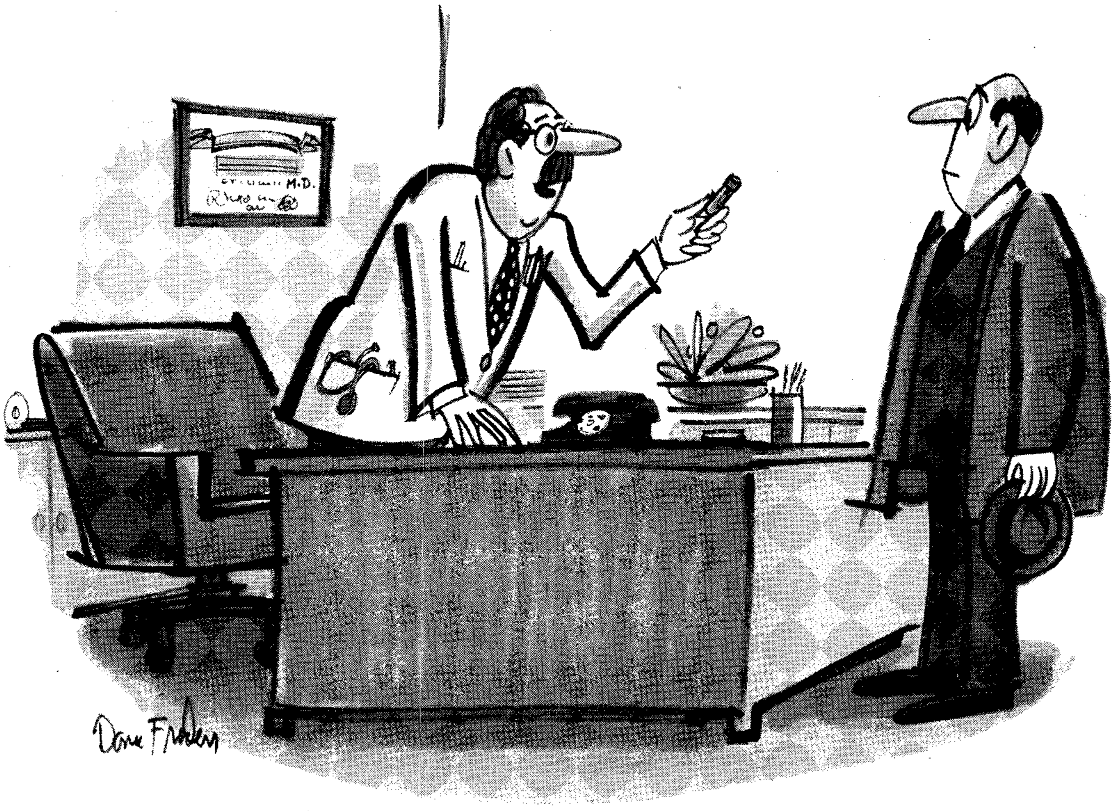
"Let's skip the epilogue and beat the crowd."

• •

(that balcony where we had Cape-gooseberry jam for breakfast: the wasps), there were so many two-roomed flats in such a short space of time that I no longer remember each from each, or the order in which they came. Then there was, for a five-year spell during which the children were born, a bedroom in the house I bought so tiny that we had to keep our clothes in a cupboard on the landing. All I can bring back to mind is its tininess. Perhaps it had pink walls.

And now there's this room. Had I not made this impromptu survey this evening, I'd have been hard pressed to give an accurate inventory of what its walls enclose—unlikely as this must seem. As I lay on the bed (I slipped off my shoes), I made another calculation. Probably I spend nine hours out of every twenty-four in here: eight hours of sleep, including lovemaking; half an hour's reading; thirty minutes more dressing, undressing, grooming. Twenty-three thousand hours I've spent here, and I hardly know the place. Look—the bottom left-hand knob is loose on the dressing table. There's a dark stain on the carpet near the door.

My wife must see all this in entirely different terms, I realized then. She would be on *intimate* terms with the room in which I was merely a stranger or a guest. I thought of her, weekdays, the house abruptly empty, its rooms all bearing the traces of what we'd been doing in them. What would she be thinking (thinking about me) as she made this bed of ours, replaced the towels, Hoovered the floor, dusted those three alabaster elephants I brought home from America last year? She has to do some of her living in here. All those bottles, pots, brushes, and things on the dressing table; she uses them several times a day. She *sits* there, sees herself in the three mirrors, paints her nails. Nights, while I am already in bed reading, she sits there for minutes after she's finished brushing her hair, doing nothing in particular. Staring. Thinking. From



"Take one of these every four hours. If pain persists, see another doctor."

• •

time to time, she suggests we ought to repaper the room, give it a lick of paint. For her sake—for those minutes of the day when she's in here alone—I ought to set to and redecorate.

I feel uneasy—she, alone in this room. Waiting for her hair to dry, listening to the radio, turning the radio off.

I'd sooner the room stayed unmemorable.

The room I was born in was my room until I was eighteen years old. When I was very small, my sister was born in it, only to die within the month. I slept during those weeks, and while my mother raged with puerperal fever, in the living room. Until I was in my teens, I gasped there every summer with my asthma. During the war, in that room, my bed was inside one of those iron air-raid shelters. When my two uncles died—one shot in the African desert, one blown up by a mine on a beach—I was sent into that room to do my crying, while my father hid his eyes in his bedroom, where I couldn't go. I could tell you exactly how many yellow roses there were on that wallpaper, reproduce the pattern of the plywood that lined the fitted cupboard. When there were high tides in November and March, gales could whip the spray off the Channel as far as my window. There was a pear tree outside. Never any pears. A blind tree, my father called it.

DOWNSTAIRS, the telephone rang while I lay on the bed. My wife called me, but I didn't answer. She would have assumed that I'd gone out for a walk—for what would I be doing up here? I was private, as I could be nowhere else in the house. In my study, in the bathroom, they'd know where to find me, but not here.

This could be made into a splendid room. We had plans, when we first came, for turning it into a dark, William Morris-y antre similar in effect to that gloomy fantasy of a room in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Not that we would now—though you can still buy, quite readily and cheaply, those heavy papers and rich tapestry drapes that came into fashion seven or eight years ago. It would have begun by looking pretentious, and by now it would have grown tatty and depressing. A white ceiling, plain walls, and simple curtain fabric would do fine. Something clean and cheerful—without impinging, I mean.

After the children had stopped playing outside, I went to the window again. The martin was still at work, but I looked beyond it, beyond the garden wall, toward the view I've seldom stopped to contemplate. There are fields—one with tall hay soon to be cut, another with grazing cows—then a line of poplars and a market garden; a busy road then, and the farther meadows rising toward the South Downs. I can see a windmill that's celebrated in a poem by Belloc, and some marvellous stands of beeches where we sometimes go walking at weekends. It's a view to be grateful for, that I'm aware of, that I mention to new acquaintances when I'm asked about the place where I live. I turned away, though. The beauty would always be there to look at.

It would be there day after day at the window of this room. We're not likely to move from here. The view would be there week in, week out, the months making their slow accretions of years. To have reached forty without having an illness more serious than childhood asthma is, I guess, unusual, and plain good fortune. Every morning that comes, I wake up in this room to thoughts of some incurable disease—cancer, diseased heart, or whatever—convinced that it can't be long before my luck runs out. Many people I've mentioned this to say they do the same. I get up, wash and shave, have breakfast, and set about the day's work; the morbid thoughts pass, only to return the following morning. I suppose this would be the room where I should be—I, or my wife, whoever was first. Then the room would have to be taken note of. There would have to be flowers in that vase. The window would be spotless glass, to let in the endless blue skies, the breast feathers of the martin, the sweeps of Belloc's mill. You would listen in the room for whatever sounds would come to it: crockery on a tray being carried upstairs; the traffic on that road; after dark, intermittently, a restless bird under the eaves, twittering. —TED WALKER

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"It's kind of hard to say how I feel about it. . . . Westbrook people did something that not many people have done (by banning obscene films in the voting booths.)"—*Mayor O'Gara quoted in the Portland (Maine) Press Herald.*

It's so stuffy in there, for one thing.

ABOUT (ALMOST SURELY) NEW YORK, OR SOMETHING

(A FEW STORIES AND MESSAGES DROPPED OFF FOR MR. JOHN CORRY AT THE "TIMES," ALTHOUGH NOBODY CAN REMEMBER WHY)

SOMETHING has happened to telephone booths in New York. No one knows when it happened, and no one knows what it is that happened, but something has happened. Telephone booths in New York are different. They have changed. There are people who say it has to do with what they look like, and there are people who say that it has to do with whether they are out of order, and there are people who say that all that is beside the point. What matters, they say, is that something has happened to telephone booths in New York.

●

There is a telephone booth on the corner of 68th Street and Broadway. There was a time when this telephone booth sat silent all day long. An occasional drunk fell asleep in it. An occasional secretary in suède boots went inside to call her mother in Roslyn. But mostly it just sat there. Now it rings all day long. The telephone booth on the corner of 68th Street and Broadway starts ringing at 9:30 A.M. and rings until 6:30 P.M. Then it stops. No one knows why.

There is, as there always was and always will be, a large group of people who pass this telephone booth every day, but no one ever answered the phone until one day last week, when a man in a brown checked jacket passed by and heard the phone ringing. He decided to answer it. He went into the telephone booth and picked up the phone.

"Hello," he said.

"Two orders of clams casino, and make it snappy," said a voice at the other end of the phone.

The man in the brown checked jacket gently hung up the receiver. It was a cold day and he wrapped his muffler under his chin. Then he stepped out of the phone booth and went on his way.

●

A woman who spends a lot of time on East 51st Street noticed a small hole in the front of a brownstone on the north side of the street. The hole was at sidewalk level, and it was about three inches square. She assumed that some little animals lived inside, and last Monday she left them a piece of Port du Salut cheese, a spoonful of chicken salad, two oatmeal cookies, and a slice of meat loaf. On Tuesday, the food was gone, the hole had been boarded up, and a note had been posted on the front door of the building. It read "Telephone man—I will be back in half an hour."

●

This is a story about voices. The other day, voices were heard on West 22nd Street. There was a man's voice and a woman's voice, and they were shouting at each other, as voices sometimes do.

"I don't care if you have ten thousand dollars in pennies," the male voice said. "What good is it doing me?"

"If you feel that way," said the female voice, "don't buy any more whitefish at the Daitch."

Several people on West 22nd Street heard the voices, which went on at some length in the same vein, but no one could tell where they were coming from. From time to time, a cock crowed. After a while, the voices stopped.

●

Every morning at 8:55, three women get onto the Second Avenue bus at 84th Street. They do not know each other, but they have been taking the same bus at the same time for many years now, and they have begun to nod hello. When the bus gets to 50th Street, two of the women get off and transfer to the crosstown bus. One of them is a young woman who always carries a birdcage and always smiles. The other is an older woman in a fur coat.

Yesterday, the older woman was watching the young woman read her morning *Times* on the crosstown bus, and she noticed the young woman beginning to cry. At first the tears fell quietly down the young woman's face, but then she grew more agitated and began to wail to no one in particular.

"Nobody in this column ever has a name!" she cried, waving her *Times* in the air. "None of the stories in this column ever has a point!" she went on. "What happened to the third woman on the Second Avenue bus? Why include her at all? And what is the significance of the birdcage?"

The older woman took a Kleenex out of her purse and gave it to the young woman. The young woman wiped her eyes, regained her composure, and turned to the sports pages. Soon she was smiling again.

—NORA EPHRON

"Well, is this it—the terminal argument?"

TYRANNY

I WAS seventeen when my father published his first editorial attacking the general who ruled our country—a man who had been one of his closest friends. The editorial appeared in October, near the end of my junior year of high school. Later the same week, Mother Andrea, the principal of the convent, told me that my father did not have to attend the school's commencement exercises. "Señor Maldonado must be bored with these ceremonies," she said. "Please tell him, Marta, that this time we are excusing him." For the first graduation I could remember my father would not be sitting on the dais with Bishop Vargas and the other dignitaries.

When I got home that day, I told my father what Mother Andrea had said. He was amused. "So Bishop Vargas is already coaching the good nuns, eh?" he said.

"Oh, God, what will happen to us?" my mother said, with a terror that at the time did not seem warranted.

Then a few nights later she said to Papa, "Did you really believe, Miguel, that your friend the General was different from other politicians?"

"I believed in him, yes, and made others believe in him," Papa said. "Now that the man has turned into a tyrant I cannot remain silent."

"Always your beliefs, your beliefs," Mama said. "And this time at your family's expense!"

Discussions like this soon took place in the presence of my brother and me almost every night.

As my father's attacks on the General increased, my schoolmates began to avoid me. With the nuns the change was also gradual. At first they continued to laugh and joke with me, but checked to be sure that no one close to the government was watching. Then they started ignoring my questions in class. "I'm glad you asked, Martica" and "Maybe your father will come give us a talk on the subject" gave way to "Can't you see you're interrupting, Marta?" Finally, like my friends, the nuns avoided me entirely.

The convent—an old castle, built by a Spanish viceroy of the sixteenth century for his mulatto mistress—was my second home. As a young girl I had run through its long, narrow corridors, searching for secret passages and imagining I saw the ghosts of the conquistadors. Now, as I walked the corridors of the convent, the nuns scattered from my path like crows taking flight.

Had they made me their favorite because I was the daughter of the General's friend, I wondered. Had the nuns truly admired my father and his editorials, or had their compliments been inspired by his influence with the government?

I would ask my brother, Ricardo, who was fourteen, "At your school are the teachers and boys still speaking to you?" and he would shrug his shoulders. The last week in November, at the very end of the school year, Ricardo announced with an air of indifference that he was not going to carry the school standard in the commencement-day parade. "Brother Juan says that the standard is too heavy for me."

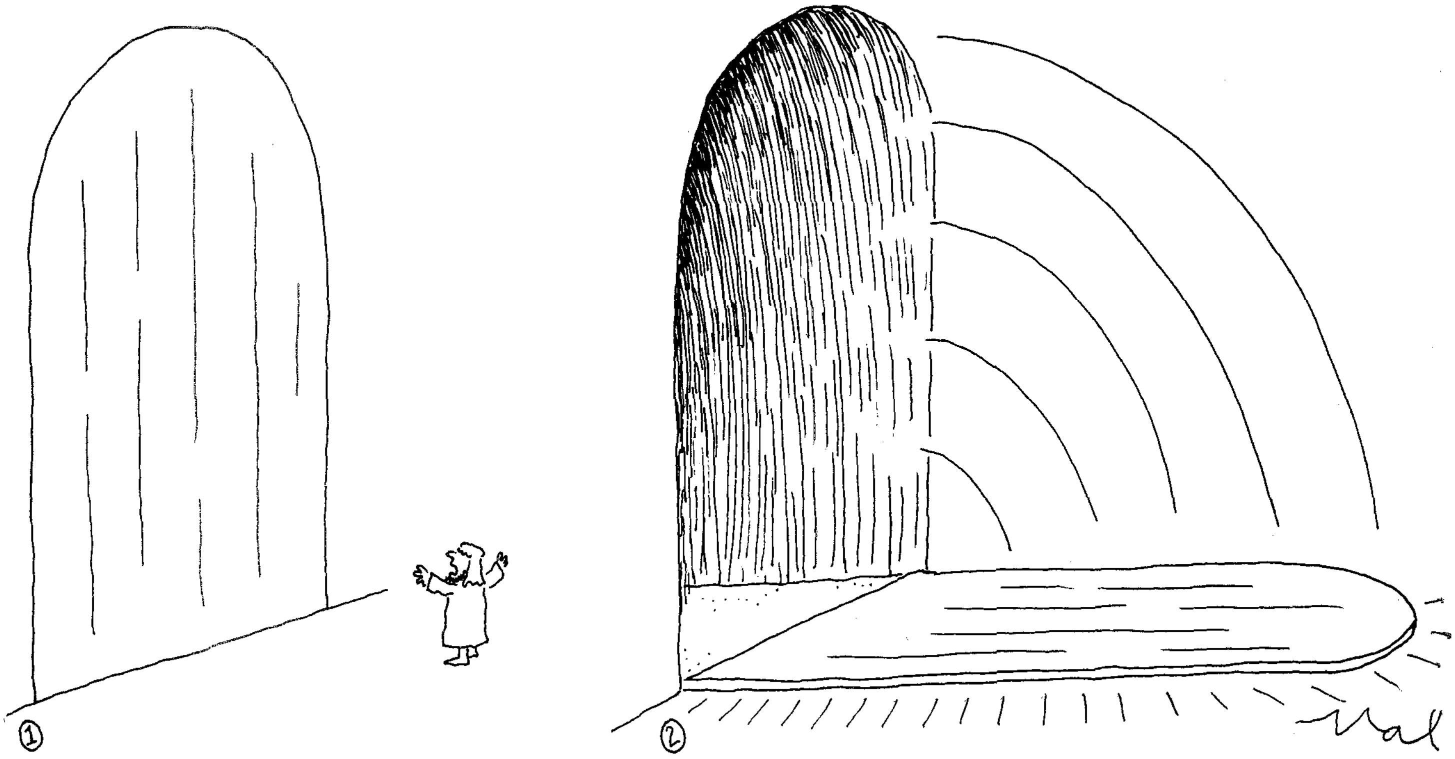
"That's interesting," my father said. "You were strong enough to carry it last year and the year before. Perhaps by some miracle of Heaven the standard has grown heavier during the past months." Ricardo was the only one who laughed at this remark.

For the holidays, we drove, as we did every year, to my mother's family's country house. Father did not come along. Seeing the streams and weeping willows along the road and the peasants in their colorful ponchos and sombreros—and everything so exactly the way it always was—I began to hope that while we were away we might receive word that my father and the General had settled their differences.

In the country, we learned from our relatives that Papa had refused a position in a European embassy. "What a mistake!" my uncles said. "It is selfish of Miguel to deprive his children of the cultural advantages of Europe." Even worse in their eyes was Papa's disloyalty to the General, his friend. In the past my uncles had congratulated Mother on her husband's editorial position, saying that it was men with Papa's integrity our country needed.

For the first time, Ricardo and I felt ill at ease around our cousins. "You're such a *tonto*, Ricardo!" they would say. Or "Come on, Marta, don't you have anything clever to add?" In our eagerness to please, we bored them.

I was telling our cousins a joke one afternoon when one of my aunts passed through the room with a pitcher of lemonade and stopped to listen. As I paused before the punch line, she said, shaking her head, "Goodness, Marta, you're looking more like your father every day!" Everyone burst out laughing. To look like my father was to have a bulldog's face. Whereas on Papa, with his prematurely silver hair and charming



"Open sesame!"

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manners, such a face was attractive, it could only be lamentable on a girl. "But Ricardo," my aunt said as she walked away, "Ricardo is like our family; he looks like his mother."

Ricardo and I began spending our days playing dominoes alone on the veranda. We were glad when Mama cut the vacation short.

BACK in the city, we saw police patrols and jeeps everywhere. Papa explained that there was now a midnight curfew. Then he said, "I received an official ultimatum. I was told that if I don't agree to a public reconciliation with the General, my paper will be closed. You might as well know it. The paper is now being printed on a small private press. As of last week, it's circulating underground."

"Ah, we have returned to a nightmare," Mama said.

"I am sorry," Papa said. "To remain silent is to become an accomplice to the crimes—the abuses. If you only knew! But let's not talk about this. I'm glad you're back."

Later, Ricardo said to me, "Marta, how can Papa be so selfish? Can't he see what Mama is going through?"

One thing that Papa had not told us was that in our absence he and a few of his friends from the newspaper had begun holding nighttime meetings at our house. We learned of these meetings from our maid. "Ay, Señora, I'm so frightened," she said to Mama the following morning. "I don't know how much longer I'll be able to work in this house." She told Mama that the neighbors were all furious with Papa because they felt that they and their property were endangered; anonymous bomb threats had been made against Papa.

"See, Marta, see?" Ricardo whispered. "Everyone is against Papa."

Ricardo and I stayed close to the house for the rest of our vacation. After the maid stopped coming, I helped Mama with the housework, but my friends did not call or visit and I had much free time in which to think.

Was it possible, I asked myself, that our teachers and friends, Mama's family, and the neighbors could all be wrong? It was only from Papa that we heard any mention of crimes and abuses. Where were these things happening, and to whom? Mama had begged Papa not to bring his underground paper into our home. In the remaining daily paper there were pictures of the General attending banquets and church functions, and pictures of beauty queens and soccer stars. Nothing else.

"Everyone is against Papa because everyone is afraid to speak the truth," I said to Ricardo, but without much conviction.

"Papa *likes* to be different from everyone else," Ricardo said.

I remembered the time Papa had been invited to lay the cornerstone for a new social club and we had watched while the speakers competed with one another in praising the project. But, in a short speech, my father had said that a new club was not only unnecessary but an affront in a city where children slept in the streets and beggars crowded the aisles of churches. "We are obsessed with monuments and social clubs," he had said. "Our city is like a woman who throws a garish dress over underwear that is soiled and ragged."

"We must ask Papa to explain what's really going on," I finally said to Ricardo.

We never asked. It was as if we were afraid that his answers might make our going back to school in the fall more difficult. "I'm going to pretend I'm sick," Ricardo said. And then, "But if I don't go to school everybody will say that I am afraid and will call me a coward."

And I said—hoping that this might be true—"I think that by now our teachers and friends have realized that whatever is going on between Papa and the General is not our fault."

SCHOOL began the first week in February. The day before school opened, Papa said to me, half joking, "Let me know, Marta, if the General's picture has been enshrined in the chapel." Mama was calm as she served Ricardo and me our breakfast the next morning. But, when we were leaving the house, she gave us each a desperate, long embrace.

Ricardo and I walked close to one another on our way to school. At several of the houses, the women stood at their doors, sending their children off. "*Buenos días*," I shouted to them as in the past. They stared, barely moving their lips to answer. At the end of the block I burst out, "But why, Ricardo, why? What have we done?"

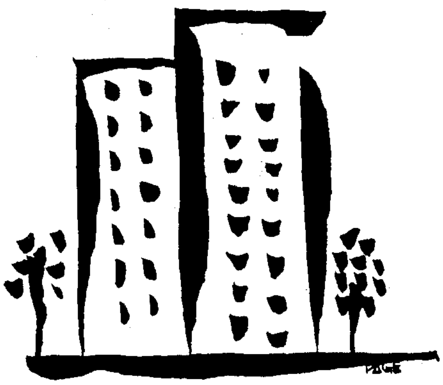
Ricardo said, "Marta, *please!*"

At school, the first thing I noticed was a huge picture of the General hanging in the vestibule next to the portrait of St. Cecilia, the patroness of the convent. Then I noticed the fear in the nuns' faces at the sight of me and the speed with which my former friends ran off down the corridor. I might have been Satan, complete with horns and tail, coming into the convent with his books under his arm. It seems strange, as I look back now, that at no time during that day or during the days that followed did I consider staying home. And I continued to believe that Papa's falling-out with the General was temporary.

There was no comfort in the fact that I was not alone in being ostracized. The man who had owned our country's most important radio station, a man Papa greatly admired, had two daughters in the school. Instinctively, we ignored one another. Rather than submit to the General's censorship, their father had surrendered his station to the government and was now broadcasting from a hidden transmitter. The Julian sisters were younger—Ricardo's age—and with their long necks and delicate features they had the fragile appearance of lilies. Always inseparable, the sisters stood together in dark alcoves, hid behind pillars, and disappeared into the bathroom during recreation periods. "Come on, girls," the nuns would call in exasperation. "Come here, in front! What do you think—that you're invisible?" I also longed to make myself invisible.

The daughters of high-ranking military men had become dictators within the convent. Even the nuns feared them. There were three in my class. Early in the term one of them said to me, "Marta, you get A's on your compositions; here, write mine," and shortly thereafter I was writing compositions for all three. Mother Tekla assigned us the same subject week after week with small variations—Our General. "Write a brief biography describing his outstanding qualities," she would tell us. Or "In two pages point out the similarities between Our General and Simón Bolívar."

"Our General," I would write, and then my pen would stop. "Our General . . ." I sat staring at the blank page for hours, until I hit upon a trick. Copying from editorials in the official press, I was able to fill pages by changing the language slightly. "Our General is ahead of his time," one editorial said. I wrote, "Our General is a man with vision." Ricardo joined in the game. Imitating the handwriting of the girl whose homework I was doing, he wrote, "Our General is infallible, like God!" We giggled and then laughed as we imagined the reaction of the nuns.



"In an exemplary gesture of democracy Our General invited some university students to participate in an open dialogue," another editorial said. Papa had told us the truth about this event. "It was the usual," he had said. "The usual dialogue between students and bayonets." "In a gesture of generosity," I wrote for one of the three girls, "Our General invited the university students to join him in a frank conversation. It's too bad the students didn't appreciate this privilege. They were disrespectful to Our General. Five students are dead, several lie wounded in the hospital. It's expected that other students will learn from this lesson." After that the requests for compositions stopped. My submissiveness to the three dictators continued,

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IT IS 70° IN LATE NOVEMBER. OPENING A WINDOW, YOU NEARLY KNOW

how certain
days filter themselves through screen, chain
saw, sundust, games of chance.
How certain as cliché
certain days are. You make a bed.
Sunlight runs in. The bed
reconciles everything. You know

how the far-off can surround
you, how things swim
here thousands of miles inland,
of their own accord, in the unknown
passage of your human ear.
You know now how the times
at times can lose their most acerbic
edge, and your planned child and your grand
mother rise as a sound
and single sweetness in the aural shell
you carry from amphibian history.
It is history

whose sharks sharpen the future.
You nearly know it. It
is softer carnivores, these days.
It is the small
time fisherman you are on shore, on edges
temporarily obscured,
of rising, sinking treasure.
It is the mooning
of the earth;
the measure of your catch, this life you have
to scale; this little
gross, and no net,
worth.
Momentarily
you will know
what you never have.

—Heather McHugh

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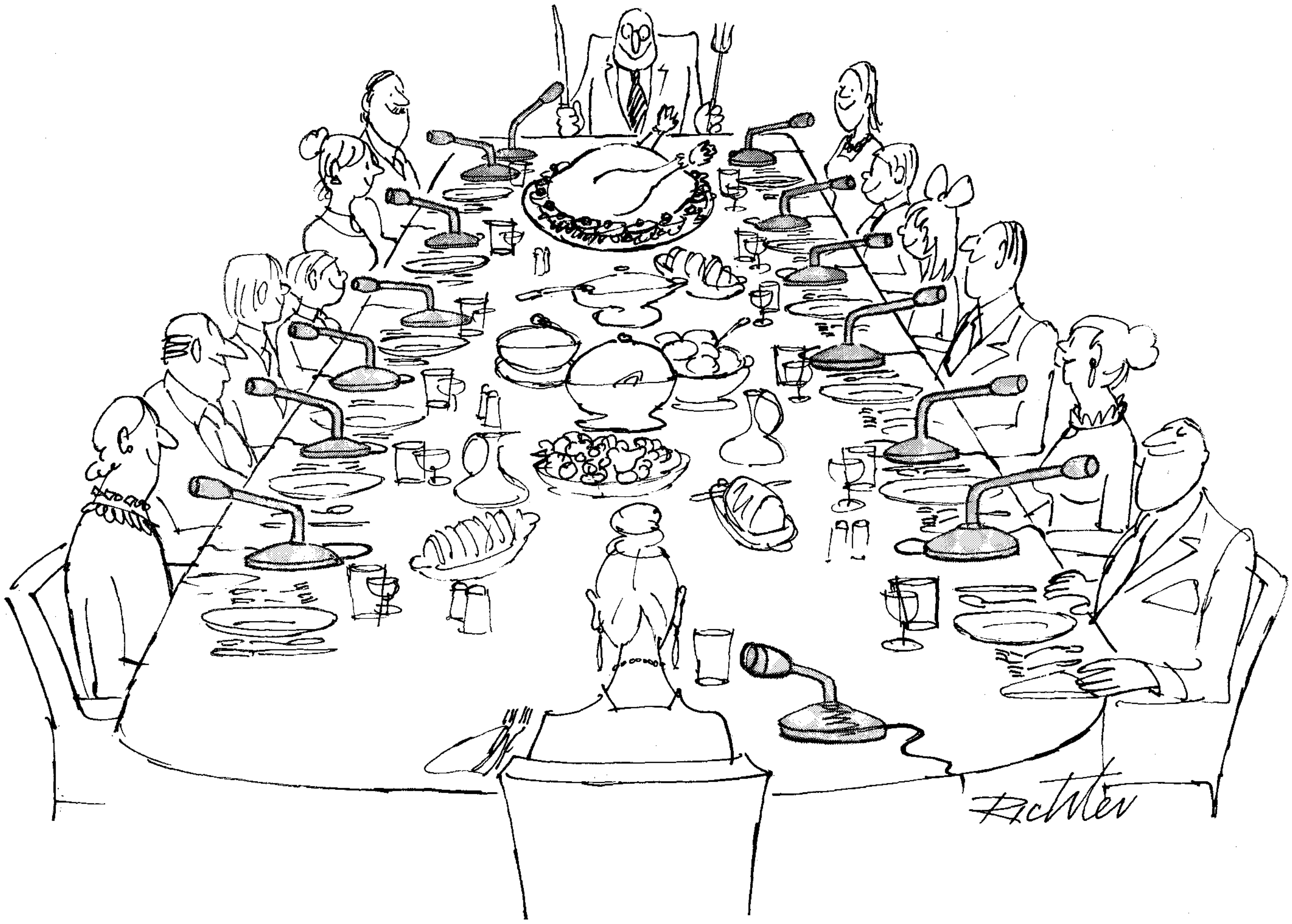


however. I laughed at their jokes; I picked up their books; I complimented them on their clothes.

And yet none of this was as hateful to me as a new class in Contemporary Events which the nuns had added to the daily schedule. After lunch, the entire school would march to the auditorium to listen to a broadcast from the government radio station. The audience on the air and in the school auditorium was informed that rebellion was cropping up here and there—acts incited by irresponsible agitators. We would hear—this part I listened to with terror—the names of those who had been imprisoned in the past hours, and of those who had disobeyed the orders of the General and whom the military authorities had been forced to shoot. The nuns listened in silence, shaking their heads at the mention of agitators. "It is the sacred duty of our country's leader to repel the conspiracies against our fatherland," Mother Petronila, the nun in charge of Contemporary Events, said once, but she was only repeating what Bishop Vargas had said at Sunday Mass. At the close of the broadcast we would sing patriotic hymns like "Marchemos a la Libertad" and "Justicia Vencerá." "Come on, loud! I want to hear everyone!" Mother Petronila would urge, clapping her chubby hands. And we sang, "*Libertaaaaaad . . . Justiciaaaaaa!*"

As we were walking home together one afternoon, Ricardo said, "At recess today the boys were all calling me '*hijo de traidor*.' " "*Hijo de traidor*," he repeated. To cover the tremor in his voice he tried to laugh. "Son of a traitor" was as insulting as "son of a whore." There were days that year when I would leave the convent rehearsing to myself what I planned to say to my father: "Papa, I admire your courage; I believe in what you're doing. Papa, I'm proud of you." But then I would see Ricardo waiting for me at the corner near his school and the impulse died.

We were hardly speaking to Papa by June. Weekends, Ricardo and I played cards with Mama in the glass-enclosed patio that adjoined the study where Papa was forever typing. Even now I can hear the silence at that card table, and in the background the loud music of a neighbor's radio, the shouts of Ricardo's friends playing soccer, and the tireless rat-tat-tat of the typewriter. I see my father in the shabby gray poncho he wore around the house, dragging his feet like an old man, and I see my mother's hands as she dealt the cards. I see my brother and myself as we slouched at the table. What's happening to us, I would wonder.

The only times when Ricardo and I seemed to resemble our former selves were the nights when Papa's friends from the paper came to our house for their meetings. Mama would leave coffee and pastries on a small table in a corner of the dining room; then she would rush to her bedroom and, with the lights out, watch the street from her window.

From where we sat at the landing of the stairs, Ricardo and I could see the men arriving separately, wearing hats and bulky overcoats, and whispering as they removed the folders and papers that they had hidden inside their coats. There was one—a dark young man, with curly black hair—whom they called Alfonso. I could not take my eyes off him.

Some nights my father and his friends spoke rapidly, slapping each other's backs, interrupting one another as they went into the dining room.

"Marta, I think it will happen soon—maybe tomorrow, this week," Ricardo would whisper.

"What, Ricardo?"

"He'll be overthrown. The General."

We would go to our rooms believing that an event that would change our lives was about to take place. One night I dreamed that dressed in long white gowns my classmates and I were marching into the auditorium to the music of Mother Petronila's piano. My father rose from his chair on the dais and came toward me, my diploma in his hand.

In September, the General ordered an eight-o'clock curfew, and my father's friends were forced to remain at our house all night. They made a sombre group in the morning as they stood by our door, shrouded in cigarette smoke, waiting in silence for the last patrol car to pass. When the meetings couldn't be held with safety at our house, they still took place, in the houses of one or another of my father's political friends. The nights that he was away, Mama would go from room to room switching the lights on and then off, muttering her prayers. We would hear police whistles and shooting in the distance and the sound of jeeps approaching and the sirens of the police cars. "Do you hear, Marta, Ricardo?" Mama would ask. "Do you hear it?"

Then the meetings stopped entirely. My father and his friends no longer dared to be out on the streets at night. People were disappearing on their way home from work. Others were dragged from their beds. A few had been shot by the military police right on the street. Papa typed at all hours, hardly ever leaving the house. "He is afraid, Marta," Ricardo said.

"Oh, God, what will happen to you—to us?" Mama kept asking.

"We'll leave immediately after Marta's graduation. I'm taking steps, making provisions. Leave things to me; don't worry," Papa would say.

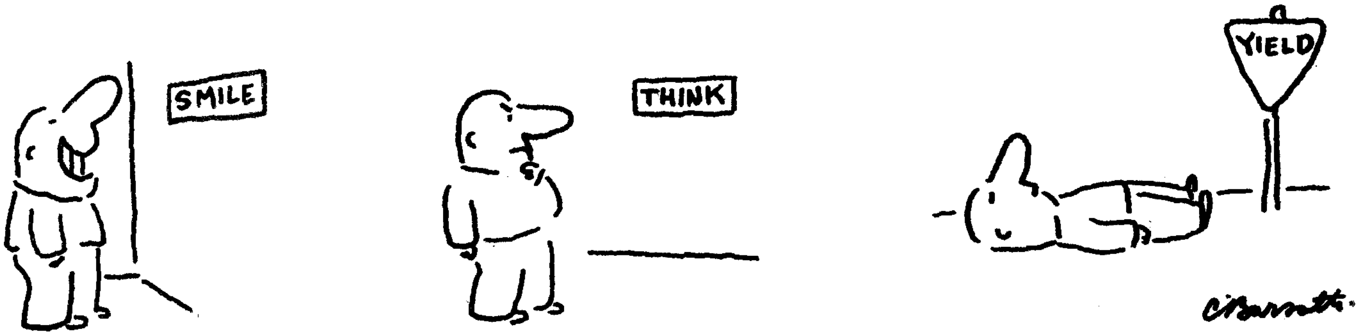
We had only one visitor now. On certain afternoons Señor Hernandez, a lawyer and close friend of my father, would bring proofs of the newspaper to the house and pick up my father's typed copy, which he then hid in the lining of his coat. As the two men lingered by our door, they would gaze at the floor in silence. Looking down at them from the landing one day—Hernandez in his bulky overcoat, my father in his gray poncho—I had the feeling that they were growing smaller, that they were shrinking.

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"Again they tore your tattered ensign down, Mr. Kelso?"

A MONTH before graduation, Mother Andrea called me out of the convent dining room. At the words "Marta, please come. I'd like to speak to you," I felt panic. With the same words, the week before, she had summoned the Julian sisters when relatives of the girls brought the news that their father had been shot down by the military police. I thought first of Papa. Had the police forced their way into our house? Had they arrested Papa? Ricardo was at home, in bed with a stomach upset. Had he and Mama been arrested, too? I followed Mother Andrea into an empty classroom, with my heart beating wildly. She walked past the desks and went up to stand on the teacher's platform. Behind her, on the blackboard, was a note asking the seniors to stay after class to discuss the graduation ceremony. I wondered why Mother Tekla, whose handwriting I recognized, had bothered to list all of the names. Then I understood. Only one name was missing—mine. I looked up at Mother Andrea. She seemed absorbed in reading a paper that she held in one hand, while her other hand kept touching the crucifix that hung from her waist.

She finally spoke. "Marta,



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this is a graduation certificate. You'll be leaving with your family soon. The graduation should not be an obstacle to your departure." She looked away from me and spoke hurriedly. "We think about your mother often, and pray for all of you—for your father especially. Fanaticism is a form of madness that destroys all that is noble in man. We trust we've given you spiritual resources sufficient to share with your family and to sustain you through whatever tribulations may lie ahead." Her voice went on and on. "This, Marta"—she was showing me the neatly typed page with my name at the top—"is equivalent to your diploma. It's as if you were graduating, as if you were receiving the diploma with your classmates, but your physical presence is—how should I say it—"

"Invisible," I said.

"That's it. I'm sending this to your parents. Go now; don't let your lunch get cold."

I DID not go back to the convent. Papa had to hurry his plans for leaving. The building that had housed the newspaper was rented out as storage space, the proceeds from which Señor Hernandez would send us in monthly checks. Mama packed round the clock. The living room was full of suitcases with bedclothes and linens. But where were we going, Ricardo and I wanted to know.

Papa finally told us. Getting visas was out of the question. We were going to go south, to the border, and then across it. "It's a matter of days now," he said. "I'm trying to establish a new press. I will not abandon my struggle or my friends." A few days later he announced, "We are leaving this weekend." But the decision was not Papa's to make.

Thursday night, after Mama and Ricardo had gone upstairs to bed, Papa and I were talking in the living room when we heard a knock at the door. Papa frowned. He patted my head, took off his reading glasses, and slowly walked to the foyer door. I heard men's voices, then silence. Presently my father came into the room with two Army officers—a major with a thin mustache and a captain. The major removed his cap when he saw me. My father held a paper in his hand. He explained that the officers had instructions to escort us out of the city. "Tonight, Marta," he added, and thrust the paper in his pocket.

"It is the policy of our General to treat his enemies with honor and benevolence," said the captain.

"Is it also the policy of your General to intrude on a family's privacy and to frighten children and women at midnight?" my father asked.

Mama was standing in the doorway, her dark eyes immense. Papa went to her and they stood whispering. "I'm all right," she said. "I'll go wake Ricardo." But she did not move. Her eyes were on the captain, who was trying to open the case of my father's typewriter.

"There's no need to inspect!" the major said sharply, and then, to Mama, "We'll take the suitcases out while you get ready." He left the room and returned immediately with two soldiers.

We moved about the house in silence, trying not to look at each other, picking up books, toilet articles, Ricardo's medicines. Then Mama stood at the foot of the stairs, gazing around her. "Ready?" Papa asked. Out on the street, I saw that the two soldiers were gone. The officers were waiting for us in a limousine. The captain was at the wheel. As the four of us got in the back, I could sense the neighbors watching us from behind their doors and windows.

It was a clear night. The streets were deserted except for military vehicles and jeeps carrying men who saluted the two officers as we drove by. We passed Ricardo's school. Ahead I saw the belfry light of the convent chapel. On the battlement of the main building I thought I saw the white of a nun's nightdress.

We had to stop several times for Ricardo to vomit. In the darkness we could make out pastures, huts, rows of eucalyptus, and the shadows of the light poles thrown across the road. At one point, the major took over the driving. While the other man slept, he talked to Papa. "You've probably guessed where we are going, Señor Maldonado," he said. Then he told us that we were on our way to an isolated town with a small military base where a house was waiting for us. We were to remain there indefinitely, under close military surveillance. "You're among the luckier ones, Señor Maldonado," the major said.

"*Gracias a Dios*," Mama muttered. Papa took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. "We'll be back," he whispered to me. "Maybe not as soon as we'd like, but you'll see. All this has not been in vain. Everything will be the way it was before."

The sky was growing light. We began to meet peasants and burros on the road. Before us lay a hillside with modest houses, a small church tower, and an old fort, all enclosed by a high brick wall. Inside the wall was a whitewashed house with a tile roof—our home for the next sixteen months, my father's honorable prison.

—LYLL BECERRA DE JENKINS

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The most spirited discussion that took place was about the role of Frank Miller, the building inspector. Councilman Rose said Miller had refused to inspect a Witchtree Road site where a zoning violation might be taking place, saying it wasn't his job. Miller contends he is the building inspector, not the zoning enforcement officer. The issue has apparently been left unresolved before. Miller estimated he answers "seven calls a night sometimes" and shouldn't have to shoulder additional responsibilities. The town board wasn't so sure Miller's role was as he understands it. Hurley doesn't have a building code, said one man in the audience. You can't have a building inspector without a building code. Then followed an exchange which became progressively more emphatic. Yes, you can, said Miller. No, you can't, said the man in the audience. Yes, you can, replied Miller. No, you can't. Yes, you can. No, you can't. Yes, you can.
—*Woodstock (N.Y.) Times.*

Get your gun, Annie, and we'll shoot this out.

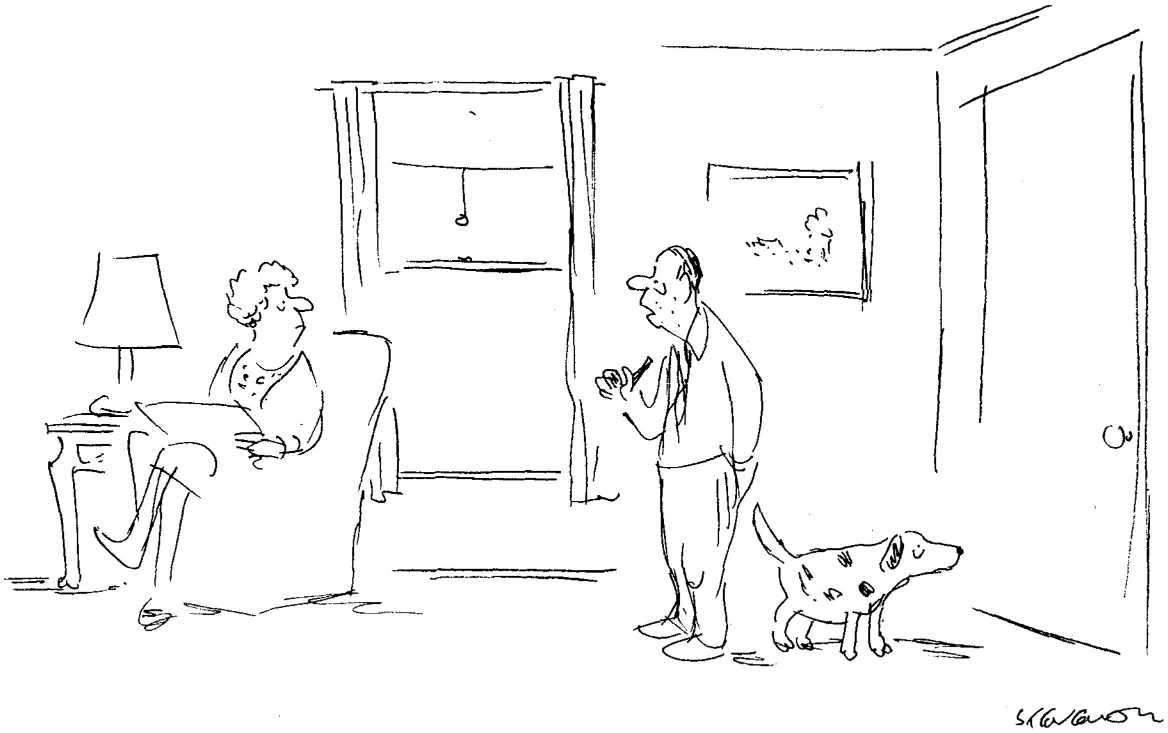
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BANK DRAMA

A YEAR ago last August 23rd, an escaped Swedish convict walked into the main office of one of Stockholm's largest banks, the Sveriges Kreditbank, shortly after it had opened, bent on carrying out the most ambitious exploit of a long criminal career. He was well equipped. One hand hugged a loaded submachine gun under a folded jacket. The other hand held a large canvas suitcase whose contents included reserve ammunition, plastic explosives, blasting caps, safety fuses, lengths of rope, a knife, wool socks, sunglasses, two walkie-talkies, and a transistor radio. The convict wore gloves, and another pair was in the bag; he intended to give them to an accomplice who was not yet on the scene but whose appearance he confidently expected to arrange. The convict himself was thoroughly disguised: he was got up in a pair of toy-store spectacles and a thick brown wig; his cheeks were rouged; and his reddish-brown mustache and eyebrows were dyed jet black. In the hope of being mistaken for a foreigner, he spoke English—a required language in Swedish schools—with an American accent. For two days, while the convict remained in the bank, the police tried to figure out his identity, succeeding only when his voice, during a radio broadcast, sounded familiar to a sharp-eared detective. The convict proved to be Jan-Erik Olsson, a highly intelligent thirty-two-year-old thief and safecracker, who came from the south of Sweden; his past criminal activities had taken place in that area, and provincial police knew him as an expert in the use of explosives and as someone who had not hesitated to use a gun. Olsson had been convicted in February, 1972, for grand larceny. He had achieved a certain fame that year when an elderly couple in Helsingborg surprised him in the act of ransacking their house. Startled, the husband had keeled over, whereupon the wife asked Olsson to fetch heart medicine that her husband kept in the kitchen; the robber complied, then resumed his pillaging, finally departing with considerable loot. He had served about half of his three-year sentence at the penitentiary in Kalmar, south of Stockholm, when he escaped while on furlough a couple of weeks before his arrival at the Kreditbank.

Olsson had scarcely entered the Kreditbank's street floor when a number of customers and forty assorted employees—tellers, mail-deposit clerks, secretaries, junior officials—knew that they were to have no ordinary Thursday morning; within seconds he had whipped out his submachine gun and fired at the ceiling, sending down a shower of concrete and glass. "I thought he was an Arab terrorist," Birgitta Lundblad, an employee of ten years' standing, who handled bank drafts from abroad, told me later. She was a year younger than Olsson. Fair and attractive in appearance, she commuted daily from Jakobsberg, a suburb less than a half hour away, where she lived with her husband—a civil engineer—and their two daughters, aged three and one and a half. At the bank, Birgitta's reputation was that of a diligent worker with an almost perfect attendance record. She liked the rhythm of her work and the responsibility that went with her duties; whenever she contemplated her future, she told me, it included the bank and, of course, her family. At the time of Olsson's entrance, she recalled, she was wondering whether to investigate a sale of children's apparel at a nearby shop during her lunch break, but that possibility passed quickly from her mind with the violent stranger's arrival. All that mattered, it suddenly seemed to her, was his next move. Still brandishing his submachine gun, he was announcing in English, "The party has just begun"—a line, police investigators later established, that he had recently heard while seeing an American movie about a convict on the loose. Instinctively, most of his terrified audience at the Kreditbank dropped to the floor, but some secluded themselves in a small repository for securities, and others, panicked or intrepid, or both, made for the exits, rushing pell-mell into Norrmalmstorg, perhaps Stockholm's busiest square, whose dominant feature is the Kreditbank's own squat, massive façade, five stories high.

Planting his transistor radio on a teller's counter, Olsson turned it on full blast, and the bank's marble interior abruptly reverberated to the sounds of rock music. As Olsson raised the volume, his eyes fell on a stenographer who was delivering a letter she had just typed to its author, in the loan department. She was Kristin Ehnmark, a spirited, black-haired woman of twenty-three. Kristin was personally destined to learn that Olsson was using the



"Call the photographers. I'm going out to romp with my dog."

radio to pick up news of police reactions to his exploit, but when the jarring music filled the bank she could discern no method in his apparent madness. She told me, "I believed a maniac had come into my life. I believed I was seeing something that could happen only in America." Horrified, she watched Olsson take some rope from his canvas bag and hand it to a male bookkeeper, whom he commanded to bind her hands and ankles with it. On the floor in a matter of seconds, and shifting uncomfortably in her bonds, Kristin regretted the day she had ever left home—a gold-mining village in Sweden's far north. That had happened three and a half years before, when, in her last days as a teen-ager, she came south with a young man to whom she was engaged; he had been offered an excellent post in Stockholm and was refusing to accept it unless Kristin accompanied him. In the capital, she had taken the first job that came along—the one at the bank—hardly aware of it while her romance flourished. The romance had eventually foundered, though, and at that point she had realized that the world of banking wasn't for her. Impatiently, in the spring of 1973, she had decided to study social work, but the courses she needed, she had discovered, wouldn't be getting under way until September. Almost daily, Kristin told me, she had chafed over the delay, but today, August 23, 1973, her ankles struggling vainly in Olsson's rope, she realized more acutely than ever that she had lingered too long in the banking business. She was berating herself for this once again, Kristin said, when she sensed that she wasn't alone on the floor. Twisting herself onto her left side, she saw Birgitta lying nearby, as tightly bound as she herself was. Scarcely had Kristin taken in this sight when she heard Olsson order the male bookkeeper to tie up yet a third employee—Elisabeth Oldgren, a twenty-one-year-old cashier in the foreign-exchange department, who had been with the bank fourteen months. Small and blond, she had brown eyes whose essential expression was one of unusual gentleness. Looking back, Kristin feels certain it was Elisabeth's eyes that accounted for the special care with which the bookkeeper placed her on the floor. Until Olsson brought Kristin and Elisabeth together, so to speak, they had had only the barest nodding acquaintance—a fact that seems astonishing to them now, for, as they were to discover in the next several days, they had much in common. Like Kristin, Elisabeth wanted to leave the bank. Elisabeth, too, was awaiting admission to a school in the fall—in her case, a nursing school. And, like Kristin, Elisabeth had a love of the north country; though she had been born and brought up in Uppsala, only an hour out of Stockholm, more than once she had visited the Arctic region, whose frozen wastes, she said, reminded her of human loneliness. But such inward notions were far from Elisabeth's mind as the bookkeeper lowered her to the bank floor. At that moment, she told me, she began thinking of her weekend plans. They called for her to be at a seaside *kräftskiva*—crayfish party—an annual summer festivity in Sweden. Dredging up every detail she could concerning the gala, Elisabeth said, she reviewed the transportation arrangements that had been made for the guests, the dress she planned to wear, the ritual of boiling the crayfish. It was only after she had exhausted such details, she said, that she was able to face up to what was going on in the Kreditbank building in Norrmalmstorg, and, in particular, to what Olsson was doing to her and to Birgitta and to Kristin. Months later, her voice incredulous, as though she were still being captured, Elisabeth said to me, "We were hostages—he wanted to negotiate for our lives!" She knew it, she said, when she heard Olsson shout to no one in particular, "I want to talk to the police!"

OLSSON's wish was soon granted—many times over. Indeed, police were practically in the building at the time he uttered it, for Swedish banks, instead of relying on private guards of their own, have silent alarm systems to alert the police, who are kept thoroughly familiar with the locations and general layouts of all banks; someone—perhaps several people—had switched on the Kreditbank's alarm at the sight of Olsson's submachine gun. As a result, police were fast converging on Norrmalmstorg, and even taking steps to seal off the square's heavy morning traffic—it was close to ten-thirty—which began to give way to a small concentration of official vehicles. For Olsson, though, the first manifestation of police activity came in the form of Morgan Rylander, a sergeant in plain clothes who had been patrolling the area in a radio car. Responding to a police bulletin, Rylander entered the bank to find out what was going on. Plenty was, as he could quickly see; around him were the three bound hostages, the other employees, and the clients, cowed and scattered on the floor. Rylander faced Olsson's submachine

THE DROWNED CHILDREN

You see, they have no judgment.
So it is natural that they should drown,
first the ice taking them in,
and then, all winter, their wool scarves
floating behind them as they sink
until at last they are quiet.
And the pond lifts them in its manifold dark arms.

But death must come to them differently
so close to the beginning.
As though they had always been
blind and weightless. Therefore
the rest is dreamed:
the lamp, the good white cloth that covered the table,
their bodies.

And yet they hear the names they used
shaken out over the pond
like chores not undertaken:
What are you waiting for,
come home, come home, lost
in the waters, blue and permanent.

—Louise Glück

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gun. The two Swedes conversed in English, and Rylander identified himself as a policeman.

"Are you a high police officer?" Olsson asked.

"No, but I can bring you one," Rylander replied.

"O.K., do so," Olsson said.

To call headquarters, Rylander went up a broad wooden staircase to use a phone on the floor above, where the bank had its executive offices, and where, as the morning went on, the police, coming in through a back entrance, were beginning to install themselves. While he was gone, a second plainclothesman, Detective Inspector Ingemar Warpefeldt, appeared from above, halting near a pillar at the foot of the staircase; he was holding a revolver. Olsson didn't see him, but Birgitta did.

"Don't shoot!" Birgitta screamed.

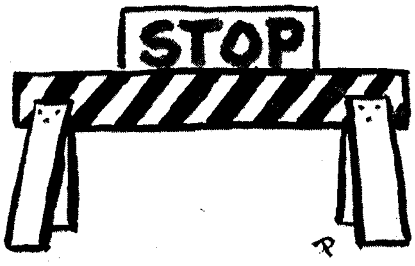
Olsson wheeled. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am a police officer. Drop your gun," Warpefeldt answered.

Olsson fired. The Inspector retreated, his right hand bleeding and, as it turned out, permanently damaged.

After Rylander returned with word that a high-ranking officer was en route, Olsson hazed him a bit. "Do you think I could miss you from here?" he asked, hefting his submachine gun. He was standing three yards from the Sergeant, who had sat down in a deep leather chair. When Rylander sat silent, Olsson said, "Let's have a song." Rylander sought to appease his supposedly American tormentor. He sang "Lonesome Cowboy." "I did it softly—I was also feeling lonesome," Rylander told me. Eventually, Olsson put Rylander to work, ordering him to clear the bank of unwanted people—everyone, that is, except Kristin, Elisabeth, and Birgitta. On Olsson's instructions, Rylander escorted numerous clients and employees out to the street in groups of two and three; at Olsson's sharp instigation, Rylander did the same with two armed policemen who had slipped into the ground-floor premises. With that, Rylander himself left the bank, relieved that he would again be taking orders from his usual superiors.

THE high-ranking police official who came to treat with the criminal was Police Superintendent Sven Thorander, chief of the Stockholm Police District's Homicide and Violence Squad, who was a thoughtful man of fifty-six, spare and erect, with graying brown hair. Olsson showed him no deference. Welcoming him with raised submachine gun, the criminal ordered him to take off his coat and turn around. Then, satisfied that the official carried no arms, he opened negotiations, setting forth the terms that had to be met before he would release the hostages, at a time and place of his choosing. First, he told Thorander—still employing English—he wanted the police to bring him his chosen accomplice, and he wanted it done that afternoon. Specifically, he said, the police were to deliver Clark Olofsson, who was serving a six-year sentence in a penitentiary in Norrköping, ninety miles southwest of Stockholm. Olofsson had engaged in armed robbery and acted as an accessory in the murder of a policeman; he had escaped from prison a number of times, once reaching Lebanon. Secondly, Olsson told Thorander, he wanted exactly three million kronor (seven hundred and ten thousand dollars), half of it in Swedish currency, half in foreign money. Two pistols were to be a part of the deal—the submachine gun would be unwieldy for purposes of flight. Finally, Olsson demanded a fast getaway car. And when he used it, he stipulated, the hostages were to be in it with him and Olofsson, all wearing helmets and bulletproof jackets supplied by the police. For emphasis, he pointed the submachine gun at his three captives. "If anything happens to them, the police will be to blame," he told Thorander. Months later, when I talked to Olsson in prison, he told me he had been certain his demands would be quickly met. He had counted on two factors: a deep-seated Swedish aversion to violence, and the fact that a national election campaign was in full swing—a season, he believed, when politicians would not be apt to take a hard line that might result in violence to the hostages. Olsson said to me, "I had lives for assets. What could be more valuable?"



Unempowered to accept or reject the convict's terms, Thorander and his superior, Police Commissioner Kurt Lindroth, transmitted them to the Minister of Justice, Lennart Geijer, who, it happened, was known as an advocate of prison reform. From the outset, the Minister took an unalterable position—one in which he was backed by the Prime Minister, Olof Palme, and other Cabinet members. Under no circumstances, Geijer stated, must Olsson be permitted to leave the bank with the hostages. To allow that, he said, would be to undermine the very idea of an orderly society. On a tactical level, the Minister said, the police could have a free hand in managing the case, but there was to be no straying from the principle he had enunciated—and, of course, the safety of the hostages was to be borne in mind at all times. The police, I gathered while I was in Swe-

Le Déjeuner Sur Le Métro

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den, would have preferred a still freer hand in getting at their man, but they adhered to the Minister's directive. Olsson himself helped keep them in line. There was no temporizing with him. For example, when Thorander, in disclosing the government's position, asked Olsson if he would consider trading the hostages for Olofsson's company, the convict simply seized Elisabeth Oldgren by the throat and jammed his submachine gun against her ribs.

For six days, Olsson held sway over his hostages—one of the longest such episodes on record. Before it was over, his gun was fired again, explosives were set off, tear gas was sprayed, and the hostages were nearly hanged. For six days, the police waged a war of attrition, its stakes the rescue of innocent victims and the maintenance of social probity. Sweden was enthralled. The contest in Norrmalmstorg became known as *bankdramat*—"the bank drama"—and Olsson as *rånaren*—"the robber." Daily, the events in the Kreditbank dominated Sweden's front pages. Television broadcasts, normally limited to evening hours, went on throughout the day, with Swedish viewers hanging on the words of Arne Thorén, the Swedish Broadcasting Corporation's best-known commentator, who ordinarily covered foreign events. In Stockholm, in the August evenings, entire families would gather at the edge of Norrmalmstorg, gazing at the Kreditbank's bulky silhouette, trying to imagine what was going on behind it, puzzled that their country, stable and enlightened, should provide the setting for so unseemly an episode, prevalent though hostage-taking might be elsewhere. For the duration of the bank drama, all else appeared incidental. Certainly the national election—scheduled for September 16th—did, and even King Gustaf VI Adolf, long a revered figure, who was now dying at ninety, did not claim the thoughts of his subjects to the extent he otherwise might have. His Majesty's final days, though, did keep Swedes from looking upon the bank drama as merely a sensational event. An old Swedish friend of mine, an executive with a computer company, told me, "Gustaf Adolf stood for continuity and tradition and standards. It was his last favor to us to remind us of those things. But this affair stood for their very opposite."

As I thought about these and other aspects of the bank drama, I became increasingly curious about the kind of life that the hostages and their captors led during their six days together. What sort of community, if any, I wondered, could have sprung up between captors and captives? What was it that enabled the hostages to keep going when all control of their lives had suddenly been ceded to the whims of an armed stranger? How did the robber regard his prisoners during the event? In Sweden, I found that all of them were willing, even relieved, to tell me of the days they had spent within the confines of the Kreditbank. Police officials spoke freely to me and provided me with their pre-trial investigation of the two convicts' activities in the bank: a five-volume report, compiled by Detective Inspector Ingemar Krusell, it includes testimony given by the principals; photographs of damage to the bank; tape recordings of conversations between Olsson and the police; notes kept by members of the trapped group; and other data. I was permitted to visit the bank robber. Prime Minister Palme received me and told me about direct talks he had had with Olsson and with one of the hostages while the robber ruled the bank. A police psychiatrist, Dr. Nils Bejerot, who was on hand throughout the bank drama's run, talked with me, as did two other psychiatrists—Dr. Lennart Ljungberg, at that time director of the psychiatric clinic of St. Göran's Hospital, and his colleague Dr. Waltraut Bergman, who took care of the hostages for ten days immediately after their rescue. Their patients, these two said, had come through the ordeal in relatively good shape, but that might well not have been the case. According to Dr. Ljungberg, many things that might have gone wrong inside the bank had not. As in a lifeboat at sea, he said, an outbreak of hysterics might have overcome the group; one or more of the hostages could easily have suffered an acute nervous breakdown; a misguided sense of heroism, perhaps masking a suicidal drive, might have inspired a hostage to struggle with Olsson over his submachine gun. But there was little point in this sort of conjecture, Dr. Ljungberg believed. Having met the hostages, he said, he felt he could suggest an underlying attribute that had helped sustain them in their particular captivity. Speaking cautiously, he said, "As it happened, each of them very much wanted to go on living. The same may have been true of the robber."

"A word to the wise, Benton. Don't squander your credibility."

SHORTLY after four on Thursday afternoon, Clark Olofsson, a handsome, bearded criminal of twenty-six, brought by the police from his cell in Norrköping, arrived at the bank. He was escorted in, handcuffed, through the back entrance and taken to the second floor, where the police maintained their base of operations throughout the siege. Next, Olofsson—or Clark, to avoid confusion—was freed from his handcuffs and sent down the staircase to the bank's street floor. In a puzzled way, he peered at Olsson for a moment, then asked, in Swedish, "What's going on here?" He studied the robber's features a while longer, and finally exclaimed, with a laugh, "Oh, it's you!" The two had done time together at the Kalmar penitentiary. Olsson's greeting was also in Swedish—his first use of the language. It didn't surprise his captives, who had come to suspect he was a fellow-countryman; he had been listening for hours to his radio's newscasts, all of which were in Swedish—their contents, as might be imagined, predominantly given over to the event he had contrived. He motioned Clark to a point away from the hostages, and the two conferred in private. Police Commissioner Lindroth, in an account of his own, writes, "With Olofsson's arrival, Olsson calmed down. He stopped shouting as loudly as he had been doing. He unbound the hostages." It is still uncertain whether Clark helped Olsson plot his grandiose scheme while the two were together at Kalmar. What is known, however, is that Olsson hid out in Stockholm from August 8th to August 23rd in the home of a woman friend of Clark's, who was about to bear his child. In the bank, Clark assisted Olsson in a variety of ways. He acted as an intermediary with the police, relaying Olsson's wishes, and occasionally his own, in quite forceful terms. Using explosives, he blew open a cashier's drawer, which he emptied of an estimated ninety thousand kronor. He took the film from security cameras that had been automatically recording Olsson's every action, and burned it. In the first two days, during which the convicts had the run of the main banking floor, he frequently scouted its perimeter for signs of infiltrating police.

While reconnoitring in this fashion, he found Sven Säfström, a kind of junior troubleshooter at the bank. A blond bachelor of twenty-five, tall and slender, Sven had hidden himself in a stockroom used for storing checkbooks and stationery supplies. Clark regarded him with distaste; by now, it appeared to him, it might be risky to evict this unexpected witness from the building. Reluctantly, he said to Sven, "Well, come and have a drink with us." Sven became a fourth hostage—a development that pleased him no more than it did his captors. As he was taken in tow by Clark, Sven recalls, he said to himself, "Well, I wonder what Mother will think now about my working here." It was his mother, Sven told me, who had helped him get his job at the bank. She was a government official, as was his father, and she had acted out of concern over what she took to be her son's slowness in finding himself—his most notable achievement before he came to the Kreditbank having been to sign on as a kitchen menial aboard a cruise ship bound for America. Getting into the routine at the bank, he had found that he liked his work there a little more than he had

The $4,975 Question.

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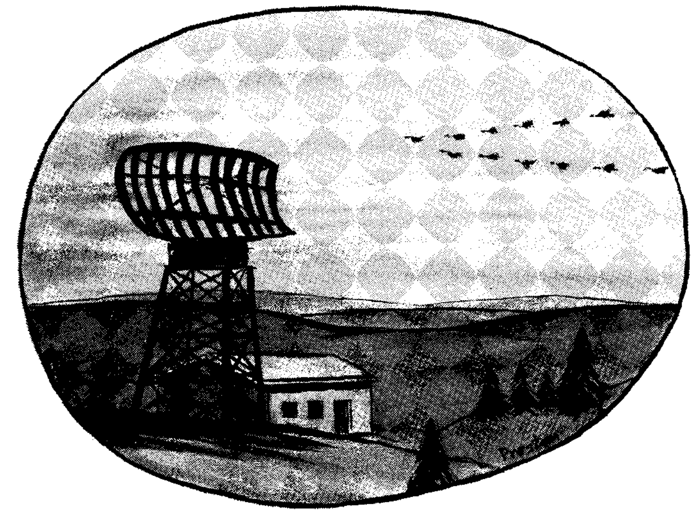
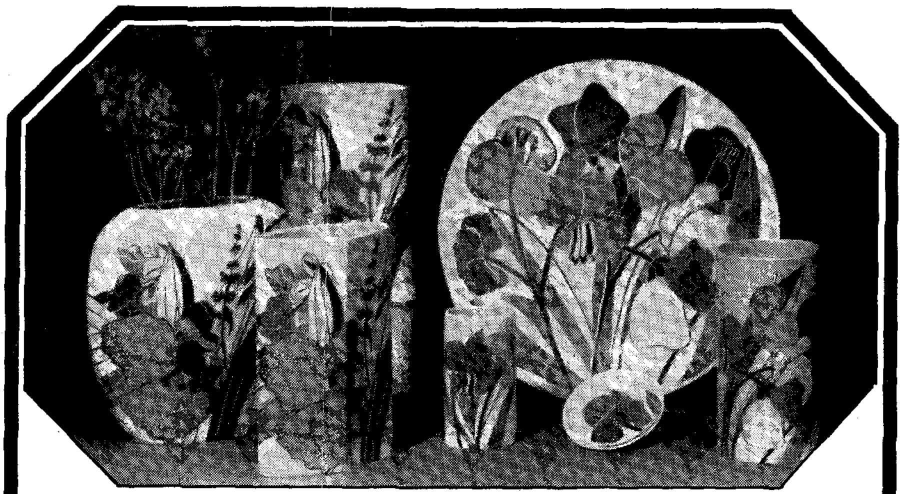
imagined he would. Smiling faintly, he remarked to me, "Whenever I didn't, I could just remember that being there wasn't my idea." In any event, he said, he seemed to be doing well as a junior executive, and though this pleased his parents, it neither surprised him nor persuaded him that he had yet found himself. Finding oneself, he believed, was something that went on all one's life. "It makes us curious about ourselves," he said. The day Clark led him to the robber, though, he told me, his curiosity about himself was at something of a peak. "I wanted to know if I would ever get out alive," he said. Olsson's reception of the male captive wasn't promising on that score. His first words to Sven were "We don't want any heroes here." Olsson then interrogated him, looking highly displeased when Sven revealed that he had learned how to operate a machine gun while undergoing military training. When I talked with Olsson, he told me of his suspicions concerning the unwanted hostage. Two days later, on Saturday, he said, he had put Sven to a test. That day, feigning sleep as he occupied an easy chair, the robber had let the submachine gun dangle from his lap, inches from the young executive's grasp. Sven had made no move. "I was glad for his sake he didn't," Olsson told me.

Olsson called his gun "my lawyer;" he kept it always strapped to his arm. His first days at the bank, on the few occasions he chose to wander through his moneyed domain, he kept his hostages clustered close to him. He knew what he was doing, for in a small park opposite the bank and on the uneven rooftops that rimmed Norrmalmstorg were members of Commissioner Lindroth's special unit of *skarpskyttar*—sharpshooters—their precision rifles trained on the windows of the Kreditbank. Olsson afforded the patient marksmen no target, protected as he was by his entourage of human shields. "He never gave us an opening," Commissioner Lindroth says in his account. "If we were to kill him, it had to be done with a single shot." On one of his walks, Olsson, spying sharpshooters in the park, fired at them, splintering a bank window. He did it, Olsson told me, to make the government understand that he was a desperate man, capable of anything. Thorander had informed him that he was not to be allowed to leave with the hostages, but the government, Olsson said, simply had to get it through its head that that was exactly what he was going to do. Through the bank's windows he could see a blue Mustang parked outside the Kreditbank doors; it was the getaway car that the police had delivered for the robber's use. With hostages in it, Olsson said, he knew exactly where to go. (Not that he told me, nor has he yet told police, who believe that a Swedish underworld figure, for half the three million kronor, had laid on a seaplane for Olsson, whose plan was believed to be to reach Lebanon.) But without the hostages, Olsson continued, he was certain that the Mustang would be nothing but a trap, notwithstanding a police guarantee of "safe conduct." Olsson was right. The guarantee was a phony, as Commissioner Lindroth himself admits in his record. For one thing, he writes, the police had monkeyed with the car; concealed in it was a radar device that would constantly give away the Mustang's location. Police helicopters were in the air, their crews assigned to follow the blue vehicle. Roadblocks had been organized on the outskirts of Stockholm. Extra guards had been posted at the capital's two airports. The car did have a tankful of gas, as Olsson had demanded, but its ignition keys were in police hands. In his report, the Commissioner declares, "We did not consider ourselves under any obligation to fulfill a promise that had been extracted from us."

AS the government remained intransigent, Olsson decided to set up his headquarters in the bank's ground-floor *depositionsvalv*—safe-deposit vault—just as the police had set up theirs on the floor above. The vault was well away from the windows, and therefore from Lindroth's sharpshooters. Toilets were nearby, and so was the staircase, which served as a *snacktrappa*—literally, "chat staircase"—where criminals and police exchanged messages and carried out other transactions involving, for instance, food and money. As for the vault itself, it was a carpeted oblong chamber, forty-seven feet long, eleven feet wide, and seven and a half feet high. Its length notwithstanding, the room had a cramped appearance. Its walls were lined with sizable steel cabinets that housed six hundred safe-deposit boxes, containing clients' valuables. The room also held four small writing desks, chairs, plastic wastebaskets, overhead fluorescent lights, and a telephone, which soon became the main link connecting Olsson and the others with the police and with the rest of Stockholm. In Olsson's view, the strong room had the makings of a redoubt, for it had a narrow entrance and a thick steel door; if it ever became necessary, the robber foresaw, he could easily cover this entrance with his "lawyer." Inside the heavy vault door was an inner door, without a lock, for depositors to close if they wished privacy. Olsson, however, was more interested in the main door, which could be locked by hand only from outside the vault; whoever tried to lock it, he believed, would have to stand exposed in the doorway.

In any event, it appeared to Olsson, during a police siege the vault would make a good dormitory: keeping an eye on his captives would be no problem there; the place had a ventilation system; and, finally, it would provide good sleeping, since it was practically soundproof, even when its thick steel door was ajar. To be sure, as Olsson acknowledged to me later, the ubiquitous deposit boxes, the low ceiling, and the oblong shape, broken only by a small alcove about halfway along one side, gave it a close, oppressive quality. Olsson realized this early in the game, he said, after the group had passed but an hour in the vault, when Elisabeth complained of a sense of claustrophobia. The robber put a length of rope, perhaps thirty feet, around her neck and let her out for a walk. Elisabeth told me, "I couldn't go far and I was on a leash that he held, but I felt free. I remember thinking he was very kind to allow me to leave the vault." Later in the day, Olsson permitted Kristin and Birgitta to pro-





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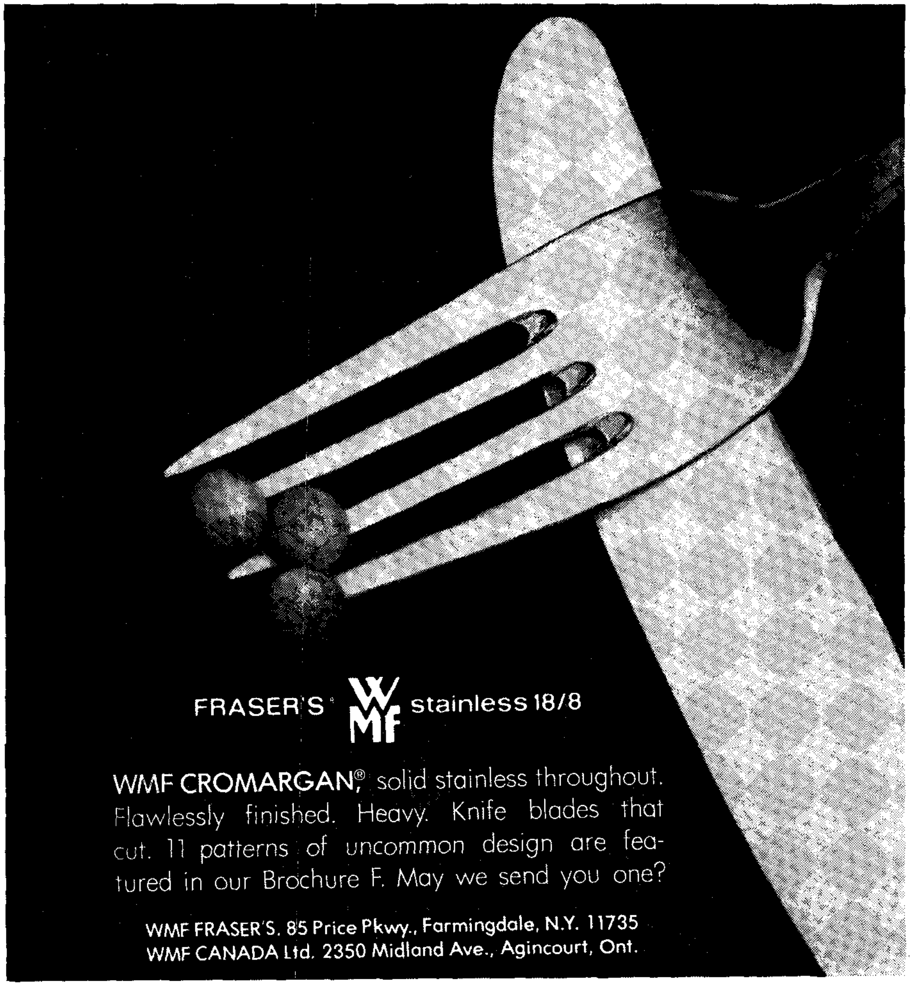

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ceed to the lavatory, unleashed. Both returned, but not without experiencing small adventures. Out of Olsson's sight, both saw police crouched and hiding behind the staircase. One of the officers asked Kristin in a whisper how many hostages the robber had taken. "I showed them with my fingers," Kristin said. "I felt like a traitor. I didn't know why." The sight of the police also left Birgitta in conflict. She told me, "All I had to do was take a few steps toward them and I would be able to stop worrying about my two daughters. They were very much on my mind, but so were the other hostages, even though our lives had never crossed before. I was afraid I might endanger them if I didn't go back. I turned away from the police. I was part of a group—there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it."

Two or three hours after Olsson's takeover of the ground floor, the police, meeting half the robber's ransom demand, had tossed three canvas bags, containing Swedish paper currency worth three hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, down the staircase. Examining their contents, the robber had branded them "funny money." The bills, it appeared, were crisp and were consecutively serialized; they would be highly traceable. Rejecting the bags, Olsson said he wanted old, rumpled money. The police spent nearly two more hours rounding up old bills. While he was waiting to become a rich man, Olsson decided to let the women (Sven had not yet been captured) use the phones on the street floor. Kristin talked with her mother, who had to be calmed. Elisabeth dialled in vain; her parents and her brother were not in their homes. Nor were Birgitta's husband and mother, and that was a bitter disappointment; she yearned to talk with one of them about the children. Only her *dagmamma*, or day mother, was home with them, and, dully, Birgitta informed her that today she would be home later than usual and asked her please to leave word for Mr. Lundblad that he was to warm up some leftover fish and to be sure and douse it with butter. When she hung up, Birgitta's eyes were wet. Lightly, consolingly, Olsson touched her cheek. "Try again; don't give up," he said.

Before the day was out, another phone call was to be made, its recipient Prime Minister Palme. The robber reached him at eleven in the evening. By then, Olsson had all the Swedish money he had demanded, Clark was with him, and an hour earlier police had provided him and his charges with a hearty repast, complete with a sup-

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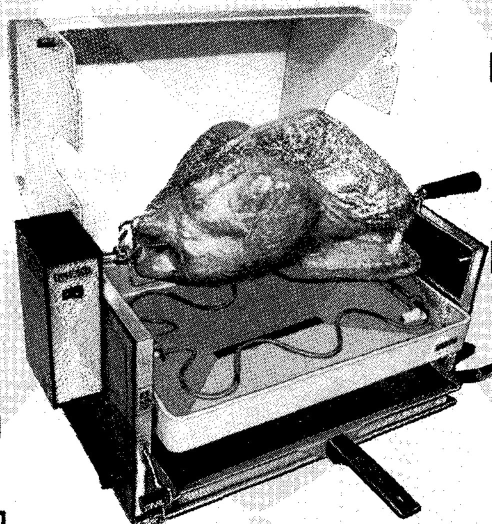
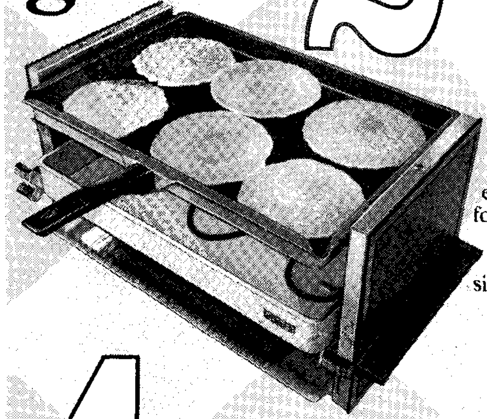


1 It's a rotisserie

Holds up to 20 lb. turkey or 25 lb. roast. Has own on-off switch. Heating element adjusts up and down—locks in 7 positions. Extra deep hood attaches quickly, easily for faster cooking and complete protection against splatter.

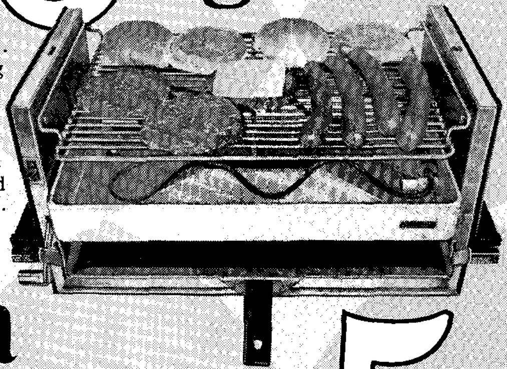
It's a griddle 2



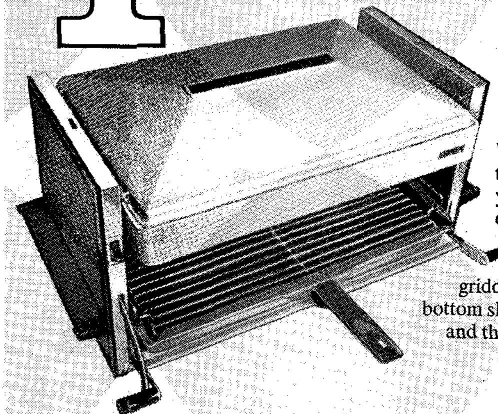
With heavy aluminum Teflon II® coated griddle in place over heating element, you're ready for pancakes or bacon and eggs. Control heat by moving heating element to desired position beneath griddle.

3 It's a grille

With heat reflector below the heating element, and grille above, you're ready to go! Heating element locks into desired position . . . up for quick searing —down for slower cooking. On-off switch controls heating element. Grille can be used with or without hood.

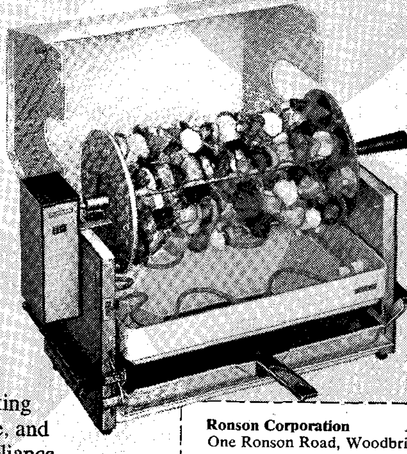


4 It's a broiler



With heat reflector above the heating element, you've got a fast-cooking, easy-to-clean Infra-Red broiler. Simply slide Teflon II coated griddle and grille onto bottom shelf, flip switch on, and that's it!

It's a shish-kebab 5



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ply of cigarettes and, by request, a cigarette lighter, the contribution of Superintendent Thorander. From Olsson's point of view, nothing remained but the climax of his plan—namely, escape with the hostages. Impatiently, late though the hour was, he picked up the phone in the vault and rang the one man in Sweden who could make that possible. "I took the phone at once," the Prime Minister told me. "I was alone in my office, waiting for a report on the King's health." The robber told Mr. Palme he wanted orders issued for his immediate departure from the bank with the hostages; failing that, he said, there would be no more hostages—unless, of course, he added tauntingly, the Prime Minister himself cared to take their place. There was no discussion of the robber's proposition, for the next sounds that Mr. Palme heard were frightened gasps from one of the captives. Olsson had seized Elisabeth by the throat and was telling the Prime Minister that he had one minute in which to change his mind, or the young woman would die. Mr. Palme told me, "He began a countdown, but when fifteen seconds were left he stopped, and I heard the phone go dead. It was a long day."

When Olsson rang off, the group turned in. The police had lent Birgitta a coat when, through Clark, she had let them know she found the vault chilly. Snugly wrapped in this, she slept in the rear of the room. Sven lay nearby, sprawled on the carpet. Settling her head on a canvas bag filled with a hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth of kronor, Kristin occupied the vault's middle section, as did Clark, who had made a slight clearing in the small alcove by shoving a chair and a writing table against a wall. At Olsson's direction, Elisabeth sat in an easy chair facing the doorway, an involuntary sentinel; were police to storm the room, she would pose an obstacle to their getting at the robber. At Elisabeth's feet was a second obstacle—an inanimate one. This was an explosive charge that Olsson had placed there, effectively mining the vault's entrance; as an early-warning device, a chair stood between the chamber's inner and outer doors, an empty soda bottle precariously balanced on its seat. On the floor behind Elisabeth's chair was Olsson, with the "lawyer," as always, fastened to his wrist. The group was in darkness, Olsson having turned off the lights. Weeks later, when she was free, Elisabeth told police investigators that the robber was chewing caffeine tablets as she dropped off. Wearied by the day's tumultuous events, she fell asleep quickly and slept deeply. After midnight, though, the chill in the vault awoke her. Just as she opened her eyes, shivering, she told investigators, the robber draped his gray wool jacket around her shoulders. Recalling his action when she and I talked, Elisabeth said, "Jan was a mixture of brutality and tenderness. I had known him only a day when I felt his coat around me, but I was sure he had been that way all his life."

FRIDAY opened with two rounds from Olsson's submachine gun. At six that morning, a civilian and a uniformed policeman had appeared on the stairway and attempted to begin a colloquy with the robber. Before Olsson took aim, the policeman had shouted his own name and had begun pleading with the invisible robber to mend his ways, and the civilian had been calling out, "Kaj, Kaj, I am your brother!" The two men, it turned out, had been flown to Stockholm from the south of Sweden, because the police, bungling, had decided that the still unidentified Olsson was Kaj Hansson, another escaped prisoner, who, like Olsson, had a thick southern Swedish accent but who, unlike him, had specialized in bank robberies. The civilian was Hansson's brother, and the policeman an old and trusted friend; it was hoped that the two would be able to coax the convict to surrender. When Olsson fired, the two fled up the staircase, barely saving their necks. (On hearing a news report of the mistaken identification, Kaj Hansson phoned the police from Hawaii, where he was holed up, and indignantly denied that he would stoop to so foul a deed as taking hostages. For his trouble, he was extradited and returned to a Swedish jail.) Later on that day, when the police delivered newspapers, along with food and an ample supply of beer, Olsson laughed delightedly at accounts of the blunder, but at the time it was taking place he saw it as an insidious ruse of some sort. Incensed, he had phoned the police upstairs and told them so in no uncertain terms. While he was at it, he had also let them know that the night had passed uncomfortably. In a short while, two officers came down the staircase bearing various items of bedding, including paper sheets. In turn, the police had a request: Commissioner Lind-

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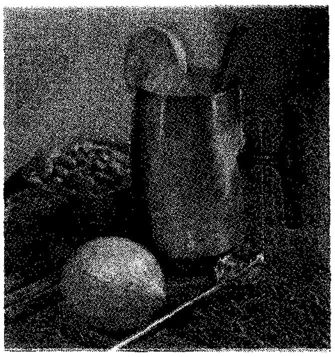

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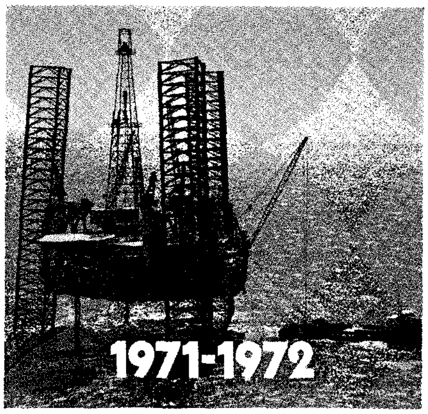
In 1970, convinced that the chances of finding oil were good, Exxon bought the rights to drill exploratory wells. This was the only way we'd find out for sure if there really was oil there.



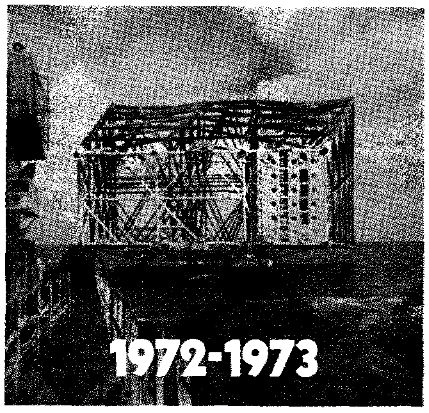
Exploratory drilling. We started drilling for oil in mid-1971. To do it, we used a mobile drilling rig. The cost of leasing and operating this rig was $24,500 a day.

Working round the clock, it took us 25 days to drill the first well. It was 8,500 feet deep—and we discovered gas, but no oil.

We then drilled a second hole. Fortunately, we hit oil. To find out how big the field was, we drilled several more wells. They outlined the size of the field and confirmed that oil was down there in commercial quantities.

Exploratory drilling can often take as long as five years. We were lucky. It had taken us just two.

The next step was to design and construct the oil-producing platforms which would replace the mobile rig. These huge platforms would be anchored to the seafloor directly over the field.



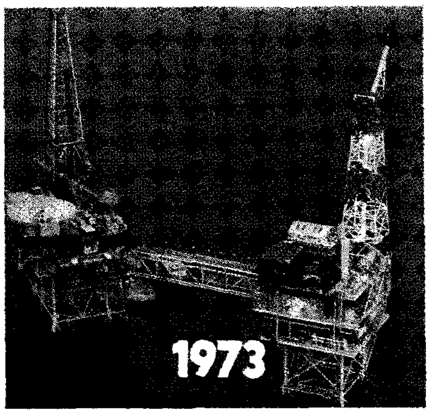
Platform construction and installation. We started building the twin drilling and production platforms in 1972. Construction took 16 months.

Each offshore platform has to be built specifically for the area it will work in. You have to take into account water depths, wind and wave action, earthquake possibilities, and other factors. This is why a platform built for the relatively calm Gulf will be different from one built for the fierce North Sea.

Our next step was to tow the steel structures out into the Gulf. We then sank them in place in 235 feet of water, and anchored them with pilings driven into the seafloor.

Then we added the platform decks. These included the crew's quarters as well as facilities for producing the oil.

oil to you.



Production drilling. When everything was shipshape on the platform in early 1973, we began to drill the first production well that would actually bring the oil to the surface. We drilled four wells in 1973, and seven more in 1974.

The wells are drilled straight down for a few hundred feet, then slanted away from the platform base. This greatly increases the area that can be tapped from one platform.

Frequently, we use several platforms in developing an oil field. These platforms, like the individual wells, must be placed carefully to insure that the oil is recovered as efficiently as possible.

Underwater pipelaying. While the platform crew was drilling the production wells, bargemen and welders were busy laying the underwater pipeline that would take the oil from the platform to shore.

Aboard a pipelaying barge, coated sections of pipe move along a track and are welded together. Then the welds are inspected by X ray. The joints are also given a protective coating and the continuous pipe is slipped down onto the seafloor.

To get the oil to shore from our new producing platform, we simply had to lay a section of pipeline that linked our platform with a main pipeline nearby. If this main artery had not existed, and we had to lay one, then the entire pipelaying job might have taken several months. As it was, we did it in one month.

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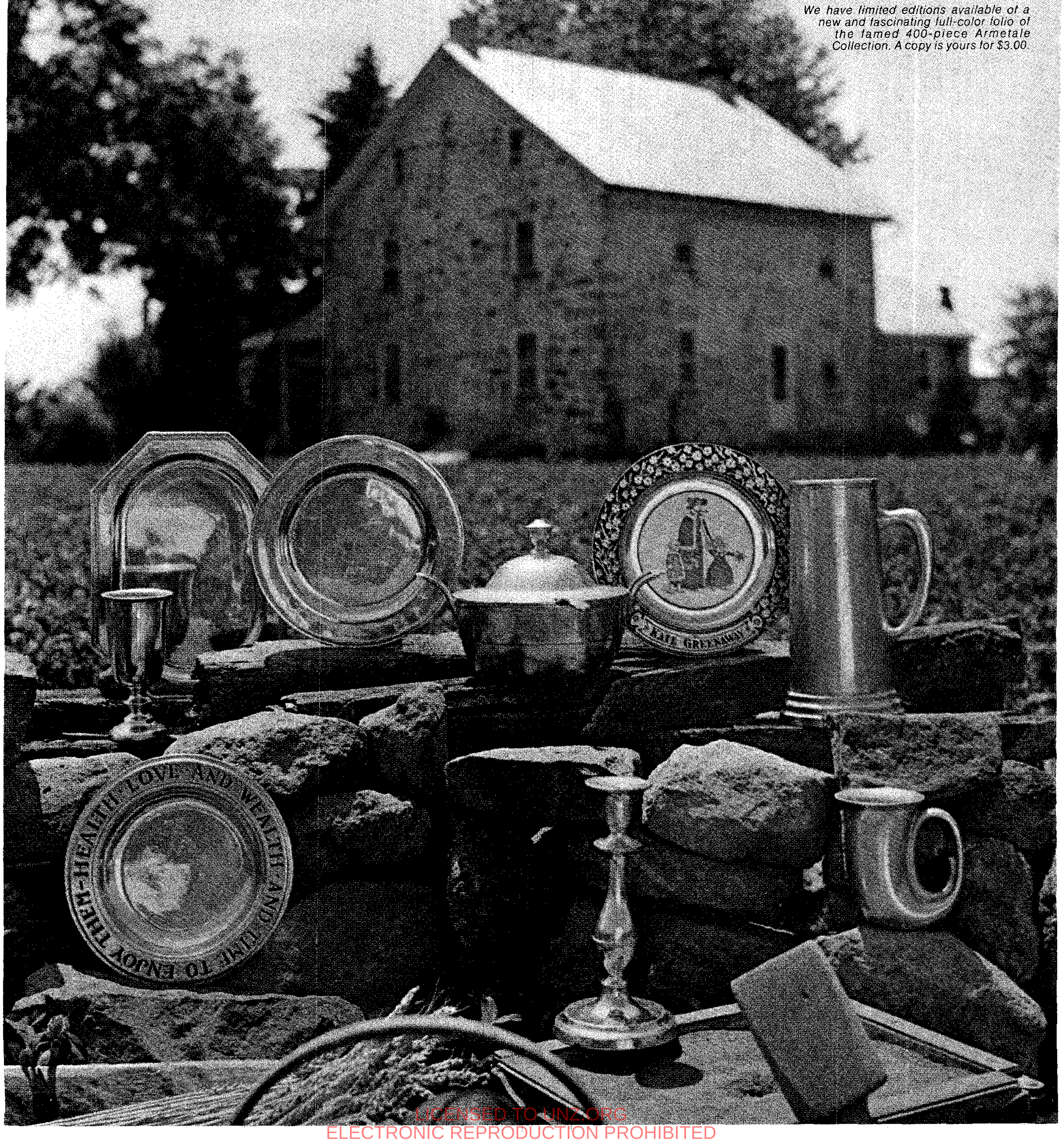

roth wanted to inspect the hostages. The request was granted, Clark leading Birgitta, Elisabeth, Kristin, and Sven from inside the vault. The Commissioner, a brown-haired man in his middle fifties, looked closely at each. He was standing near the top of the staircase, his back against a wall, in a spot where he was safe from the robber's submachine gun. He had asked to see the four both to ascertain their condition and because he had been under pressure to do so from the hostages' parents, who were all solid citizens. Sven's, as has been mentioned, were influential ones. Birgitta's were retired office workers. Elisabeth's ran a boys' boarding school near Göteborg. (A brother of hers, a computer analyst, kept offering to take his sister's place inside the bank.) Kristin's mother and father had come down from the north, Mr. Ehnmark choosing to neglect his tractor-rental business for as long as the bank drama lasted. Such information as the Commissioner had about the captured children of these parents indicated that they, too, were of a solid sort. Birgitta had been working since she was fifteen or sixteen, her first employment having been as an *au pair* in England and in Berlin. Elisabeth had had a similar post in Switzerland, and had also served on the kitchen staff of her family's boarding school. Nor had the Commissioner found out anything concerning Kristin and Sven that impugned their characters in the slightest. And yet, as he told associates immediately afterward, the inspection was charged with a strange atmosphere. The hostages, he reported, showed hostility toward him, their mien sullen and withdrawn. Kristin, he recalls, practically curled her lip at him. No one had any requests to make of him; he could detect no imploring looks. On the other hand, a peculiar amity prevailed between the hostages and Clark, and presumably, by extension, between the hostages and the robber, waiting in the wings. As the captives trooped out to the staircase, the Commissioner saw with astonishment that their manner with Clark was entirely relaxed, and at moments even convivial; nor was the hostages' attitude unreciprocated, for when Kristin and Elisabeth presented themselves before the Commissioner, Clark had an arm around the shoulders of each in a display of easy camaraderie. As the Commissioner subsequently told aides, there was nothing for him to do but conclude that he was up against a mystery whose clues, if any existed, were like none to which he had ever been exposed. But the purpose of the

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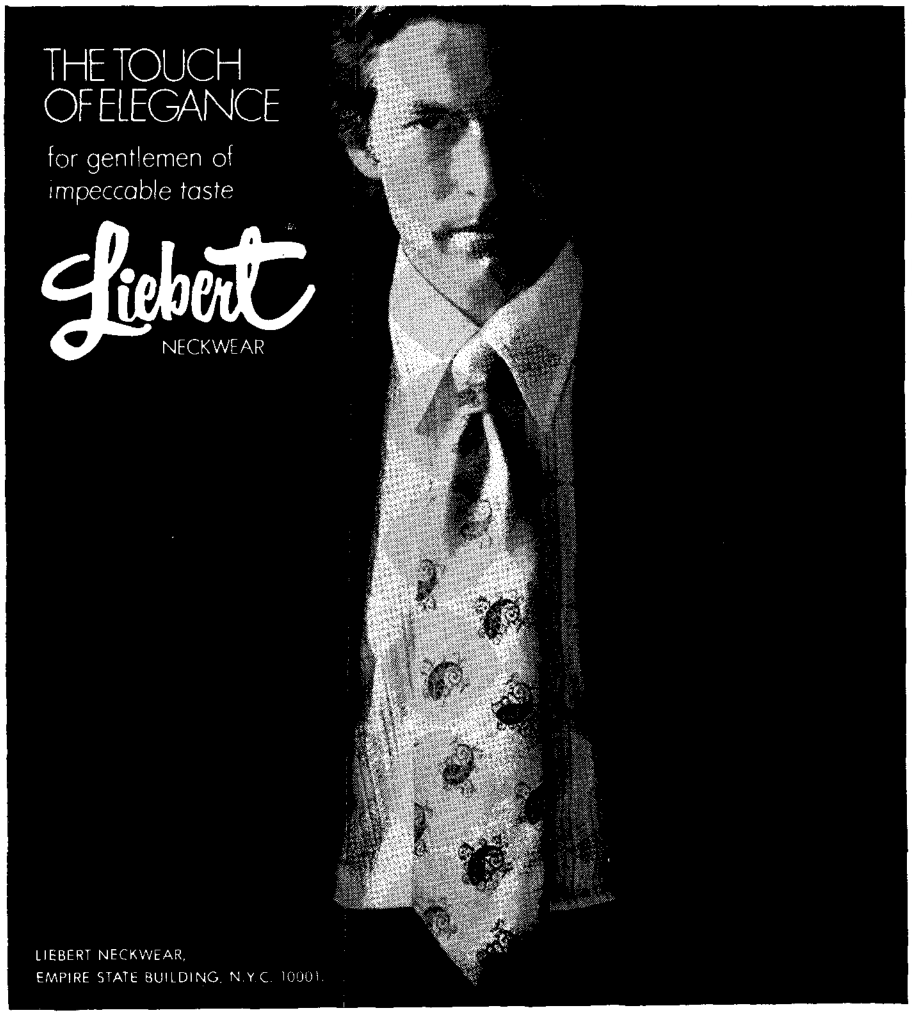
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inspection had been to check on the hostages' health, and here there was no room for mystification. The Commissioner made the following terse, factual entry in his account of the bank drama: "All the hostages seemed physically fit, and they all entreated me to let them leave the bank premises together with Olsson and Olofsson."

Shortly after his inspection, Lindroth described the encounter to reporters—who in turn, phoned the hostages, inquiring whether, as Lindroth had indicated, they were prepared to entrust themselves to Olsson's ministrations wherever he went. The resulting interviews, many of them in the form of broadcasts that included the hostages' voices, baffled the Swedish public, setting off a wave of theorizing about the captives' odd pliancy.

The day's most extensive interview, however, was not intended for public consumption. It was initiated by one of the hostages, Kristin, when, toward five o'clock, she phoned the Prime Minister, whom she knew only as a public figure. Though neither knew it at the time, the police were taping their conversation, and that is how it eventually came to light. Kristin and Mr. Palme, who were on the phone forty-two minutes, were worlds apart in their thinking—Kristin's remarks those of an individual thinking of self-preservation, Mr. Palme's those of a government head upholding the abstract ideal of social stability. The following are excerpts from the police transcript:

KRISTIN: I am very disappointed. I think you are sitting there playing checkers with our lives. I fully trust Clark and the robber. I am not desperate. They haven't done a thing to us. On the contrary, they have been very nice. But, you know, Olof, what I am scared of is that the police will attack and cause us to die.

PRIME MINISTER: But the police will not do that.

KRISTIN: I want you to let us go away with the robber. Give them the foreign currency and two guns and let us drive off.

PRIME MINISTER: But one can't do that. Consider the situation: They were robbing a bank and shooting at the police.

KRISTIN: The police would have shot first.

PRIME MINISTER: That doesn't matter. A very nice guy has been shot. That's not funny. [Inspector Warpefeldt had been a bodyguard for Palme's children.]

KRISTIN: Which do you think is

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better? That he has a wound or that six people will die?

Prime Minister: If [the robber] doesn't pull the gun, no one will kill him. . . . Can't you tell him that he should let you go?

Kristin: They won't do that, and I'm not in the slightest afraid of him.

Prime Minister: We are not going to let you go out on the roads.

Kristin: But, darling Olof, don't you understand that we are starting to feel the pressure here—all of us? I want to come out with these two guys. . . .

Prime Minister: Then the risks would be greater for you.

Kristin: No, you can take this down on a tape recorder and you can hear me repeat it over and over: I want to go with the robber, and no one will accuse you or anyone else. I have said so on the radio today. The whole Swedish people knows that we want to go with Clark and the robber.

Prime Minister: What do you think will happen then? What will they do with the guns?

Kristin: Maybe they want to defend themselves against the police.

Prime Minister: Uh-huh.

Kristin: But, dearest Olof, sweetheart, it may sound stupid, but I want to go with the two.

Prime Minister: Why?

Kristin: Because I trust them. I know they would let us go as long as the police don't chase us.

Prime Minister: But why do you think they will chase them?

Kristin: Of course—they want to catch them.

Prime Minister: Is that so strange?

Kristin: You are the highest person in the country. You can save my life.

Prime Minister: Yes, but I think the best way of doing that is not to let them out on the roads. . . . They must sooner or later understand that this must not continue.

Kristin: May I go with them? I beg you, I take it on my own risk.

Prime Minister: It makes no difference. We have the responsibility for everyone.

Kristin: But please, Olof dear, I am sitting here asking you for my life.

Prime Minister: No violence will befall you from any authorities.

Kristin: Should I believe that? They have fooled us so many times. They have said they would not infiltrate the bank, but Clark went around and found policemen in several places.

Prime Minister: Why do you suppose the police have not attacked?

Kristin: I don't know.

Prime Minister: Don't you understand that it is out of consideration for you? . . . I can hear someone prompting you.

Kristin: No, there's no one behind my back. . . . Why can't you make me Prime Minister for this evening?

Prime Minister (laughing): That can't be done. . . . What if we let everyone in prison out?

Kristin: Yes. I understand we can't let everyone loose—that's not the question. We want to leave with the robber. He will let us go soon.

Prime Minister: I don't believe that. . . . The police will not harm you. Can you believe that?

Kristin: You must forgive me, but in this situation I do not believe it.

Prime Minister: I think that's terribly unfair. Here are a great many policemen risking their lives, who have not moved aggressively in all this time. The purpose, of course, is to protect you.

Kristin: Of course, they can't attack us. . . . He is sitting in here and he is protecting us from the police.

Prime Minister: But the police don't want to hurt you. You can't believe that, can you?

Kristin: That's true, and do you know why? If the police come in here, he will shoot and then they will shoot, and then nobody has a chance to survive. If we stay here, I won't live. . . .

Prime Minister: But we must have a society of laws. . . . We have to protect society. One should not be able through violent methods—

Kristin: Yes, one should not be able to do that, but there's an exception to every rule. If you were sitting here in my situation and I was Prime Minister, then, damn it, you would be calling me and asking for the same thing. . . .

Prime Minister: Can't you get the guy to put down his gun? Can't you explain that the whole thing is hopeless?

Kristin: No, no, it won't work.

Prime Minister: Why not? Isn't he a human being?

Kristin: No, no, he's made up his mind.

Prime Minister: You are unreasonable. One can't let people out on the roads with weapons and innocent people.

Kristin: You can tell me about society another time, but now, I tell you, I'm beginning to get angry. Call Norrmalmstorg and tell them everything is straightened out. Let us go with Clark and the robber. . . .

The conversation soon ended, with

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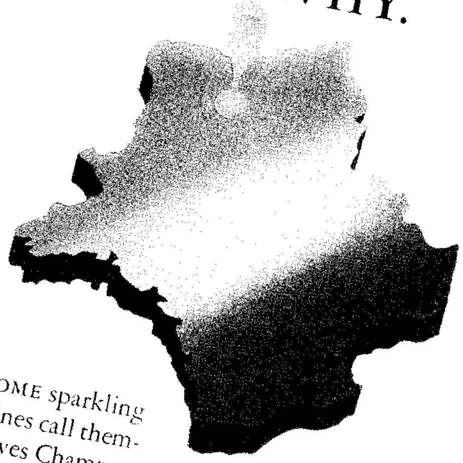

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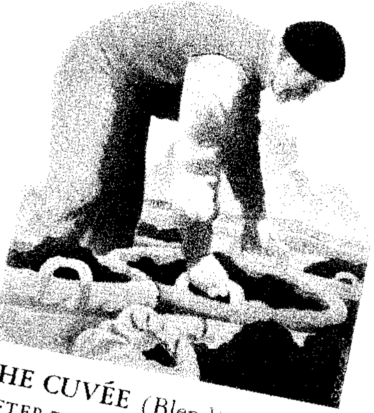

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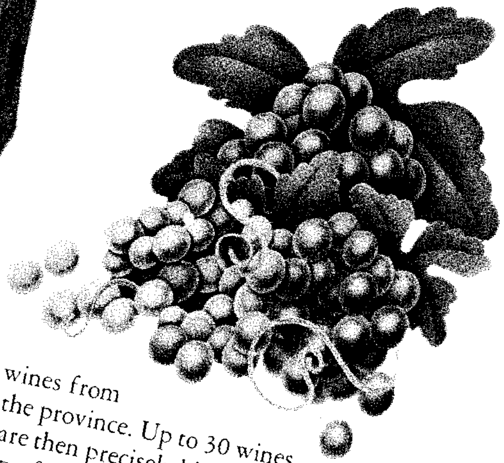

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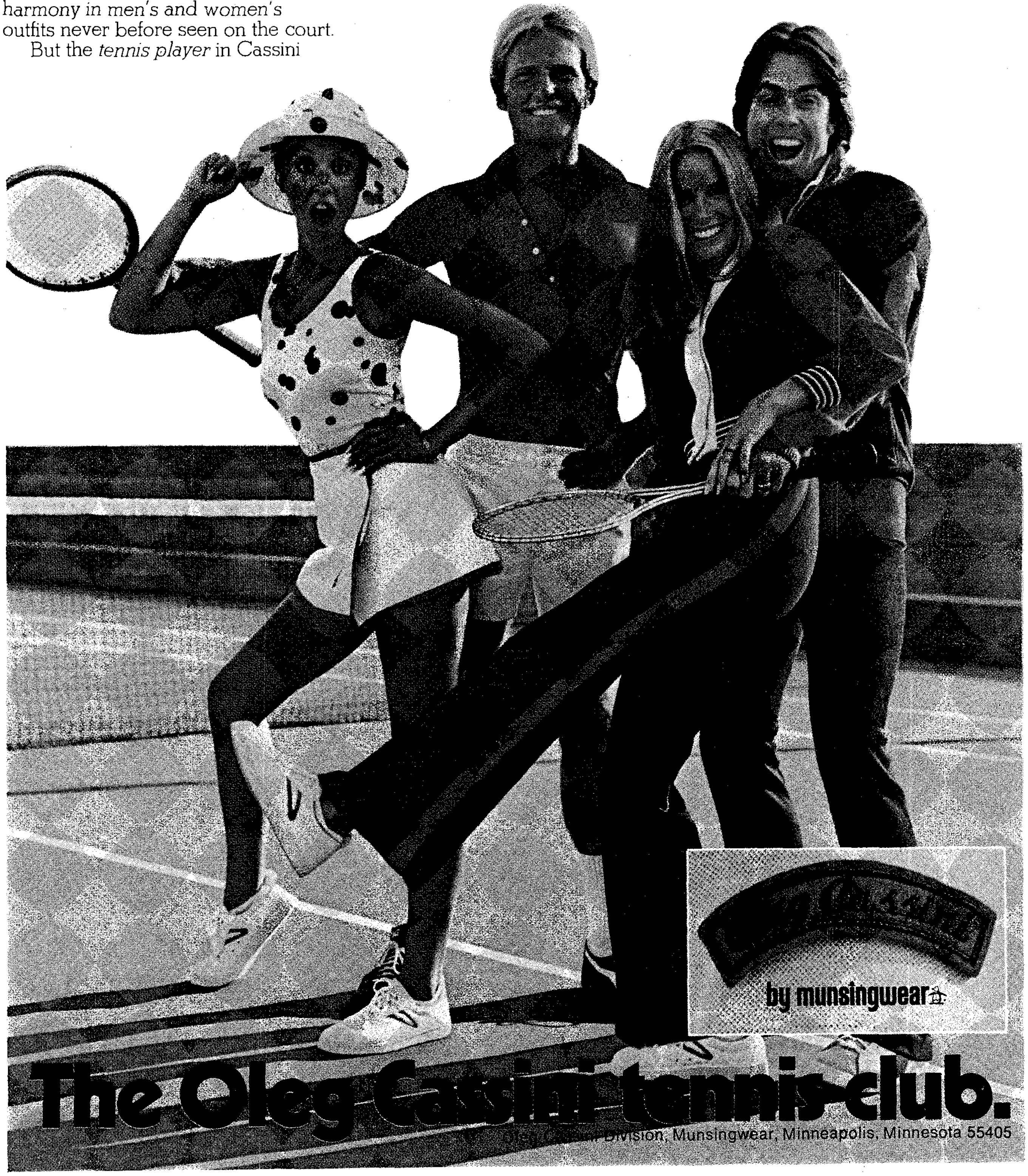

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a sarcastic "Thanks for the help" from Kristin.

THE telephone figured further in Friday's doings. Kristin's mother rang. When she did, Mrs. Ehnmark has recalled, it was Olsson who picked up the phone. "To whom am I speaking?" Mrs. Ehnmark asked.

"They call me the robber," Olsson answered.

"May I please speak to my daughter, Kristin Ehnmark?"

"She's asleep. Do you want me to disturb her?" the robber asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Ehnmark said. She had something on her mind, and she unloaded it in plain words when Kristin came to the phone. She wanted her daughter to know that she was extremely disappointed in her for having employed breezy language in a radio broadcast earlier in the day, during which Kristin had been as informal as she had been with Mr. Palme. To smooth things over, Kristin's father took the phone and inquired if his daughter, an inveterate poker player, had been winning many hands at the bank.

In another call, Elisabeth reached her mother and tried to allay her anxiety, telling her that things weren't as bad as the press made out. And Birgitta finally succeeded in reaching her mother, their conversation an outpouring of concern over the two children. When Birgitta hung up, her tears were more copious than they had been the previous day. In the minutes of the Stockholm Police District's pre-trial investigation, testimony is given that Olsson, sitting in an easy chair, drew her to his knees and consoled her. When I interviewed Birgitta at the bank, where she is back at her old job, she said, "The robber told me that everything would be all right if only the police would go away. I agreed with him then. Yes, I thought, it is the police who are keeping me from my children. The robber spoke gently. He said he had two children of his own. He said it was years since he had seen them, because of his criminal life, but that he could understand how I felt. As I listened to him, I thought—and I still think so—that if he had known I was a mother he would not have picked me as one of his hostages."

By now, Sven was also feeling gratitude toward Olsson. Before Kristin called the Chancellery, the robber had taken him aside and, as though indulging in shoptalk, said he was going to shoot him. However, Olsson had added quickly, he wouldn't kill Sven, as he had originally planned, but would

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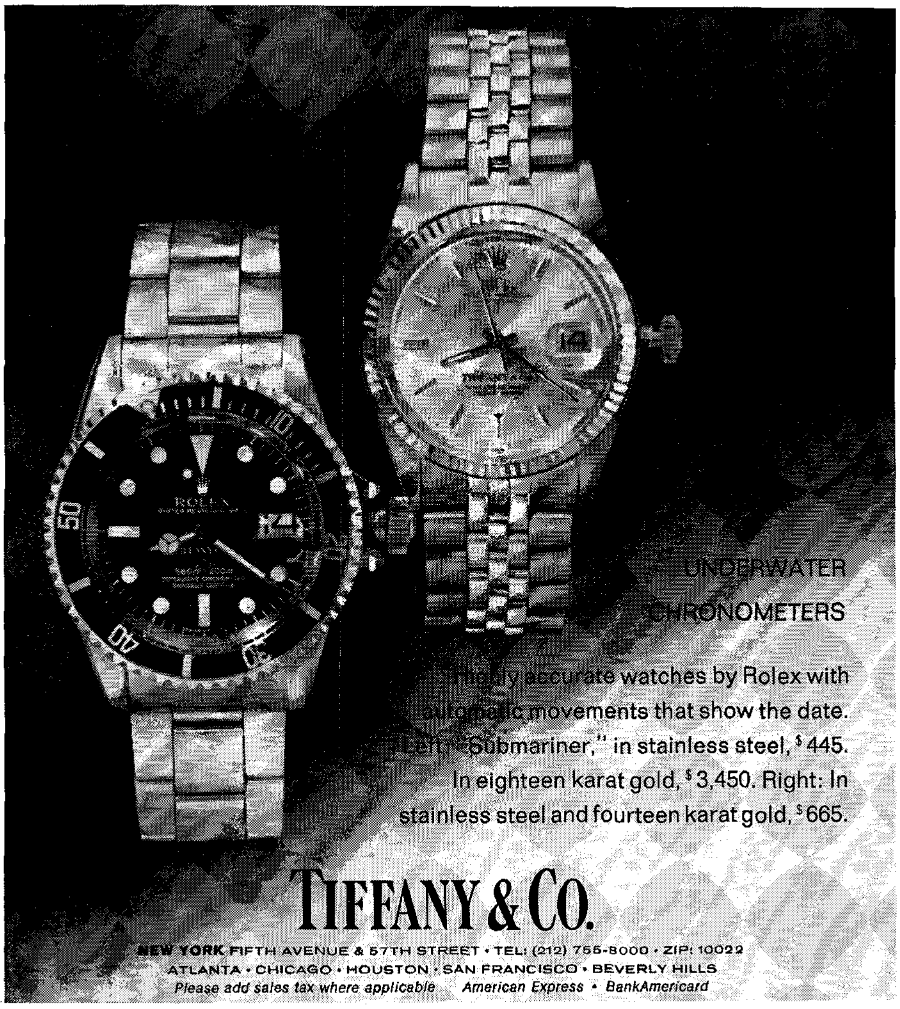

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merely hit him in a leg; he would aim carefully, he promised. He explained the rationale of his decision: he had to shake up the police or see his chances for escape go glimmering. Surely, the robber said, Sven could understand that. In any event, he concluded, Sven was to stand by until he received a signal, and then was to proceed to the foot of the staircase, where the police could see his body fall; in the meantime, Sven could avail himself of all the beer on hand in order to buoy his courage. I learned about this from Sven as we strolled along one of Stockholm's quays on a pleasant Sunday morning. He said to me, "I still don't know why the signal never came. All that comes back to me is how kind I thought he was for saying it was just my leg he would shoot." Sven shook his head briskly, as though trying to clear it. "But the robber was *not* kind," Sven said insistently. "He was an outlaw who dared to take over our lives, who could have killed us. I have to force myself to remember that fact."

Sven's gratitude didn't surprise Dr. Ljungberg and his associate Dr. Bergman when I mentioned it to them. They knew it as a mechanism that characterizes hostages in general and, for that matter, just about anyone caught in what they termed "survival situations." Dr. Anna Freud has called the reaction "identification with the aggressor," and, I learned, it has to do with the deepest layers of one's being, stirring unconscious memories of one's earliest patterns of security and order. Responses like Sven's, Dr. Ljungberg said, had occurred among many prisoners of war in Korea and Indo-China. "In Auschwitz, too," Dr. Bergman put in. A native of Germany, she had emigrated to Sweden in the Hitler years. In order to survive, she informed me, Auschwitz inmates had tried to like their captors, just as Sven and the three young women had. In their case, it had impelled them to side with the robbers against the police; had they not done so, Dr. Bergman said, they might have been overwhelmed by "fear of death, chaos, and the elimination of all normal laws." They were essentially healthy individuals, Dr. Ljungberg thought, but sometimes enduring an ordeal like the bank drama could call forth neurotic patterns that had previously been under control. "We hope there will be no chronic effects," Dr. Ljungberg said.

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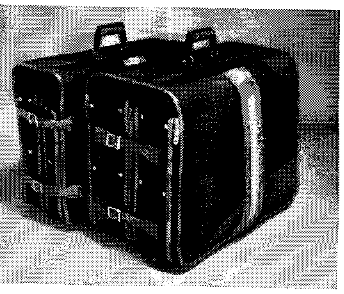

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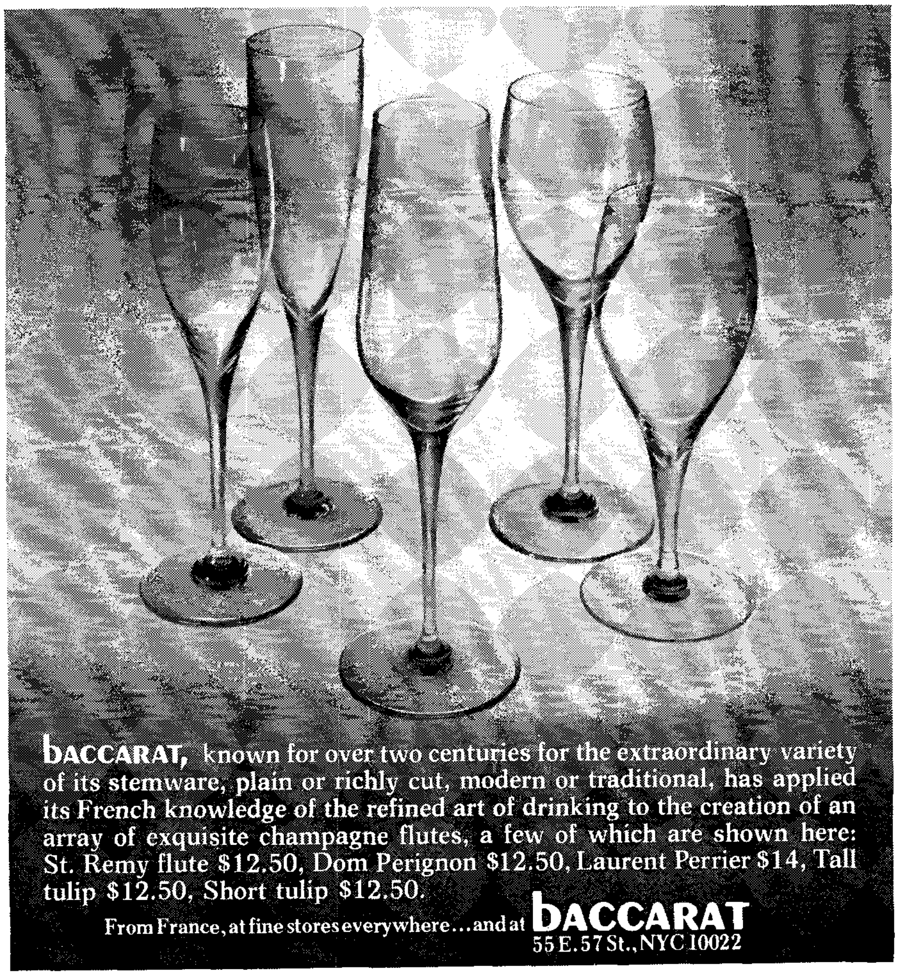

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liceman, halfway down the staircase, who shot, discharging a single cartridge from his pistol. He had no target. He wanted only to make a noise, his object being to draw some kind of response, even if it was an answering volley, from within the vault. No sound had issued from there since late the night before, when Olsson and the others had presumably retired, and here it was ten in the morning. Police had repeatedly yelled the robber's name from the staircase. They had even searched an adjoining building, a museum, on the chance that Olsson could have miraculously breached the vault's thick stone wall. The pistol shot had followed—a drastic effort to evoke signs of life. After that, a high-ranking officer named Jack Malm, wearing sneakers, stealthily descended the staircase; he carried a wooden window pole five feet long. He had volunteered for what he was doing; namely, approaching the strong room, whose outer door was a few inches ajar. At any moment, as Commissioner Lindroth has written, Olsson could have poked his submachine gun out the vault and cut down the advancing officer. Malm made his way circuitously, taking a route that led him behind and over bank counters and then along a wall, which he flattened himself against for several yards. At last, the vault door was within reach of the officer's pole. With a powerful thrust, he jabbed the door shut, after which, springing forward, he turned its handle, moving the lock cylinders into place. After the bank drama was over, the police learned that Olsson and the others, giving in after the wakefulness and tension of the past two days, had fallen into a deep sleep—assisted, no doubt, by their soundproof shelter. For a few seconds that Saturday morning, it looked as though Malm's courage might have been pointless, because there was still no sound from the vault. But then, the soda bottle having toppled from the chair, the vault's occupants, finally roused, ended their long silence with terrified screams and angry obscenities, which the police, directly overhead, could hear through openings in the ventilation system. Sven told me, "Seeing the door closed was one of the most frightening moments of the entire six days for me. Still sleepy, we were sure the police were going to storm the vault. Elisabeth was sitting right over the explosive charge—all of us were near it. Olsson's gun was in his lap. If the police had come in shooting, he would have shot back." There was anxiety, too, Sven said, lest the police resort to tear gas. The robber, it seemed, had a theory

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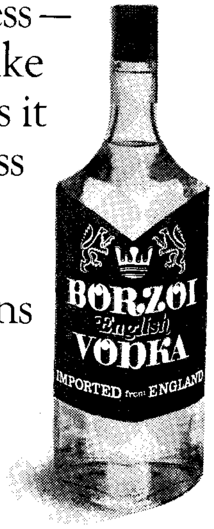

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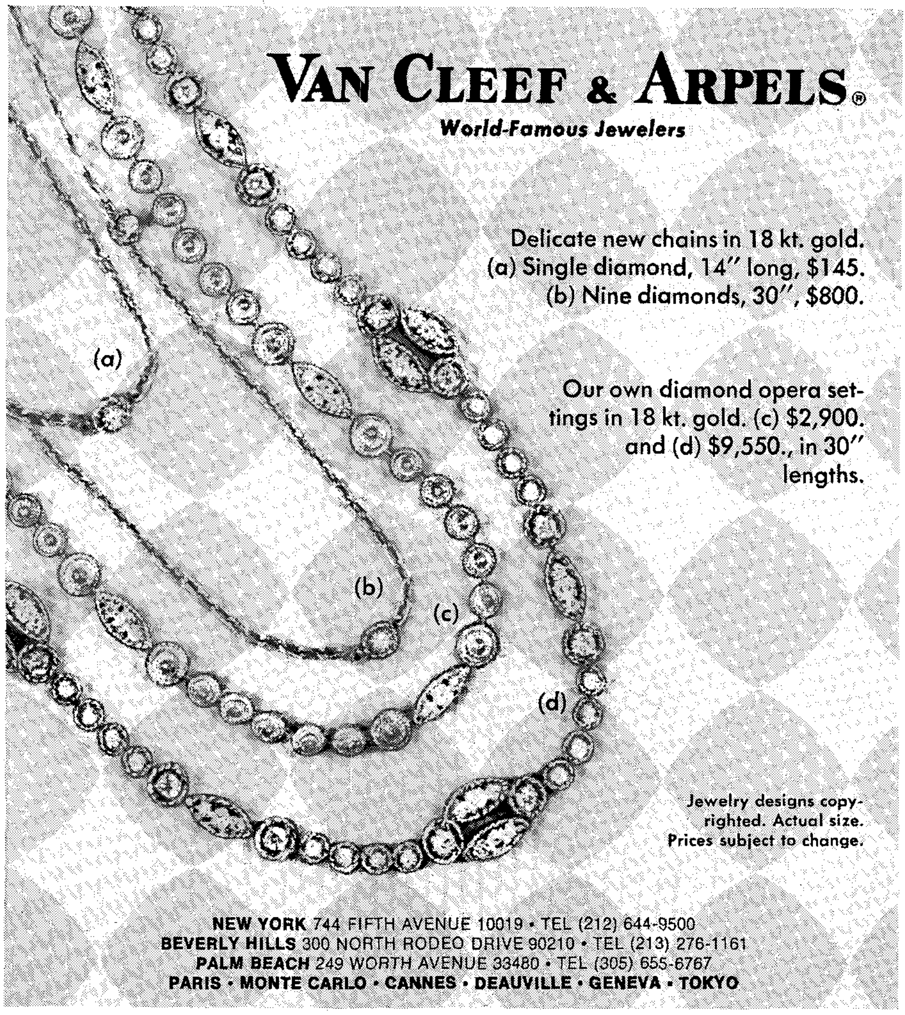

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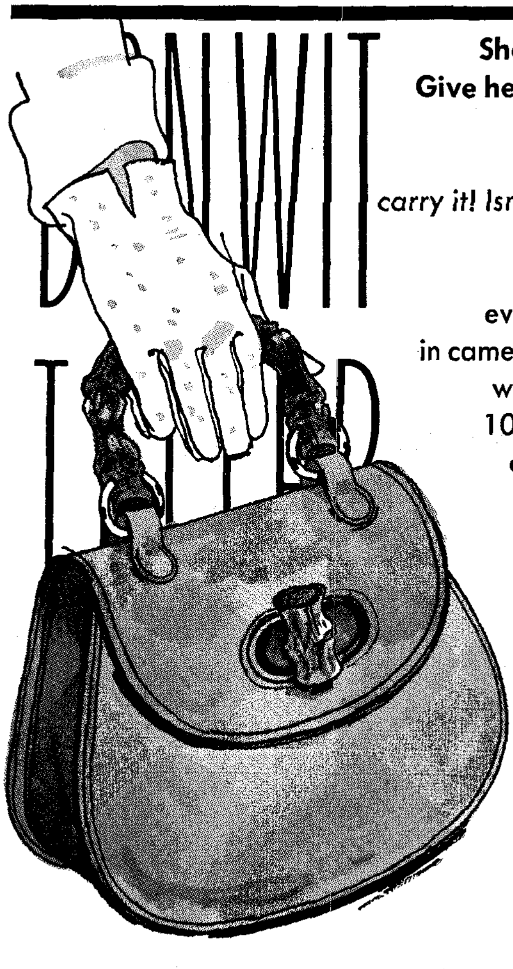

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about tear gas. He believed that after fifteen minutes its fumes did something to people's brains that made them idiots for the rest of their lives. Sven said, "He had told us that he would kill us all as well as himself rather than let us become that way. Hearing him say that, I remember, was another time when I thought of him as a very kind man."

With the enclosure of the entire group, the bank drama took on a different aspect. As Commissioner Lindroth put it, "Our chances of bringing the whole operation to a bloodless end had increased." He attributed this to what he termed a change in "the distribution of power." No longer, he pointed out, was the bank's street floor a no man's land for his forces. Now, moving about it freely, they first flung sandbags against the locked vault door, adding to the extreme unlikelihood of Olsson's suddenly forcing it from the inside and emerging with submachine gun blazing. Olsson, too, made new moves, his initial one being to block the vault's inner door. Figuratively speaking, he gave it a lock. Having turned on the vault's fluorescent lights when Malm struck, Olsson tumbled, almost hurled, safe-deposit cabinets, heavy with valuables, against the inner door. Unmindful of the fact that they were also blocking off the light switch, so that the fluorescent tubes could not be turned off, the robber didn't care which way the cabinets fell, just as long as he could satisfy himself that they were obstructing the inside door. He immediately let the police know by phone what he had done. It was a formidable show of strength—and, Olsson told me, a calculated one. "I wanted the police to realize that they had someone who was very strong to think about," he said. "Before I disappeared from Kalmar, I prepared for the bank robbery by being in the best condition of my life. Every minute it was allowed me, I was in the prison gym, working out, keeping my weight right, building up my muscles."

As a result of Olsson's physical feat, the situation became one of barrier opposing barrier; the police could not simply decide to unlock the outer door and, taking their chances, invade the vault. The loss of this dubious option, however, didn't lessen Lindroth's optimism, which, it appeared, wasn't based solely on the fact that the group had been incarcerated. The Commissioner had also made psychological deductions concerning the robber, the most important one being that Olsson

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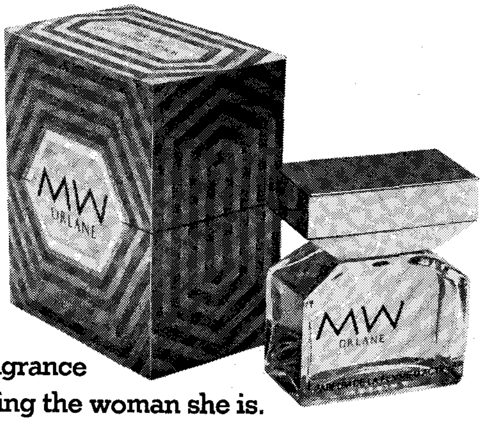

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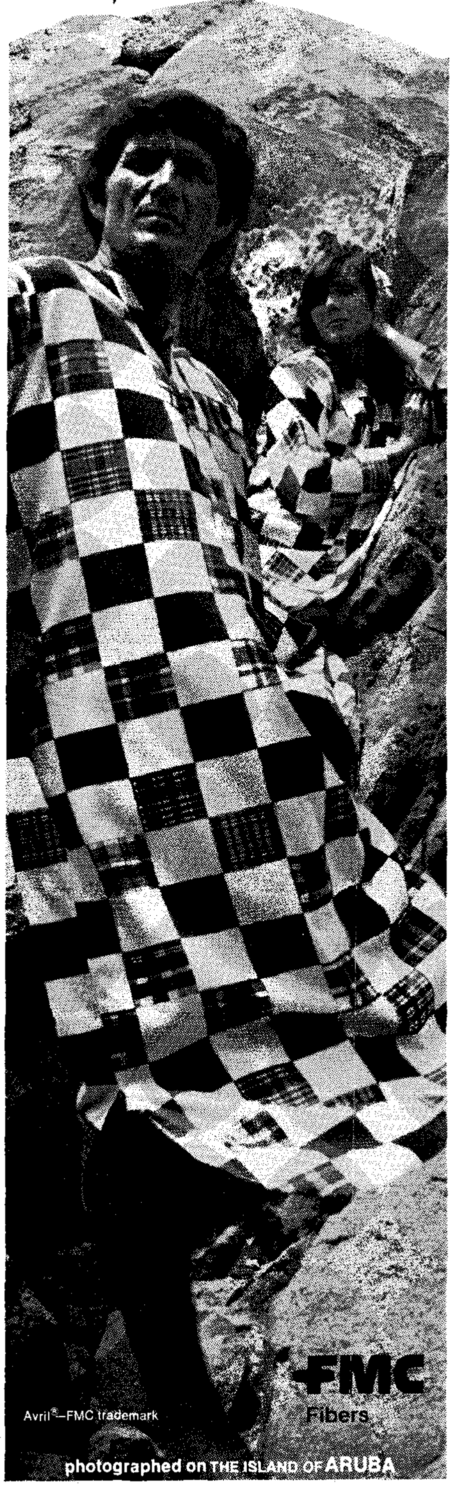
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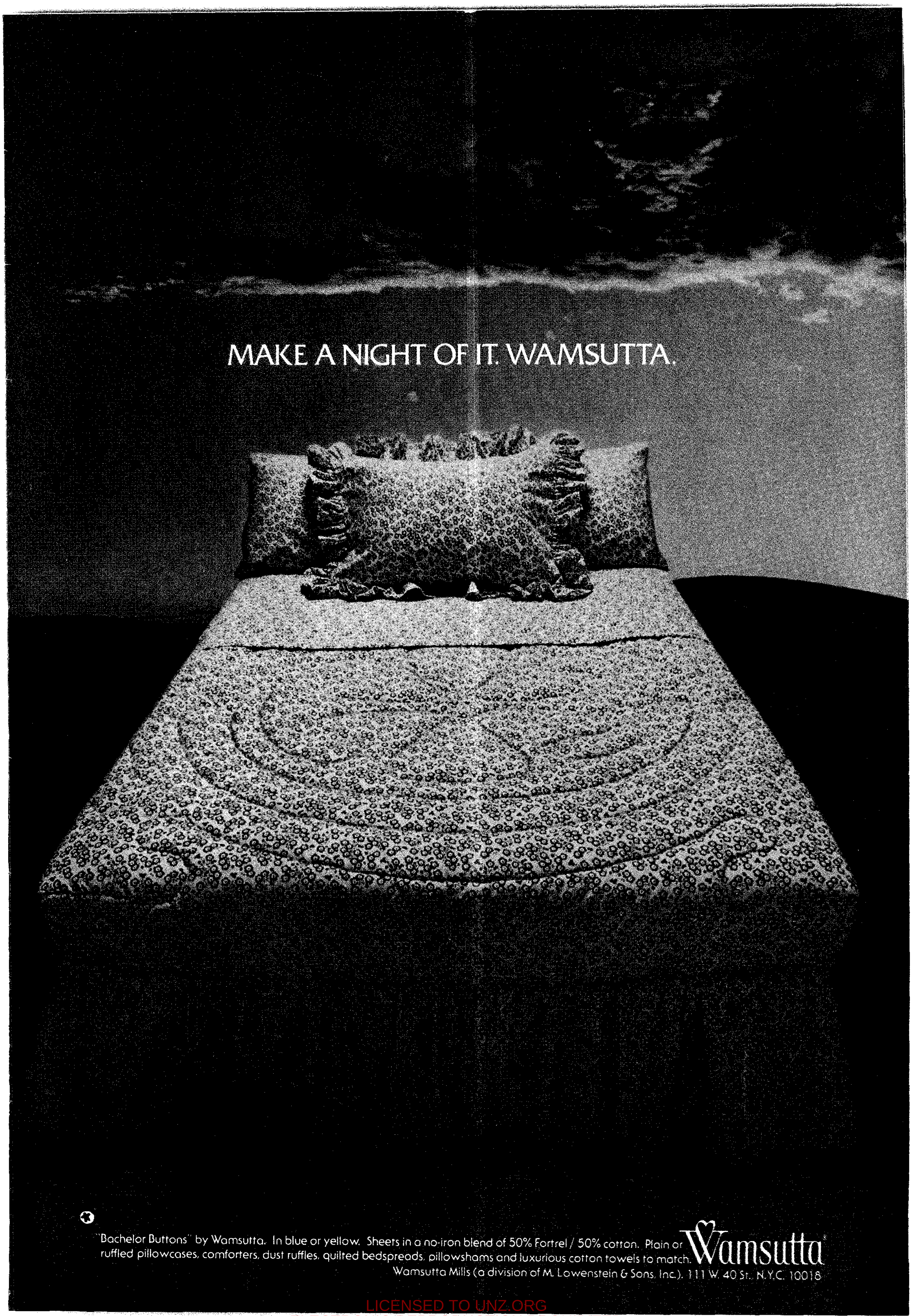
was a rational individual, all of whose moves were keyed to plausible self-interest. The police had established the robber's true identity the previous night, and Lindroth was encouraged to learn that it was Jan-Erik Olsson he was dealing with, for Olsson was known to take his standing in the prison community seriously; in jail he had once contemptuously knifed a child molester, whose ilk is considered the dregs of convict society. As Lindroth observed, if Olsson harmed the hostages, "it would make it very difficult for him to be accepted in the prison community." In Lindroth's estimation, Olsson was neither insane nor under the influence of drugs, nor was he a political fanatic willing to die for his cause. Had Olsson been any of these, both his capture and the hostages' survival would have been more uncertain propositions than they were. Lindroth was also impressed by the concern that both Olsson and Clark had shown when one of the hostages began to menstruate without benefit of proper supplies. The convicts had been adamant in insisting that the police must fill this lack forthwith if negotiations were to proceed. "The criminals could talk of nothing else," the Commissioner has said. "It led me to suspect that they might not possess a killer's instinct." In agreeing with the Commissioner's various insights, the police psychiatrist, Dr. Nils Bejerot, asserted, without explanation, that the more time the robber spent with his captives, the more likely the bank drama would end in his capitulation. Citing it as a psychological precept, Dr. Bejerot told me, "It is to be expected that after a point a bond of friendship springs up between victims and their captors."

AFTER Saturday morning, the police put aside any pretense of negotiation. The initiative now theirs, they moved ahead vigorously, fastening on the use of tear gas—Olsson's great bugaboo—as the solution to the bank drama. The strong room had seven vent holes in the walls that could serve as inlets for spreading the gas, but it was deemed a more reliable approach to drill holes in the ceiling—seven of them, of different sizes—and spray the gas through them directly into the chamber. This could be done with aerosol flasks; bombs were rejected as a less efficient delivery system. The gas dosage that experts prescribed was to be of sufficient strength to knock out the vault's occupants—after which, it was decided, the police would have no difficulty unlocking the door and shouldering aside the robber's barricade. Doctors would be on hand to resuscitate captors and captives alike. Timing, though, was crucial to the police plan. A precipitate assault might only invite similar action on Olsson's part—that is, the murder of one or more of the hostages. With this in mind, Lindroth adopted what he called an "exhaustion tactic"—a policy of attrition, whose duration, it was hoped, would enable the robber to comprehend that, other than dying, he had no choice but to surrender. Lindroth and his cohorts would have preferred a faster-moving plan. They were impatient to complete their mission. "The country was at a standstill," Thorander told me. "No one could think of anything but the bank drama. We had to hire extra telephone operators at headquarters." Suggestions for ending the bank drama were coming in by the bushel—especially from old ladies. One believed that a concert of religious tunes by a Salvation Army band would break Olsson's resistance. Another urged that angry bees be sent into the strong room through the vents to sting the convicts into submission. A third wanted police to swab the floor outside the vault with soap, on the theory that if the vault door was then opened, Olsson, emerging, would slide into captivity.

Adjusting to the glacial tempo of the exhaustion tactic, the police busied themselves trying to find blueprints of the Kreditbank structure. They were after data about the vault. To drill holes and spray it effectively with gas, they needed to learn the thickness of its concrete, the plan of its electric wiring, and assorted other details, none of them easy to come by, since the bank building was nearly a hundred years old and had been rebuilt several times. Meticulously, the police gathered information about the materials and the construction of the safe-deposit cabinets, with which they might have to deal in breaking into the vault. They also dreamed up a number of contingency plans. Lindroth was never without qualms that some unforeseeable turn of events might bring about the defeat of his forces. Nor was it overlooked that fatigue could easily lead to the clumsy execution of decisions that had been carefully thought out. But Lindroth and his lieutenants had to discover that weariness could itself conceal its presence. This came out clearly when, at three in the morning on



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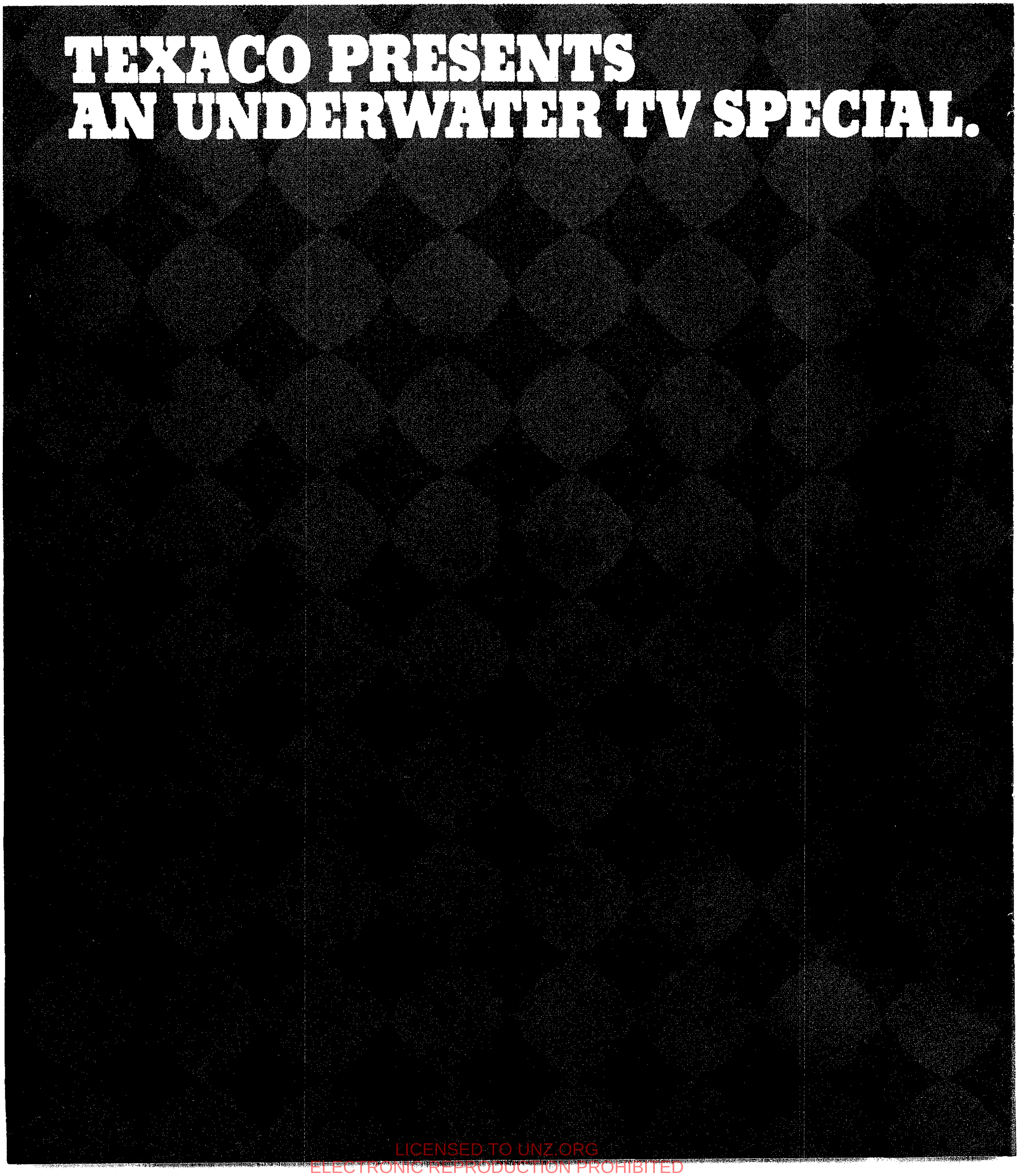

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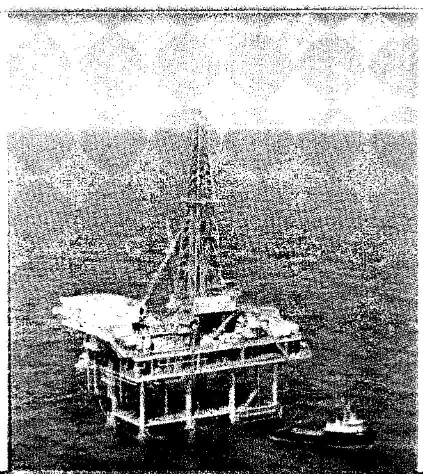

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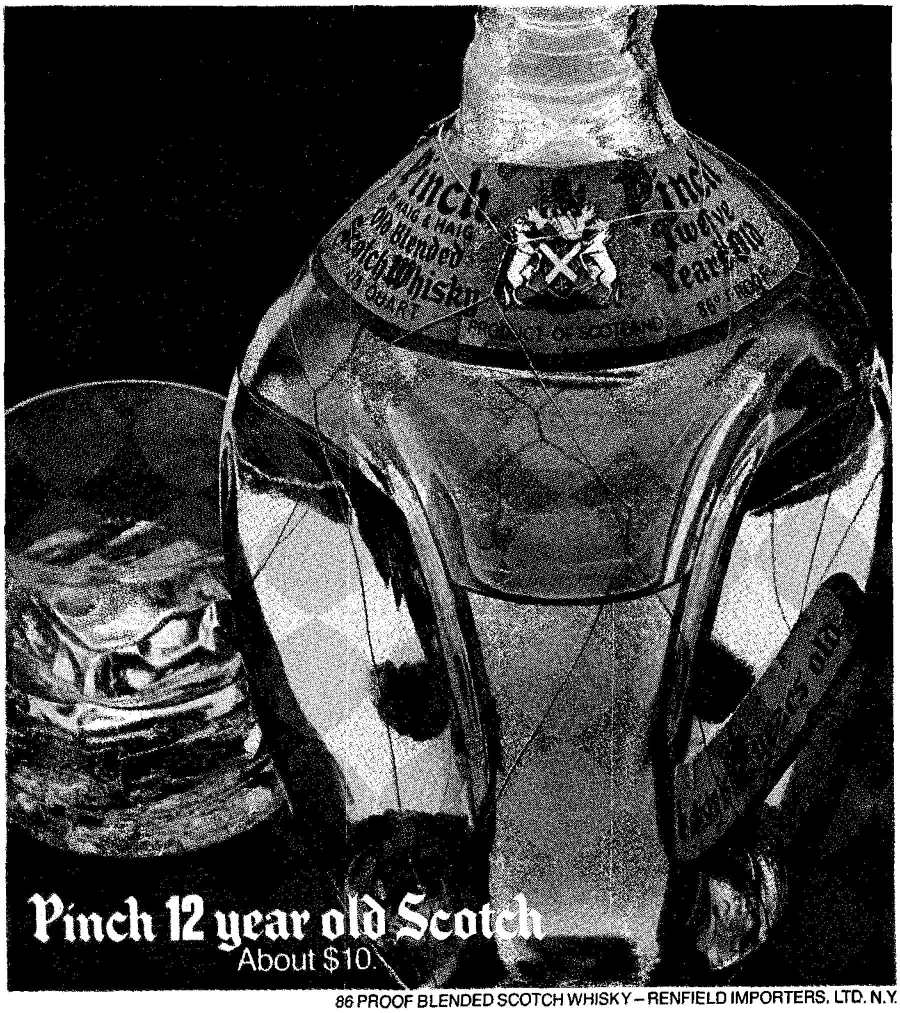

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Monday—the fifth day of the bank drama—Olsson stalled the progress of his hunters with an ingenious maneuver that could have cost lives. Lindroth, obsessed with finishing his mission, was tempted to counter with instant action, and, according to police sources, his own ranking aides had to practically order their leader to hold off making any new moves. Lindroth's account of the bank drama takes scant notice of his subordinates' pressure, but it does acknowledge that the robber had presented a sticky problem. Referring to it, the Commissioner writes, "In view of it, I decided . . . to postpone operations until two on Monday afternoon. We were very tired by then. Since Thursday, we had had only a few hours of sleep. I feared that our powers of judgment and our balance might be disturbed by lack of sleep."

BEHIND the closed door of the vault, the six inmates had recognized that the resolution of their collective fate, whatever it might be, was palpably closer at hand. At bay now, the robber, chewing his caffeine tablets, behaved more mercurially than he had before—his moods, as Elisabeth saw them, alternating between a tenderness and a brutality that had both become heightened. Kristin told me that, with the shutting of the door, her fear of death seemed to have sharpened. "I hadn't thought that was possible. I had never been close to death before," she said. "From the moment Jan made me his hostage, I was afraid he would suddenly kill me, but now it was the police I was afraid of—even more so than when I had talked with the Prime Minister. I felt hopeless. What difference did it make, I asked myself, which one of them did away with me?" A change of atmosphere pervaded the vault. Its fluorescent tubes glowed perpetually, their garish light reminding the group that, for all practical purposes, the electric switch was as inaccessible as the vault's lock. The days melted into each other—a block of undifferentiated time—so that later, when I talked with them, Olsson and the others were sometimes at variance on when this or that event took place. "We had watches, but they might just as well have been without hands," Sven told me. The plastic wastebaskets in the narrow strong room became the group's toilets. This had already happened the day before the vault was sealed, for late Friday afternoon the robber, suddenly mistrustful that "too many pigs are out there," had forbidden his charges to continue to use

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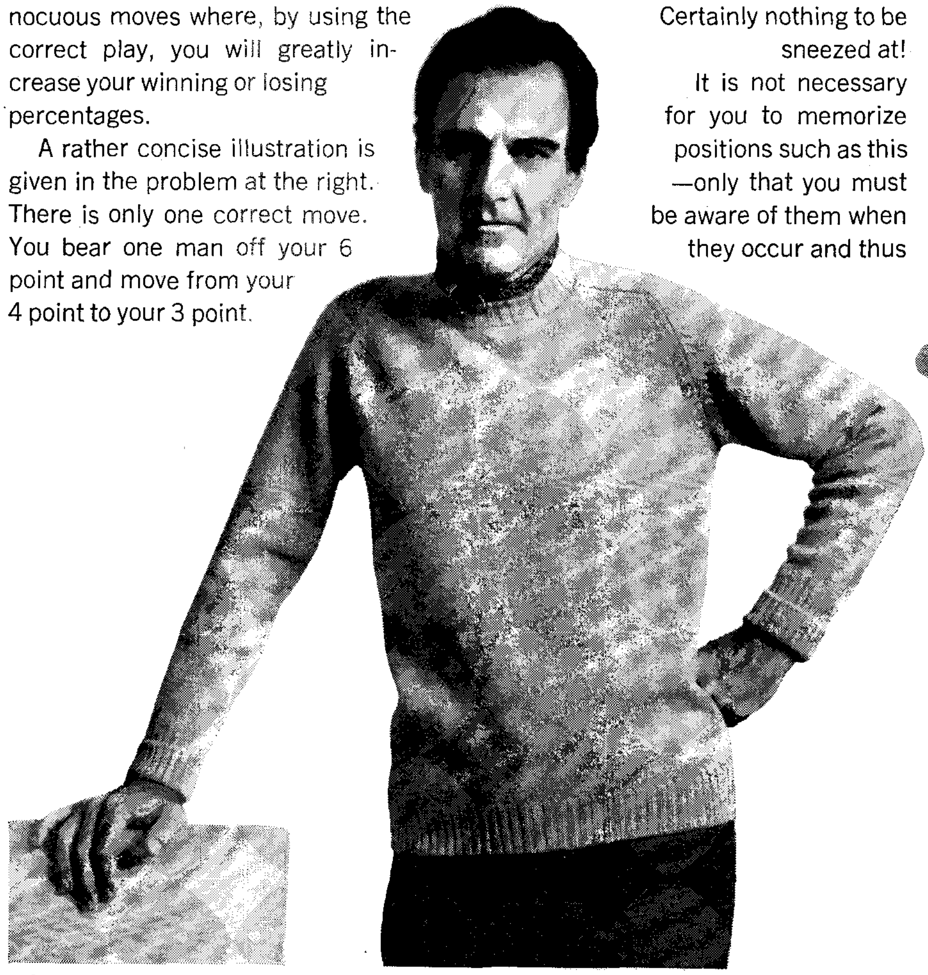
A rather concise illustration is given in the problem at the right. There is only one correct move. You bear one man off your 6 point and move from your 4 point to your 3 point.



It is obvious, assuming that your opponent does not roll a double (in which case the game would end), that you will need to roll a double of your own on your next roll in order to win the game.

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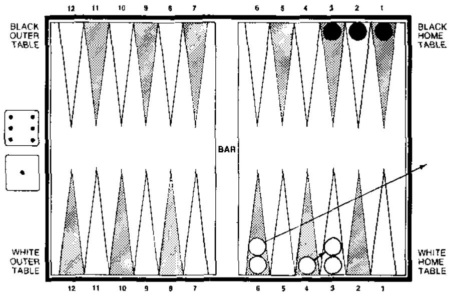
White rolls 6 and 1



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the bank's facilities. Birgitta, who was fastidiously groomed when I met her, told me, "The baskets were in the rear of the vault. We were discreet about each other's privacy." She added, "It was curious, but after the vault was closed I missed having pajamas—I hadn't before." Imprisoned again, Clark took to humming the hit melody "Killing Me Softly with His Song," the tune of which embedded itself in Elisabeth's memory. "I turn off the radio whenever that song comes on," she told me at her home, a hillside cottage of two rooms. She said she and Kristin had often clung together, Kristin dry-eyed, Elisabeth weeping quietly for no apparent reason. Occasionally, Elisabeth bothered to claim that she was crying because she had lost out on her invitation to her crayfish gala. Kristin said, "I envied Elisabeth. I think it would have helped to feel tears."

As might be expected, their common plight joined the hostages in a bond, but it was a weak one. Birgitta, in fact, admitted to a certain aloofness from her fellow-captives, and particularly from the two women. She said, "I was several years older than they and I had children. They hadn't yet had to face life the way I had." The four, forced as they were to fall back on their own resources, came to know themselves better, it appeared, rather than each other. "Each of us was very much alone," Sven said. Physically, of course, that was hardly the case, for when Olsson wasn't denying the hostages a sense of solitude, the police were. No sooner had the sneakered officer carried out his assignment than his colleagues, as part of their exhaustion tactic, bugged the strong room, placing microphones on the outside walls against the ventilation holes. The equipment's staticky crackle was often the only sound that could be heard in the vault. Sensitive though the microphones may have been, they could be misleading, as was illustrated by a nightmare that Kristin had on Sunday afternoon—at least, she said, that is when she places it. Whenever it was, Kristin, asleep on her pillow of kronor, awoke screaming, "Don't! Don't!" Equable and benign, Clark was instantly at her side, soothing her until she was herself again.

A month later, when investigators were conducting their inquiry, Kristin was taken aback when police asked whether her screams were connected in any way with a sexual assault by the convicts. She was asked this not only because the microphones had picked up her screams but because, in talking freely of her captivity, she had recalled in

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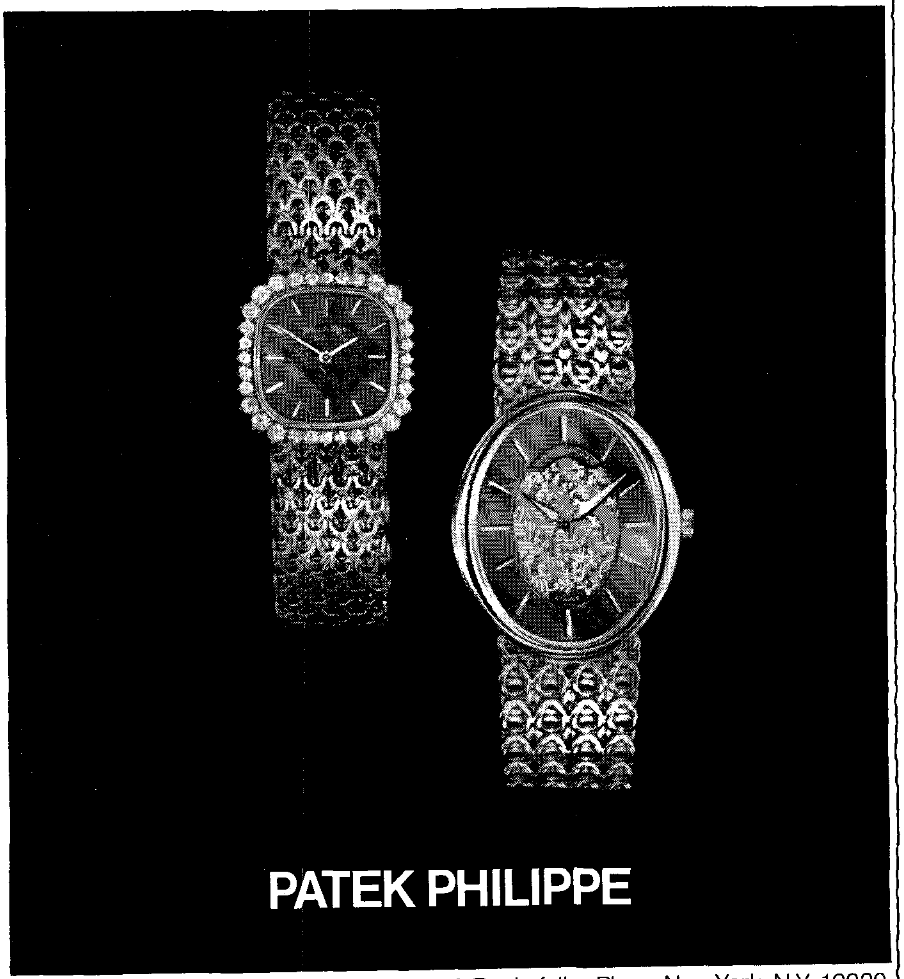

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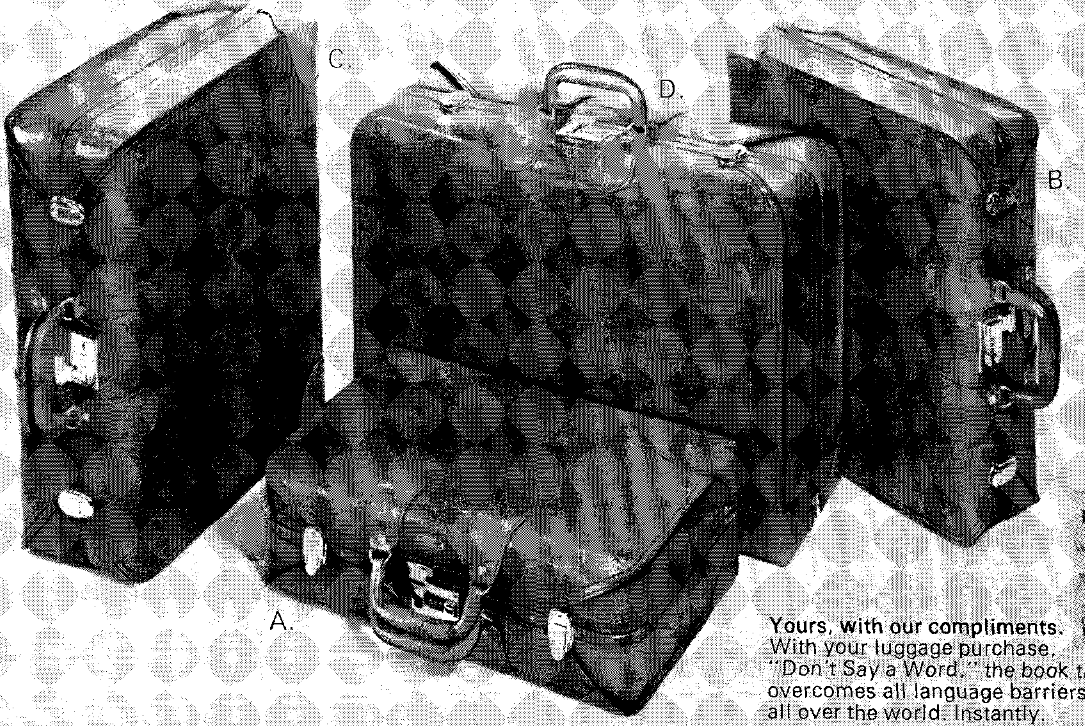

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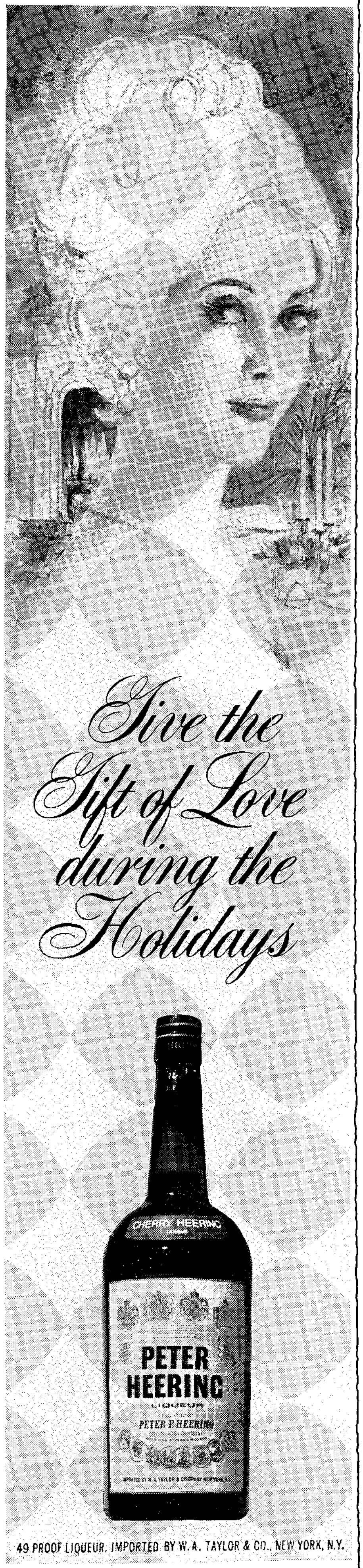

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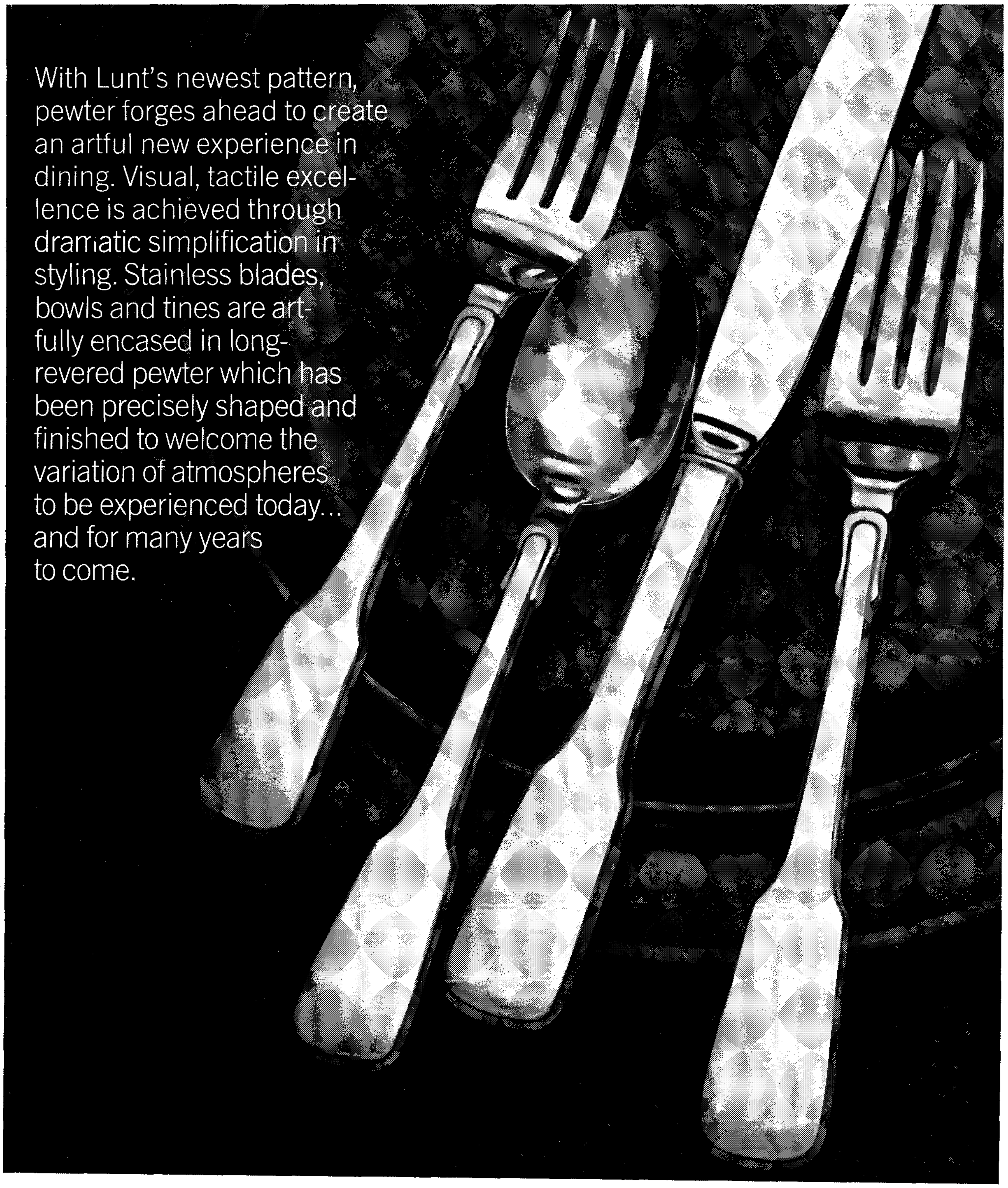
passing that now and then she had held hands with Clark—an admission that caused the police investigator to inquire, "Did you say you held hands with Clark?" "Yes," Kristin replied. "Perhaps it sounds a little like a cliché, but Clark gave me tenderness. Yes, we held hands, but there was no sex. It made me feel enormously secure. It was what I needed." Reminding readers that the criminals and their hostages were an attractive lot, as well as young and desperate, certain elements of the press harped repeatedly on the possibility that the strong room might be the scene of one long bacchanal. But in the aftermath of the drama the police were looking for something more specific. Their interest was in pinning whatever charges they could on the two convicts, and rape was among the possibilities, because in combing the vault after it was liberated laboratory technicians had found traces of semen on the carpet. Until this evidence was accounted for, it was held, the pretrial investigation would have to be considered incomplete. In the course of the questioning, which went on for a week, the laboratory technicians' discovery was eventually explained when one of the women hostages stated that Olsson had come to her while she was lying under a table and asked if he could have "a few minutes of her time."

According to the transcript, "It was evening—I'm almost sure it was Friday evening," the hostage said when asked to describe in detail what happened next. The first evening, she continued, someone else had shared that particular patch of floor with her, but the second evening she had been there alone. Looking for a place to stretch out, Olsson, coming by in the dark, had chosen a spot near her. Soon afterward, he had asked if he could lie beside her. The hostage had consented. She further testified, "He asked if he could caress me, and I said, 'Yes, you may,' and he did. He said he had not lain with a woman for twenty-one months." She told police interrogators that her apparent acquiescence had been born of calculation. Explaining, she testified, "I thought that if I could get on an intimate footing with him, I might be able to persuade him to give up his whole enterprise, or maybe if some of the anxieties he surely had pent up within himself were relieved he would not want to go on with this whole thing. We had our clothes on, but he was allowed to touch my breasts and hips. He became rather excited, and wanted to know if he could continue. He wanted to have intercourse." The woman had refused, taking care, she testified, to do so in a light tone, "because I was afraid he would take over and be in charge." The robber had acceded to her wishes, largely, it appeared, because of his perpetual striving for respectability in the eyes of other convicts. "We consider men who rape women to be among the worst criminals in prison," he told the hostage. Nevertheless, Olsson had again become excited. But it had been to no avail, for now, as the hostage informed her questioners, "It was I who took the initiative." Sensing that she was in charge, she had told Olsson that she didn't see any point in his getting himself all worked up and gaining no satisfaction from "the few minutes" he would have with her. Olsson had got the message. He had slowly turned away from the hostage and proceeded to have the minutes with himself.

LIKE the crackling microphones, the telephone in the vault dispelled any illusion of solitude. Minutes after the police coup Saturday morning, Detective Inspector Bengt-Olof Lövenlo phoned from the floor above and asked Olsson whether he was ready to throw in the towel. "Go to hell," the convict answered. Lövenlo, known as B.-O., was more or less the official police telephoner, his principal qualification being a reputed expertise in gangster lingo; in practice, however, his jailbird jargon was so dazzling that he frequently had the robber and Clark quite confused. The two could speak directly with no one but the police on the phone, for once the door handle was turned the police intercepted all incoming and outgoing calls, in effect setting up a hot line between their floor and the vault. Phone calls, either way, were always events, their consequence usually a hardening of old positions. One such call led directly to another instance in which the hostages allied themselves with Olsson against the police. This, too, occurred Saturday morning, when Clark, with Olsson's concurrence, asked if the police would unlock the door long enough for one of the hostages to procure supplies that were badly needed; the members of the group, Clark informed Lövenlo, had taken a vote on the choice of supplies, the list of which included a plentiful supply of food, a hot plate, a chemical toilet, three rolls of toilet tissue, a plastic barrel with a lid, cigarettes, whiskey, toothpaste, toothbrushes, six pairs of wool socks, and

JEFFERSON



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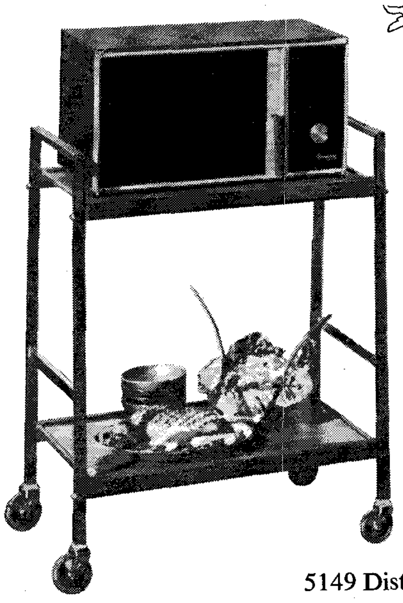

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six athletic warmup suits. Lövenlo sounded as though the proposal would be acceptable; naturally, he told Clark, he would have to consult with the Commissioner, but that, he estimated, shouldn't take more than fifteen minutes. Lindroth, however, rejected the proposal, on the ground that it "would have allowed Olsson to use his submachine gun through the open door." Moreover, the Commissioner took two hours to reach his decision, and by the time Lövenlo relayed it the group, convicts and captives alike, was thoroughly riled. They were even more so when, in the course of the same call, the Inspector gave a negative reply to a second request that had been hanging fire; namely, permission for each hostage to receive a single phone call from home.

Clark, scribbling on a blank bank form he came upon in the strong room, described the reaction to these rebuffs. His description, which the police found on gaining access to the vault, reads, "The girls want desperately to get in touch with relatives. B.-O. had promised that everyone could expect a call from one relative. Naturally, he lied, as usual. The girls have begun to believe that the police intend to sacrifice them and are only looking for an excuse to justify the massacre later on. The girls believe that the police will make sure that it was we who started it and that the police simply defended themselves, so that they can afterward regret that everyone was killed. The girls think this because under no conditions can they get in touch with their relatives to tell them . . . how the police are playing with their lives. Everyone in here is calm, and we have it, in fact, rather cozy as long as the police leave us alone."

When I interviewed Birgitta at the Kreditbank, I asked her if she agreed with Clark's words. She nodded. The cutting off of outside calls, she said, had hit her hard. "I lived for news of my daughters," she told me. "I didn't know what would become of them if I died. I asked myself if my husband would be able to take care of them. I hoped he would remember about the insurance." She thought more about Clark's words and nodded again. Perhaps, she conjectured, the police rebuffs had been part of Commissioner Lindroth's tactical campaign; if they were, she had not recognized them as such. "I was not exactly detached at the time," she remarked. "We were facing two threats, and one was all we could possibly handle. About the robber's threat we could do nothing—he

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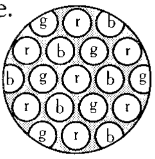

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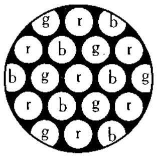

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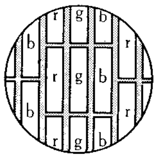

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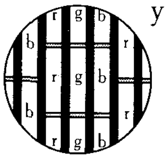

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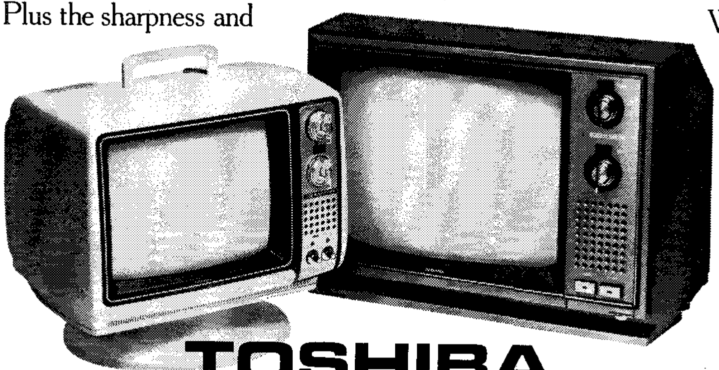

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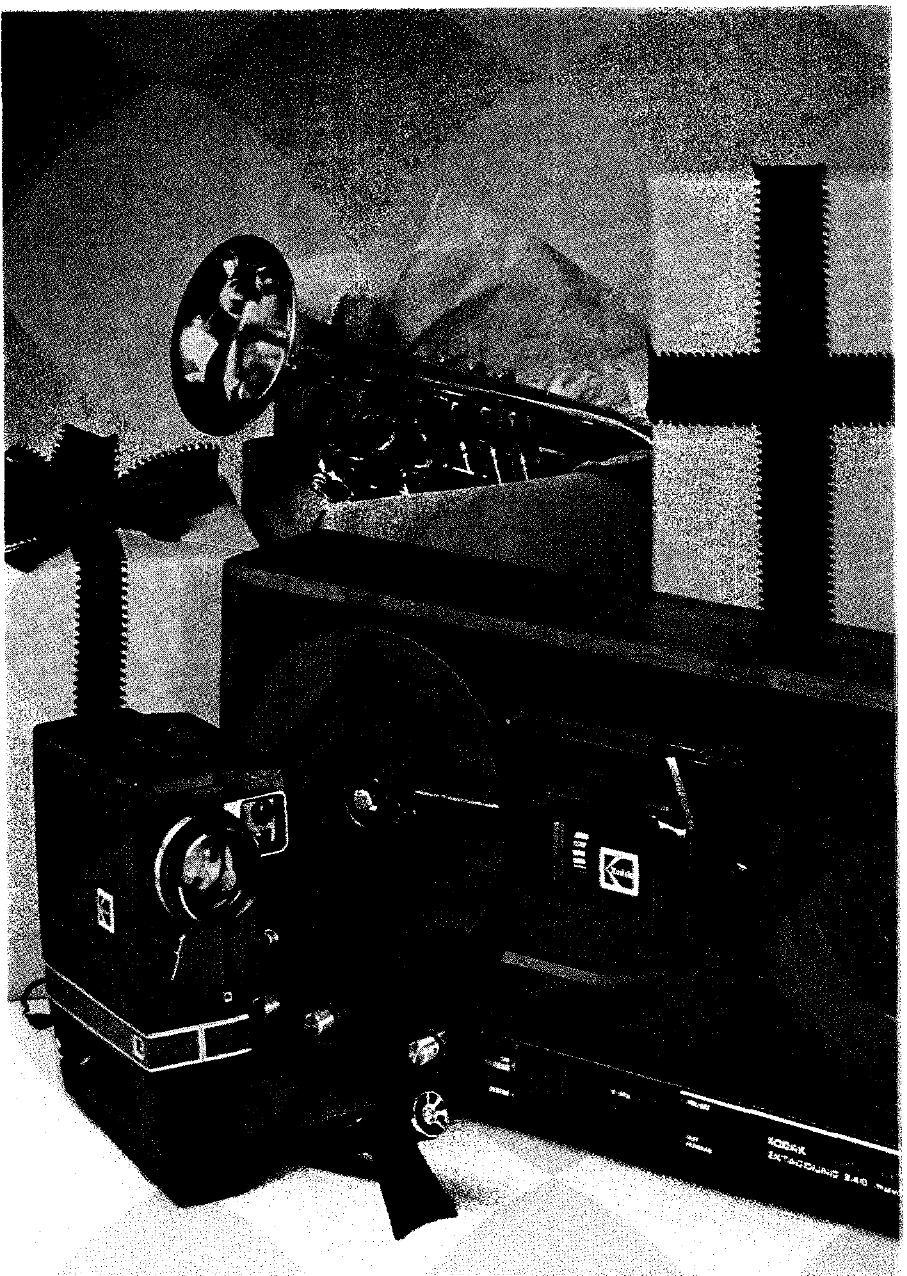
was armed and we were with him. But we weren't with the police. We imagined we could protect ourselves against them. To imagine that, of course, meant believing in Jan."

ONCE cornered, Olsson gave increasing thought to his fears of gas, reminding his hostages now and then of his resolve to dispatch everyone if "brain damaging" fumes seeped into the vault. One of his first acts, on Saturday, was to stuff the vent holes with leftover newspaper, which he believed would hinder the introduction of gas. Olsson hoped that the newspaper might also partly block the microphones, but he guessed—correctly, as it turned out—that the police would still be able to figure out most of what was going on. Naturally, the robber's mind was primarily taken up, as it had been from the outset, with how to cash in his hostages to best advantage; it was never far from his thinking, Olsson told me, that the death of one or more of them could aid his cause. While mulling over these homicidal thoughts, he catered to the needs of his possible victims. He wiped away Elisabeth's tears, assuring her she would receive an invitation to another crayfish party. He was attentive to Kristin, giving her a bullet from his submachine gun as a keepsake. Sven was no trouble, behaving throughout with stalwart dignity. As for Birgitta, the robber told me, he apologized to her for having made her nervous enough to resume smoking cigarettes, which she had given up some weeks earlier. Olsson recalled her fall from grace for me. It had happened in the vault the day before the police locked it. Wanting a smoke himself, he had reached into a trousers pocket for a pack of cigarettes, then offered it around. Birgitta had hesitated. "No smoking is permitted in the vault," she had said. Grandly, the robber had given her dispensation. Thrusting the pack at Birgitta, he had told her, "The vault is mine. You may smoke."

Each show of friendliness on Olsson's part reinforced his leadership. As Sven put it, "When he treated us well, we could think of him as an emergency God." One of Olsson's gestures, in particular, appeared in a magnified light. Late Saturday afternoon, when it was a mystery whether the group would ever eat again, Olsson took from his pocket three pears that, unknown to the others, he had saved from a previous meal; seating himself at one of the strong room's tables, he carefully cut the fruit as exactly into halves as he could, then handed one piece to each member of the group. Elisabeth said, "I think the fruit would have tasted delicious even if we hadn't been hungry." The faintest outlines of a community became discernible. Sven invented what chores he could, his most notable achievement being the discovery of a large plastic carton into which he was able to dump the contents of the wastebaskets. Clark's manner had become detached since Saturday morning, but periodically he did hold whispered conferences with Olsson, away from the bugged vents. Like Sven, the women sought chores, unnecessarily moving furniture this way and that, or hopelessly trying to tidy themselves. Instinctively, the hostages aimed at pleasing the criminals. Referring to this, Kristin said to me later, "If someone likes you, he won't kill you." Elisabeth felt the same way. "I couldn't have stayed normal if I had opposed the robber," she told me. The closest anyone came to doing that was when Birgitta, on the very last day of the bank drama, stole Thorander's cigarette lighter from Olsson; it lay exposed while he and Clark were both napping—an unusual occurrence. "I thought they might use the lighter for detonating explosives," she told me. "I dropped it in my handbag. Jan was angry when he found that it was missing. I was afraid he was going to search us all, but luckily Clark had another lighter, and the robber cooled off."

Looking back, Kristin thinks that perhaps the bank drama attained its most harmonious moment on the one other occasion when the robber and Clark were both asleep. That was on Saturday evening, when Olsson, after warning everyone that he was a light sleeper, stared briefly at the inextinguishable fluorescent tubes above, then closed his eyes. The others followed suit—all except Kristin, who stayed awake a little longer than the rest. "We were like tired moths," she said. "The robber was in his chair, snoring, but not loudly. Elisabeth was near him. Who knew what he might do with her? Clark lay asleep not far from me. It was hard to believe he was a criminal, he looked so peaceful. Sven was restless, somewhere in the back of the vault, as was Birgitta. When thinking about home didn't get her down, she managed well. In the still room, all I could hear was the others breathing. For a minute or two, they were in rhythm. Quickly, I changed my breathing to be in time with everyone else's. That was our world. We were in the vault in order to breathe to-



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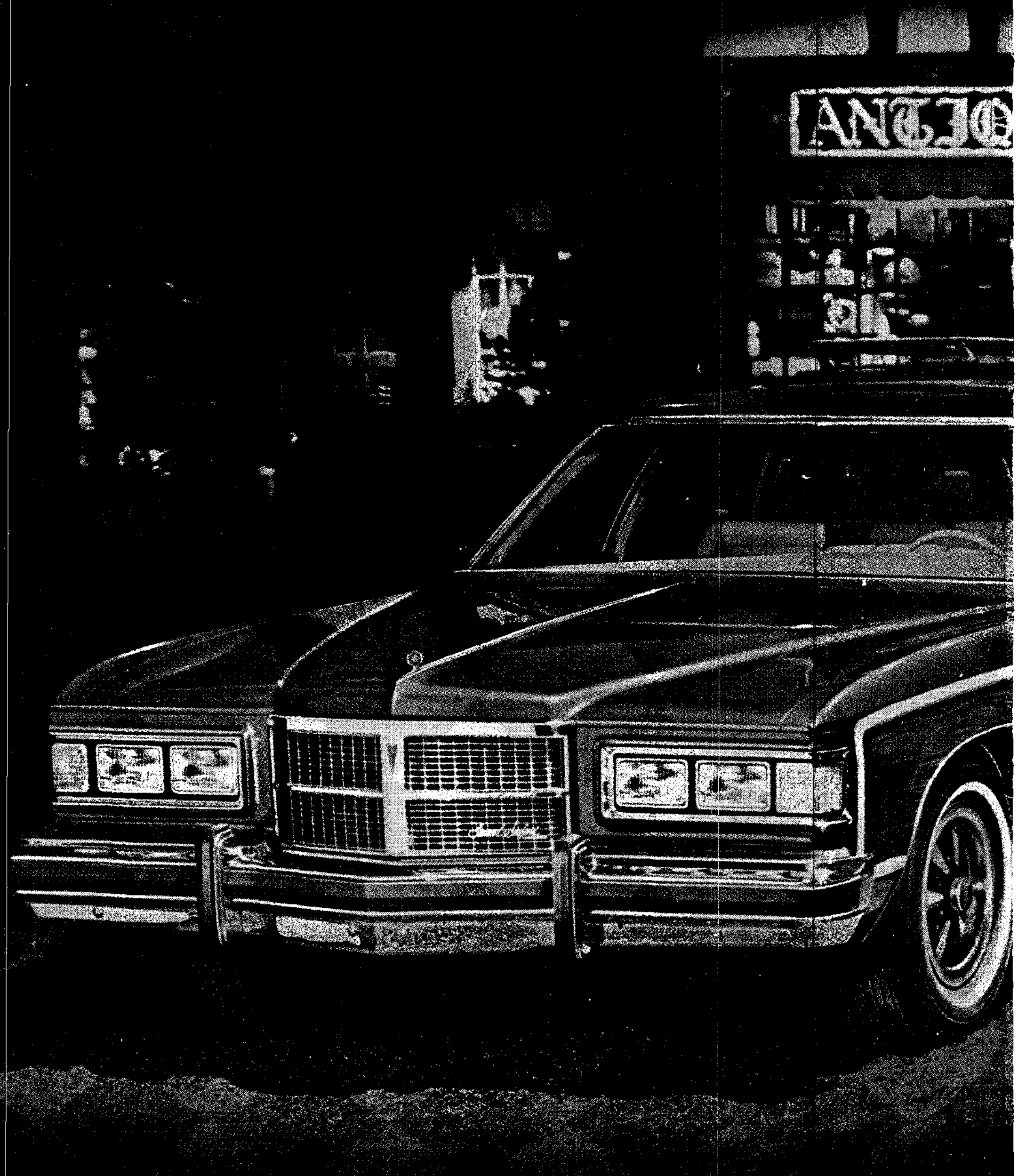

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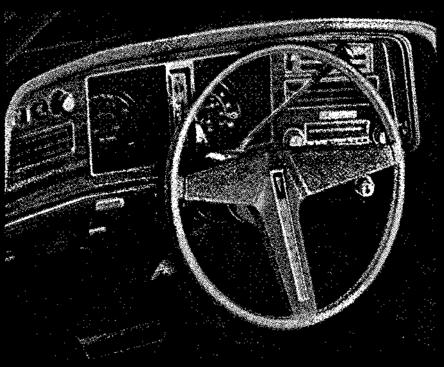

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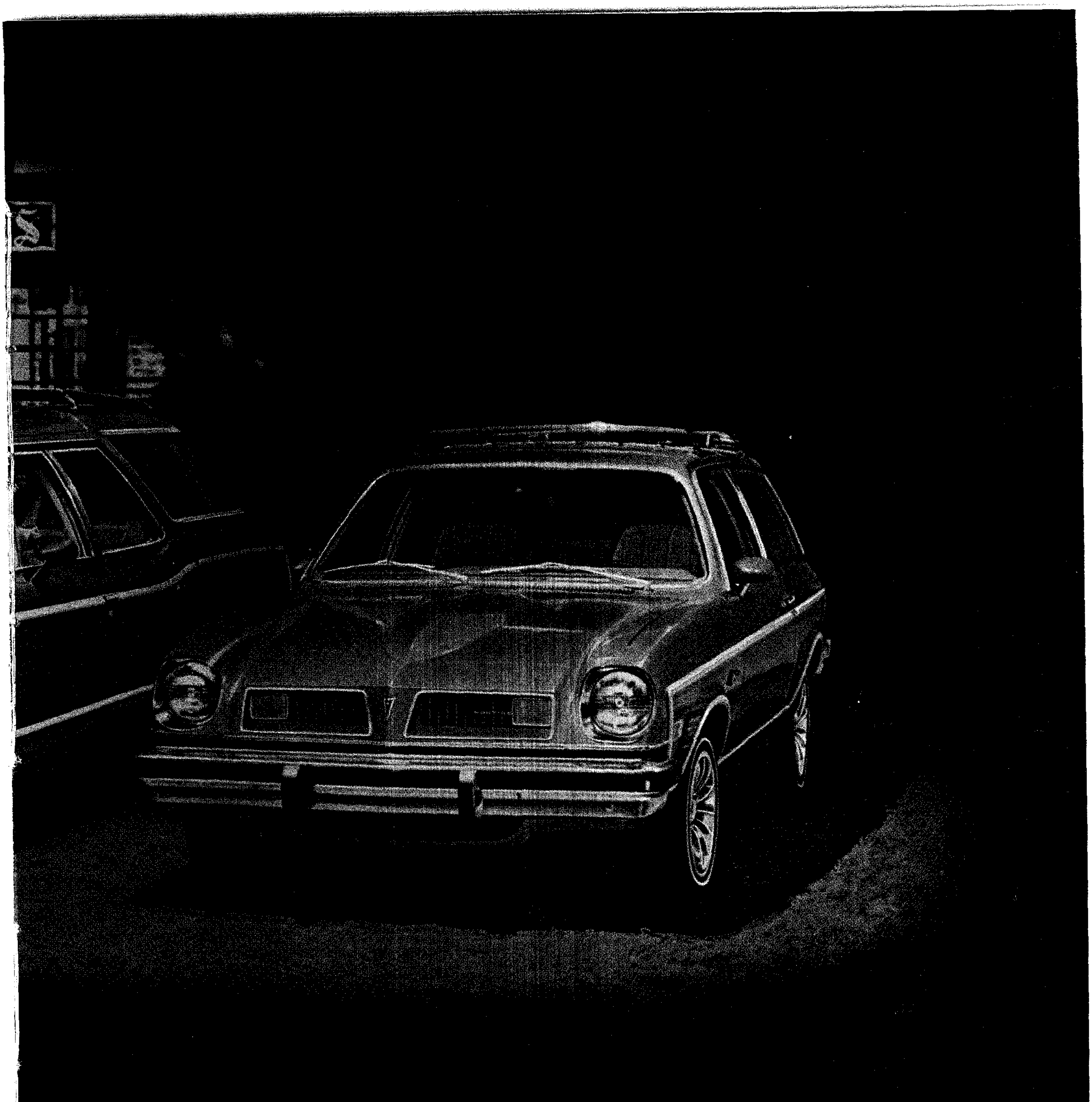

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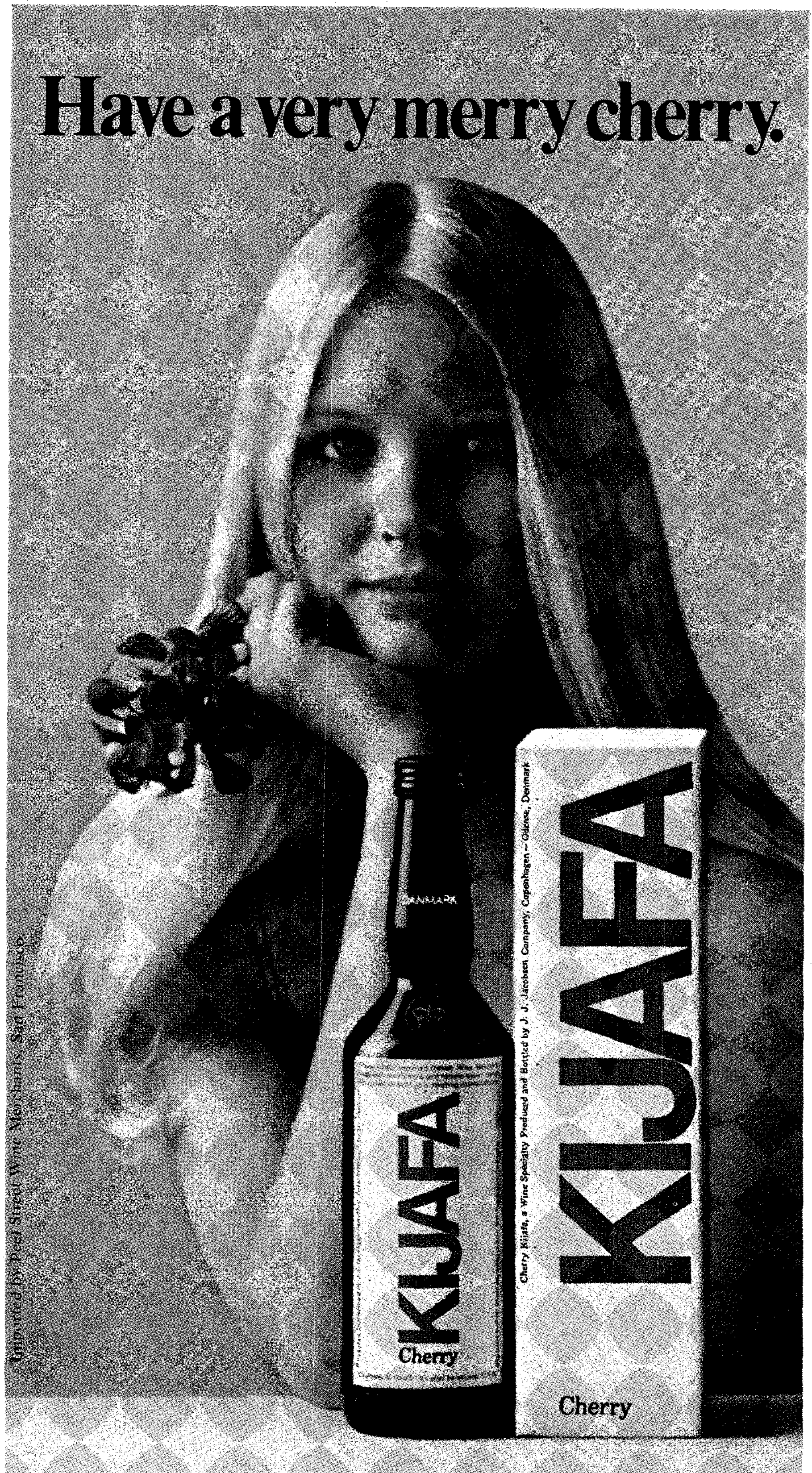
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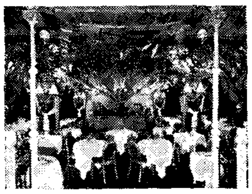
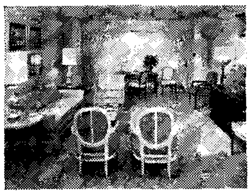
gether, to survive. Whoever threatened that world was our enemy."

From Saturday morning on, Olsson awaited the next move by the police. It would determine his own, he knew, since his opponents held all the cards. Apart from realizing this, Olsson was without ideas. Certainly Clark, his manner increasingly distant, contributed none. In the long hours it took the police to prepare their gas attack, the occupants of the vault continued to while away the time as best they could. Sleep stole much of it. "When we slept, it was deeply, there were so many shocks to recover from," Birgitta told me. Olsson's transistor radio also helped. Listening to news of themselves, Sven said, kept up morale. "It meant we weren't forgotten," he said. When it was music that came over the radio, Olsson sometimes danced a few steps by himself. He didn't look nearly as weird as he had on arriving at the bank, Birgitta recalled. His disguise had been gone since Friday, his mustache rinsed of its black dye, his bushy wig replaced by his own thinning hair. He moved gracefully as he danced, Birgitta told me, his teeth exposed in a broad smile. "He considered them beautiful," she said. "He could be vain and childish." As the others looked on, Birgitta, who had once taken a psychology course, gave him a personality reading, drawing a chart on which she listed his good and bad points; she rated him well in intelligence, capability, and vitality but flunked him in stability. He took consolation in an interminable series of ticktacktoe games with Elisabeth, then regaled the group with the plot of a movie that he said had given him the idea of invading the Kreditbank. The plot had to do with a convict who, bored with prison life, escapes and holds up a bank, then makes it to Mexico, where he lives happily ever after. His own life in prison had been boring, Olsson told the hostages, who, listening closely, were clustered at the time around him and Clark. In prison, Olsson went on, he had become a Jack-of-all-trades, learning to knit, sew, and hook rugs. He had made military caps by the hundred, and when a guard saw fit to find fault with his handiwork Olsson had slugged him, and had been put in isolation as a result. Joining in the talk, Clark said he knew the isolation scene well—nothing but a padded floor and a door with a peephole. When he told the captives that he and Olsson had once been in the same penitentiary, the two convicts exchanged a rare smile. In their cellblock, Olsson inter-

THE





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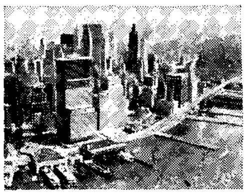

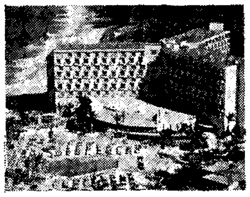

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jected, Clark had always been the last to get out of bed; he himself had been the first, ready to get on with the day's labor. Birgitta asked why the pair hadn't tried to hold down regular jobs when they were free, the same as other people. "We don't care to punch clocks; we don't like to take orders," Clark replied. However, he said, he didn't want the others to think he saw no basis for prisons—public menaces couldn't be left to roam at will. But what was the use of prisons, he asked, if convicts had nowhere to go when they were released? "They give you fifty kronor when you leave, but what we really need is another chance to make ourselves a future," Clark said. In retrospect, Sven told me, he wonders why he and the other hostages didn't ask if they personally embodied the convicts' conception of another chance. Sven said, "We were all sympathy, taking in everything they told us. We acted as though they were our victims, not the other way around."

AT ten-forty-five Sunday night, without warning, Lindroth's drilling operations got under way, filling the vault with a piercing whine. Olsson immediately raised the volume of his radio, hoping for news that would explain the development, but none was forthcoming. He was aware that the noise overhead didn't necessarily augur an eventual use of gas, but he strongly suspected that that was its purpose. He decided that some countermeasure was in order. Despite Clark's opposition, he planted an explosive charge in one of the vents. In putting distance between himself and the charge, the robber came upon Kristin and Elisabeth huddled together on the floor, hands clapped to their ears, a blanket over their heads. Patiently, he advised them to do as he was doing—move farther away, beyond the small alcove. He told them, too, to forget about holding their ears but to keep their mouths open. Elisabeth said to me, "I remember *thinking*, Why can't the police be considerate like that?" A few seconds later, a jolting report was heard, its message unmistakable for Lindroth. "Olsson was demonstrating his will to resist," the Commissioner notes in his account. Surprised, the drillers stopped their work. The sudden silence appeared to excite Olsson; strutting and victorious in manner, he shouted imprecations through the damaged vent. His ranting bothered Sven, who told me, "I felt unsafe, seeing Jan act that way. I wanted to think of him as our protector. I asked him to calm down, which I

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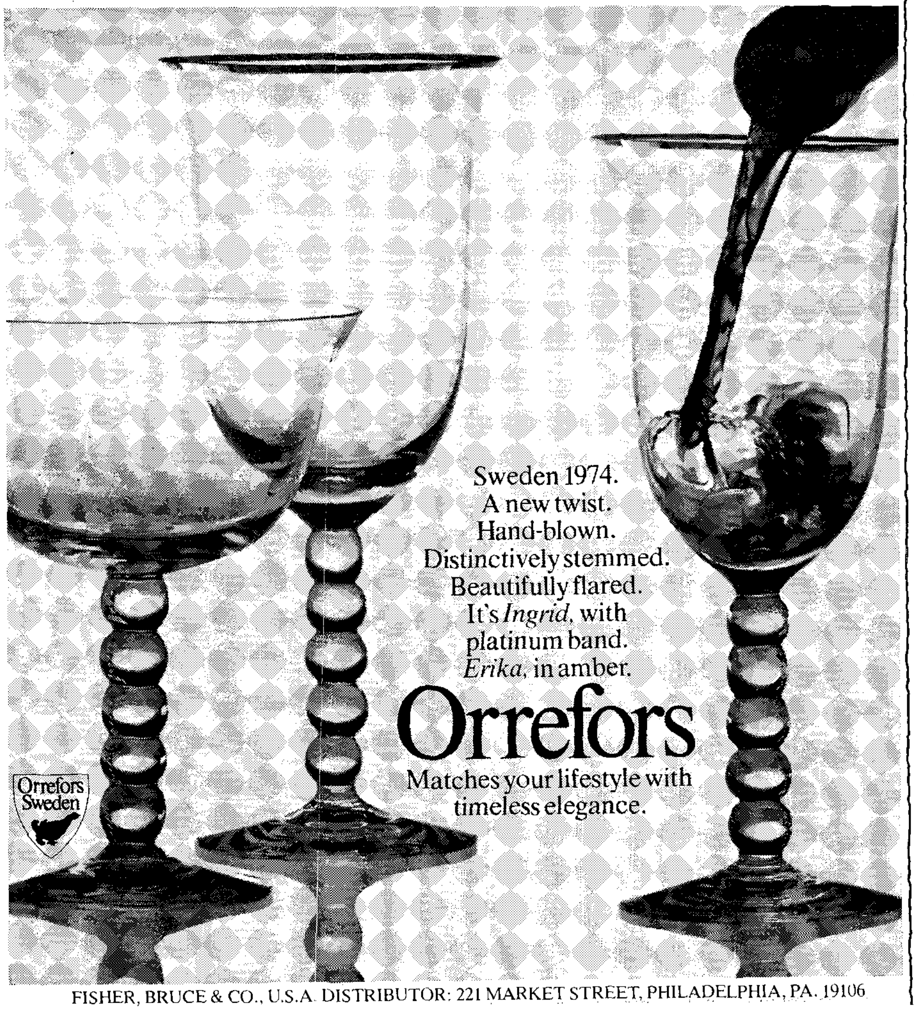

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didn't like doing." Olsson's behavior also dismayed Clark. "There's no reasoning with Jan," he told the hostages, after which he seemed to lapse into a kind of torpor, his fingers aimlessly stroking his beard. The previous Friday, Sven told me, Clark had been an entirely different man, smiling and highly pleased with himself for having exploded the teller's drawer that had yielded in the neighborhood of ninety thousand kronor. Money, though, didn't mean much to Clark as the bank drama drew to a close, for on Monday, discouraged and withdrawn, he unaccountably set fire to money he had earlier taken from the drawer.

Before long, the drilling crews carried on, and Olsson, piqued, ordered the hostages to lie directly under the pounding equipment. He wanted them to judge for themselves, he said, the ruthless nature of their would-be rescuers; if the drilling continued, he told them, the ceiling might well collapse on them all. Sleep was now more than ever a fitful luxury, its onset, as Birgitta had said, largely the product of fright and tension. Birgitta herself, she told me, was able to fall asleep at one point, her slumber favored with a partly comforting dream. Recalling it, she said, "I was behind a staircase at an opera house, and there was a night blue over everything. I had on a seventeenth-century costume, and so did everyone around me. Wherever I looked, there were friends and family and schoolmates I hadn't seen since childhood. I came out into the open air, and ahead of me was a golden coach with horses. I thought I saw my two daughters sitting in it, waiting for me. Then I awoke to the drilling."

Two hours elapsed before the drill penetrated the concrete ceiling, and when it did Olsson lost no time destroying its bit with a short-fuse charge; no one was injured. Replacing the bit, the police and the drilling crews persevered in their operations, at considerable risk. Soon, however, another crisis arose: the drill cut a hole large enough to sever the vault's electric wiring, leaving Olsson's redoubt in darkness. Whether or not this was done by design, the strong room wasn't long without light, for Olsson, enraged, yelled, "Put on light or I shoot!" Lövenlo phoned at once, and Clark answered. "What's the matter with you guys?" Clark asked. "Give us light! Jan is out of his mind!" A short while later, police lowered a battery lantern, its rays casting a bleak, uneven glow over the disordered strong room. Lindroth's men returned to their labors. Now water, used as a coolant for the drill, began to come down in a thin but steady trickle, soaking the carpeted floor, wetting pillows and blankets. As the drilling went on, creating larger openings in the ceiling, the water spilled rather than trickled. When the first of the holes was completed, police immediately covered it with a bulletproof glass shield, and then Lindroth, through Lövenlo, presented the robber with an ultimatum: Pass us your gun and explosives through the hole or we get tougher. Olsson shouted an obscenity, and again the vault shook with the familiar racket from above. But it didn't go on for long, because Olsson made up his mind that he, too, had better get tougher. The ultimatum was partly to blame, a police official conceded to me, but so was a news item, broadcast hours earlier, that the drilling operations were indeed aimed at turning the strong room into a gas chamber. Olsson, provoked to action, let the police know it when suddenly they heard shrill cries from below, loud enough to be heard above the drilling. Sven grabbed for the phone. His voice urgent, he shouted, "Don't send in gas, whatever you do." Police lowered, and quickly raised, a camera to ascertain for themselves what was going on. The hostages were in nooses. Olsson, assisted by Clark, had placed ropes around their necks. The four were standing before safe-deposit cabinets, the ropes knotted to handles of cabinet drawers; if gas fumes entered, Olsson was saying, the hostages would be strangled as they fell unconscious.

The time was then three in the morning, and it was at this juncture that Lindroth, himself exhausted by his exhaustion tactic, let his subordinates talk him into going home. Before the Commissioner left the bank, he directed that a bucket of provisions, including sandwiches and bottles of beer, be lowered to the strong room's inhabitants. Except for Olsson's pears, they hadn't eaten for more than fifty hours. Permitting the hostages to loosen their nooses, the criminals had them test the provisions first. None of the four would touch the beer, both because it looked strangely flat and because the bottle caps were askew. The hostages' suspicions were justified; police admitted to me that the beer contained a strong soporific. The captives did partake of the sandwiches. The two convicts waited half an hour to see if there were any ill effects. When none manifested themselves, the robber and Clark took

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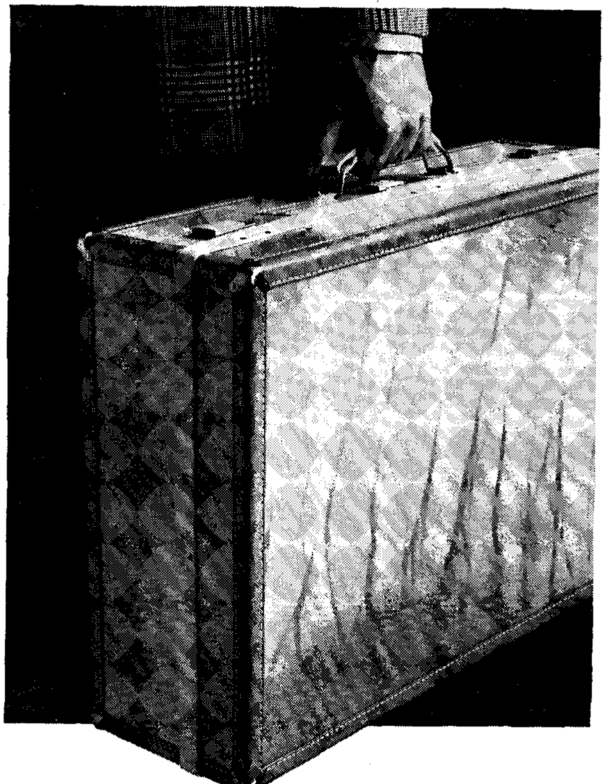

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their share; with a finger, Olsson scraped the butter off his sandwiches, to use it to lubricate his submachine gun.

"AT two on Monday afternoon, we met again," Commissioner Lindroth records in his account, referring to the moment when he and his lieutenants began their final deliberations on the bank drama. By then, in the strong room below, the three men and three women had endured another half day in their enforced habitat. For hours after Lindroth halted the drilling, Olsson had kept the hostages standing in their nooses. In the silence, the principal sound had been the occasional crackle of the microphones and of Olsson's radio; nothing was coming over the set, but Olsson left it on, in case something might. Birgitta had surreptitiously loosened her noose, but the robber, noticing, had sternly retightened it. She and Sven were directly behind the inner door, gazing at the barricade of overturned cabinets. The makeshift gallows, she told me, had no effect on her thinking; her mind was preoccupied with her family. Sven continued to acquit himself well. When Olsson asked him, toward five or six in the morning, if he was getting tired, Sven shook his head and inquired whether he could do the standing for everyone. Olsson told me, "He was a real man. He was ready to be a hostage for the hostages." Elisabeth had her mind on her parents. In her helpless state, she told me, an immense affection for them took hold of her. She said, "They had done so much for me, I thought, it would be unfair for them to lose me this way. But it wasn't all welcome, the feeling I had. The past year, I had believed I was growing up, away from them." Kristin fought off sleep, partly to guard against her neck's being snapped, partly out of an animal-like alertness for signs of change—any change—in the quiet chamber. As the hours drifted by, with the robber's loop scratching at her neck, Kristin persuaded herself that the longer the bank drama lasted, the likelier it was that Olsson or the police would commit some irreversible error. "I was numb with fright," she said. "I wished I could just close my eyes, then wake up dead or alive." The radio continued silent, and Olsson, finally relenting, permitted the hostages to lift the nooses over their heads; at his command, though, they tucked the ropes into their clothing, keeping them ready for use again, pending developments.

Upstairs, Lindroth and his lieuten-

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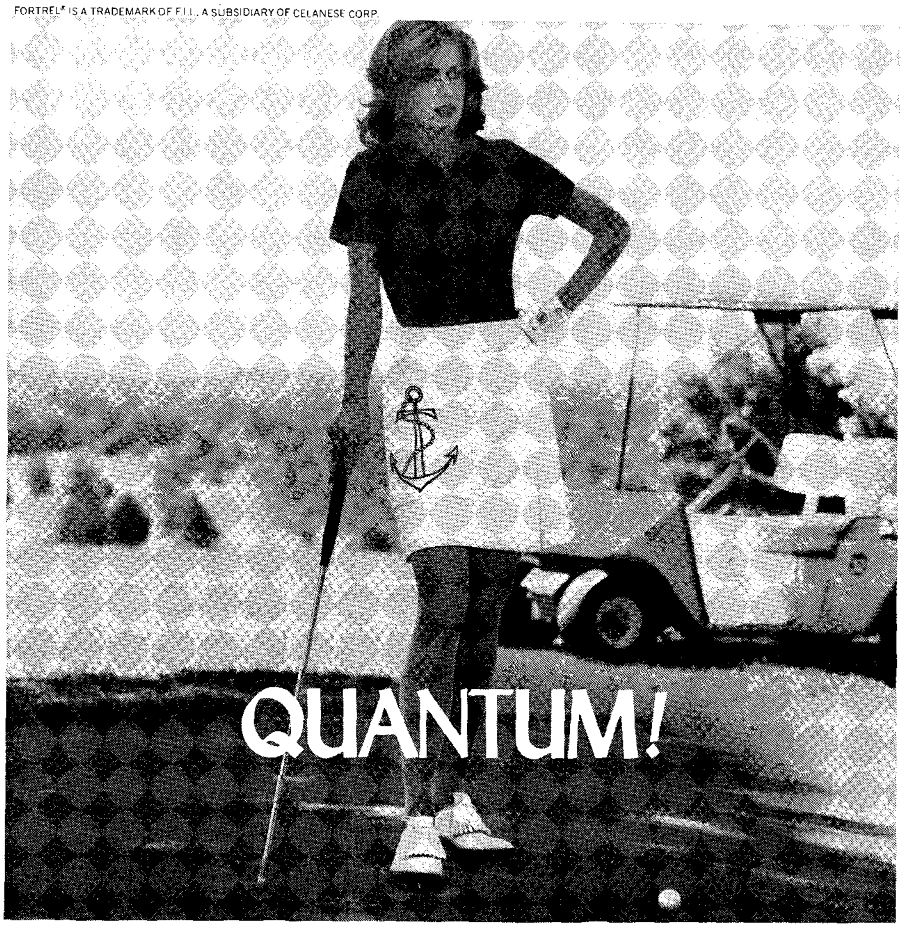

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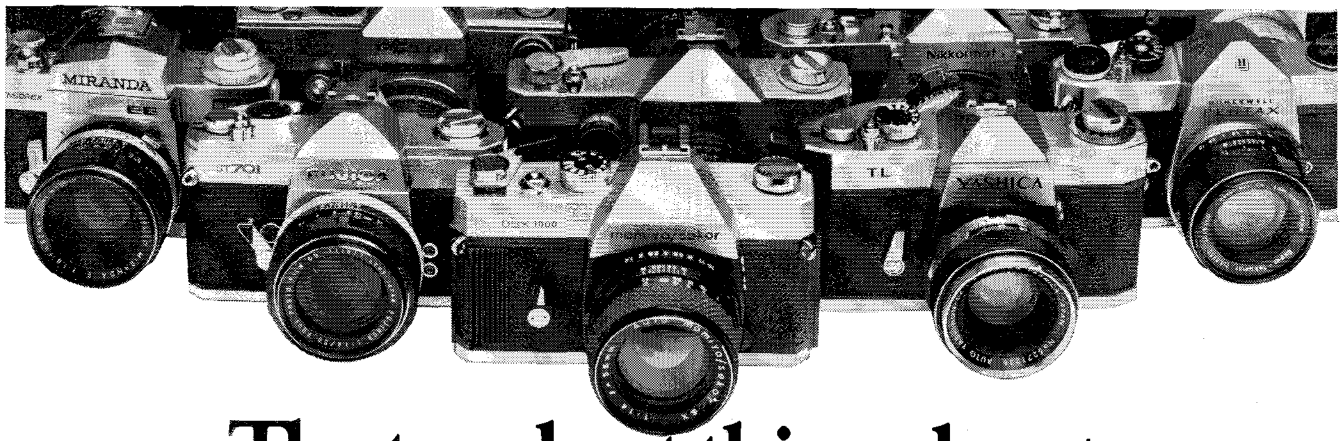

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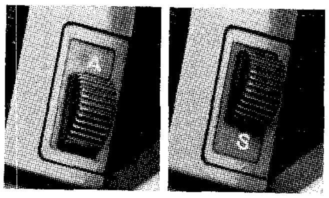

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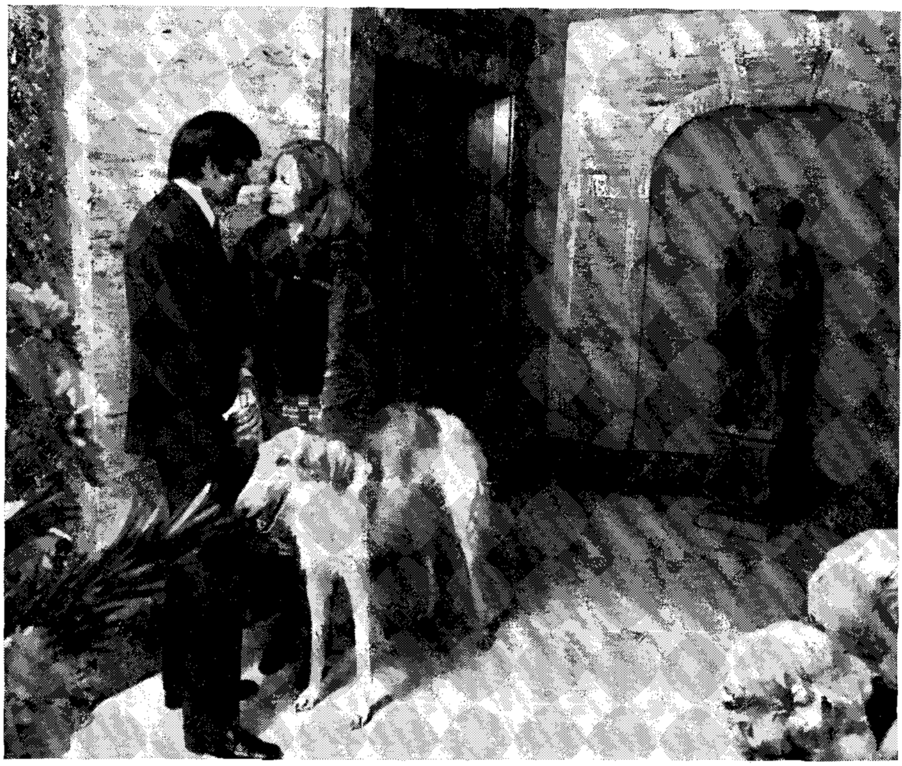

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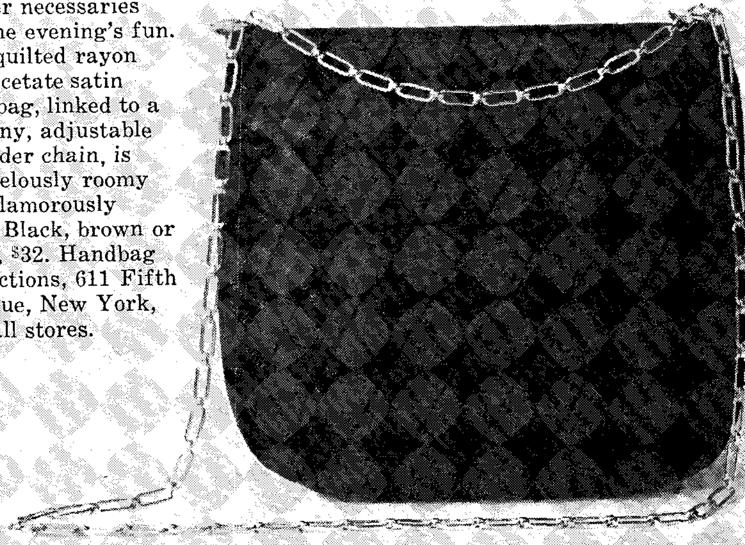

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ants, rested and shaved, attacked anew an agenda of old questions, most of them of a purely practical sort. In their thoroughness, the police considered the possibility that Olsson might have forced open safe-deposit boxes in a search for additional weapons. They wondered, too, whether his canvas suitcase contained other weapons. They discussed whether Olsson had set explosive charges in the strong room's doorway—a discussion that led directly to a consideration of how best to open the strong room's door. Only volunteers, it was agreed, would be considered for storming the vault. The administering of tear gas was reviewed, and again the police vetoed employing gas bombs; these might not even explode, it was pointed out, since the soaked carpet would cushion their impact. Aerosol flasks, it was decided, were definitely the answer, each fitted with a thin metal tube, from which the gas would be expelled once the holes were completed. As for entering the vault, policemen could drop through the larger holes, but Lindroth and his colleagues ruled that out as foolhardy, for if Olsson was able to shoot, the men would make easy targets. With the help of an acetylene torch, the police would have to gain entry through the inner barrier. But pondering these manifold details, important though they might be, contributed nothing to answering the preeminent question that hung over the strategy session: Was Olsson actually capable of killing the hostages—was he prepared to commit murder at the probable cost of his own life? The police, of course, could only guess at the answer to that, but they did reach a decision concerning their own course of action. Summing up the deliberations, Lindroth wrote, "We decided to show Olsson our resolution. We no longer intended to give way to threats." The Commissioner cut off all contact with the strong room. He ordered that no more food or drink be lowered. The drilling proceeded.

Below, the drills, now penetrating the weakened ceiling with relative ease, brought down more water than ever; it continued to reach new levels, eventually attaining a depth of four or five inches in some places. Kristin took off a pair of wool socks that the robber had let her have from his bag; in the wetness, her feet were warmer without them. Others sat in chairs, making footrests of deposit-box handles or else perched themselves on writing tables. Beyond an occasional gibe at the police, there was little talk—no one doubted that the end of the bank drama was imminent. Olsson, stretched out on a table, was showing signs of weariness. He was still armed, however, and not only retained his leadership but had the strength to remind the hostages that if and when he gave the order they were to don their nooses. When the drillers made a second large hole, Olsson recklessly climbed a cabinet and blocked it—"very effectively," Lindroth conceded—with the last of his leftover newspaper. As a third hole was being completed, the robber fired at a policeman who was trying to cover it with a glass shield; the bullet buried itself harmlessly in a protective sandbag. Olsson and the others made use of the water as it rose, sponging themselves with drenched remnants of paper sheets, or scooping it up with their hands to slake their thirst. At eight-thirty-five Tuesday morning, Olsson used his gun again, wounding an officer above in the left hand and left cheek; like his luckier colleague of a short while earlier, the man was covering a hole at the time. Several hours later, as their operations continued, police raised the battery lantern, leaving those in the vault to concentrate blindly on the sounds of drilling and of splashing water; this time, Olsson didn't protest the loss of light. "God, I was tired by then," he told me. Toward nine in the evening, the seven holes were completed, and the drilling came to a halt; moments afterward, police turned off the strong room's ventilation fan, and the elimination of its low whir added to the new quiet. "We all knew what was about to happen," Kristin said. In the darkness, awaiting the gas, Clark called out bitterly, "The bastards are going to get us again!" Kristin said to me, "It was to Jan alone he was talking, but I imagined that I understood a little how they were feeling."

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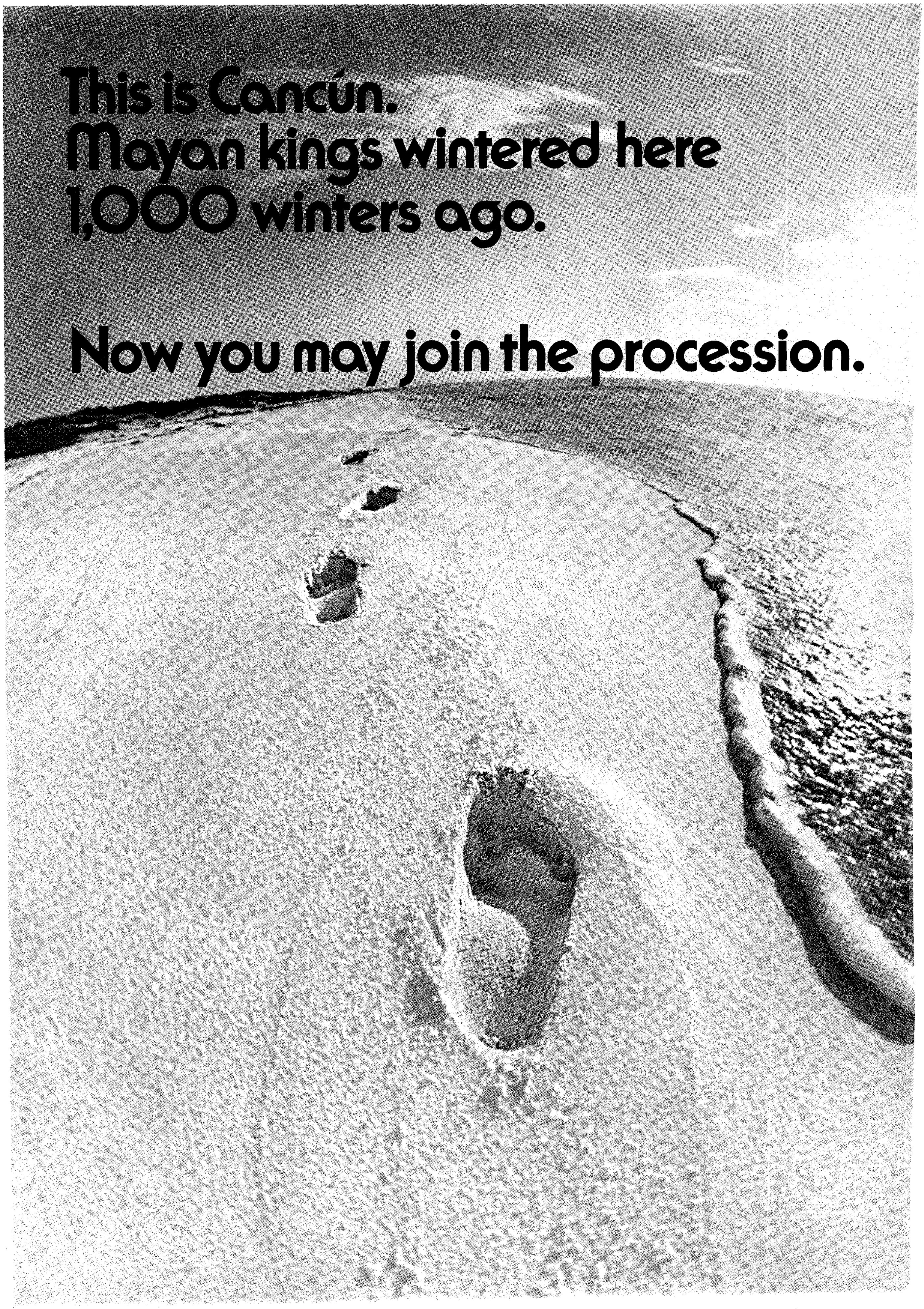
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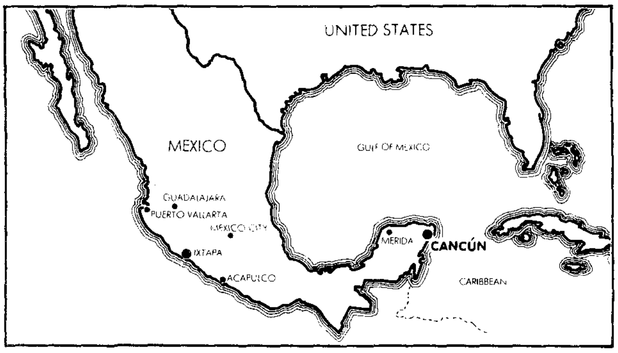

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waste motion, other officers were assigned the specific task of unlocking the vault door; still others were to handle the manacling of the convicts. A half-dozen ambulances were parked in Norrmalmstorg. Medical teams were inside the bank, their ranks including anesthesiologists, who were to revive the vault's unconscious inmates.

IGNORANT of these preparations, those in the strong room waited with spent forbearance. Minutes past nine, the gas came, noiselessly, insidiously. Police switched on the ventilation fan to disseminate it. Wearing gas masks, those above the vault lowered lamps through two holes to watch the scene below. Too late, Olsson played his trump. He ordered the hostages to put on the nooses. But there was no chance either to obey or disobey his last command, even though a foulup had occurred in the administering of the gas, the elaborate planning notwithstanding, so that the fumes weren't strong enough to cause unconsciousness. "Everything was out of control," Sven told me. "All of us were on the wet floor, choking, vomiting, our eyes hurting, wanting air. The robber yelled, 'We give up, let us out!' " The others in the vault took up his cry. "Let's have your weapon," Lövenlo called down to Olsson. Eagerly, the robber coöperated, he and the police hoisting his submachine gun with the aid of a hook and a plastic cord. Unwilling to risk further delays, Olsson reminded the police of another weapon he had—his explosives. After a moment, he was told to open his door, upon which he would be able to surrender them to a policeman. Frantically, Olsson fell to dismantling his barricade. Clark and the others helped, but it was the robber who worked prodigiously at the task—racing to get out before, as he believed, the fumes left everyone demented. When the barricade no longer stood, he swung back the inner door, expecting to find a clear exit. The outer door, though, was open but a crack. Inspector Larsson was standing in it, armed, and looking grotesque in his gas mask; behind him, similarly armed, were his two comrades, and behind them, out on the street floor, were countless other police, their bustle and clatter the dominant sound. But even now, Olsson discovered, his eager coöperation was getting him nowhere, for Larsson appeared to be in no hurry. He wanted to know how he could be sure that Olsson wouldn't blow him up when he handed over the explosives. As is duly recorded in the official police

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investigation, Larsson said, "Get it through your head: I'll lose my cool if you try to blow off my arms." Olsson responded, "You just be calm. I'll do what I said." "Trust him!" Kristin called out; the other hostages, their eyes smarting, urged the same. Warily, Larsson told Olsson to hand him his safety fuses first, then the plastic explosives. Olsson complied as fast as he could. Disarmed at last, he listened to the police shout from above and through the crack, "Hostages first! Hostages first!" But there was no movement in the vault. The hostages kept their ground, rejecting rescue. Defiantly, Kristin shouted back, "No, Jan and Clark go first—you'll gun them down if we do!" Startled, the would-be liberators hesitated, then finally opened wide the outer door and made way for Olsson and Clark. As they stood framed in the doorway, the convicts and hostages quickly, abruptly embraced each other, the women kissing their captors, Sven shaking hands with them. Their farewells over, all six walked out of the vault, Olsson and Clark in the lead.

Out on the bank's main floor, the two convicts disappeared at once in a sea of uniforms and gas masks and weapons. Litter-bearers were on hand for the hostages, whom they gently urged to get on stretchers. Sven told me, "I didn't need one, but I didn't have the strength to say no." Outdoors, Birgitta, limp with relief, looked up at the August sky from her stretcher, taking deep draughts of the warm evening air; as she was lifted into an ambulance, she told me, she was conscious of crowds of strangers looking at her—all of them, she sensed, wishing her well. In her ambulance, Elisabeth told me, she wondered what had become of the criminals. "I was thinking that whatever was being done for us should be done for them," she said. Kristin wouldn't lie down. She sat up on her stretcher, looking for signs of Olsson or Clark. Just as she was leaving the Kreditbank building, she saw Clark; he was handcuffed, she said, and police were working him over, yanking his beard, clubbing him about the legs. Loudly, for all to hear, she called from her stretcher, "Clark, I'll see you again!" In Norrmalmstorg, surrounded by reporters and photographers, Thorander spoke a single sentence: "It's all over and no one's hurt."

THE four hostages were taken to the psychiatric clinic of St. Göran's Hospital, where, as has been mentioned, they spent ten days in the care of Dr. Ljungberg and Dr. Bergman. In effect, the doctors administered

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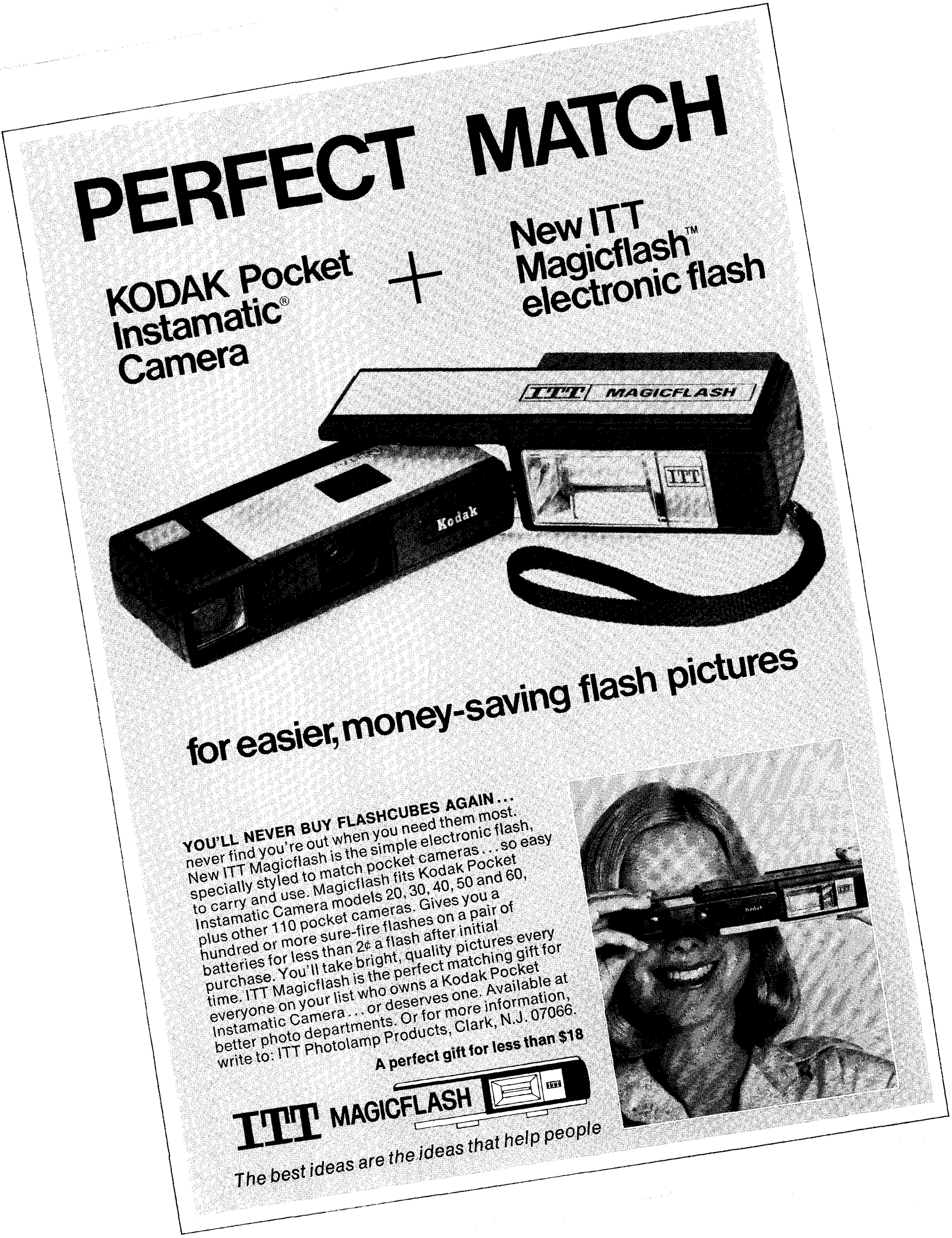
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ITT MAGICFLASH

The best ideas are the ideas that help people first-aid psychiatry, their primary objective, it appeared, being to persuade the patients that death did not necessarily lurk in the next instant—that an utter lack of tension was also a part of reality. To bring this about, the doctors tried various tactics, one of them being to ply the hostages with creature comforts. Each of the four was given a private room, in which the immediate horizon was masses of bouquets—the offerings, preponderantly, of sympathetic citizens. Favorite dishes were the order of the day, and there were baths for the asking. Birgitta recalls her first one with relish. "Ah, to soap away that sticky gas, to have on pajamas again!" she told me. The oddest whim of the patients was indulged, as when Kristin expressed a desire to sandpaper wooden saltshakers; Birgitta and Elisabeth busied themselves knitting and sewing. Elisabeth smoked her first cigarillo; luxuriating between clean sheets, her manner queenly, she made it known that she wished to dispose of the clothes she had had on in the strong room—all except a suède jacket, which she couldn't part with. Police retrieved belongings, old and new, from the vault. Kristin got back a pair of eyeglasses she had left behind, and Birgitta acquired the transistor radio, to do with as she would; Olsson had told the police that she could have it.

The clinic was off limits to the press. Only close friends and relatives could visit the hostages, who, of course, were free to visit each other. They didn't do this with any frequency, though—which surprised neither of the doctors in attendance. Dr. Ljungberg told me, "In the vault, they shared the pressures of a common emergency, but at the clinic they were on their own. They might or might not become friends, just as people do in ordinary life." Two of the hostages have in fact become friends—Kristin and Elisabeth. This past summer, they spent their second vacation together, the first having occurred when they left St. Göran's and went off to Cyprus. In the hospital, Kristin and Elisabeth reacted similarly on seeing their parents, each of the young women being conscious of an unfamiliar solicitude for them—the same concern that Elisabeth had known while in her noose. Kristin finally felt a flow of tears when her mother and father arrived. "They had given me life, and I had learned how much I wanted it," she said.

In an effort to free the patients of memories that might make for chronic difficulties, the doctors encouraged them to talk and talk about the bank drama. But when the hostages did, it

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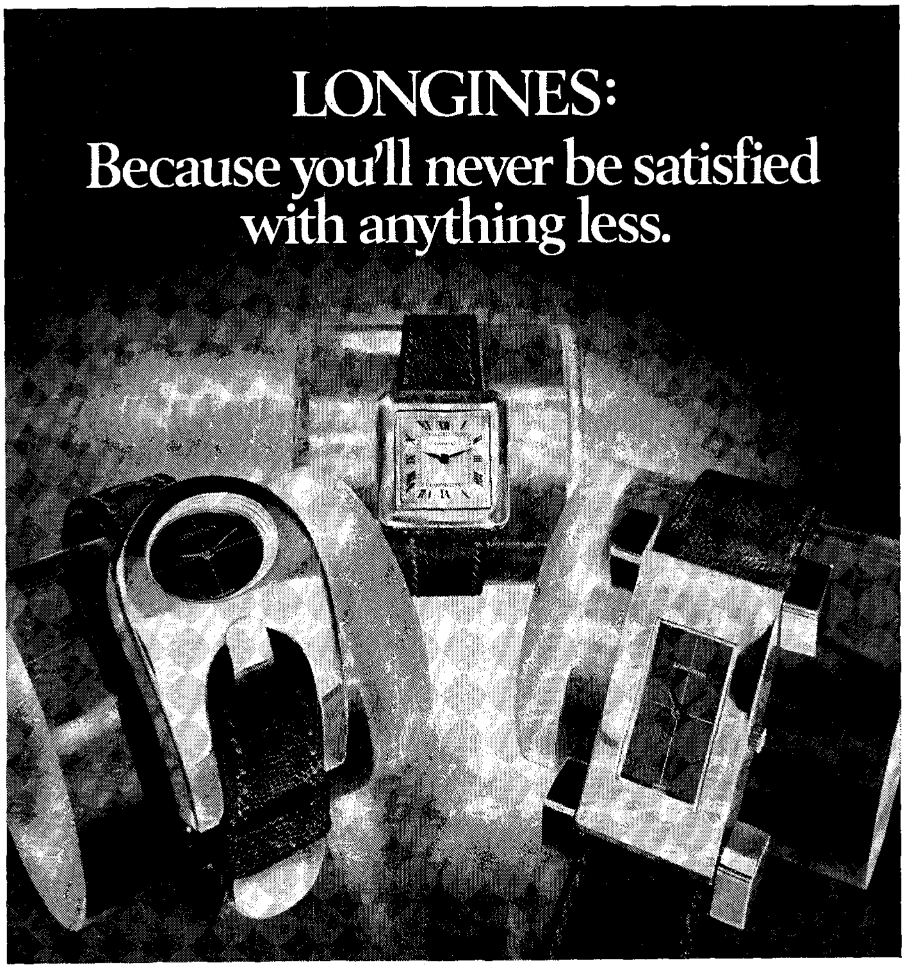

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In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

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turned out that they persisted in thinking of the police as "the enemy," preferring to believe that it was the criminals to whom they owed their lives. Repeatedly, Kristin told me, she found she was identifying herself with the criminals, on one occasion remarking to Dr. Bergman, "That was the morning we shot at the police." While at St. Göran's, Elisabeth accused the doctors of seeking to "brainwash" away her regard for Olsson and Clark. The following day, however, she ingenuously inquired of Dr. Bergman, "Is there something wrong with me? Why don't I hate them?" Sven tried hard to do just that, but without success; it was beyond him, it seemed, to combine his rational condemnation of the convicts' deed with a sense of anger. Instead of venting his outrage, Sven told me, he found himself contemplating the condition of prisoners in general. This was new for him, he said, his interest in social issues having been nil; apparently, he added, his captors' comments on prison life had set him thinking. It impressed him that Olsson could spend considerable time in prison and yet be drawn to crime again. As though testing his wings, Sven ventured to suggest, when we talked, that the government would do well to overhaul its rehabilitation policies for convicts. "Maybe someday I'll visit the robber and Clark," he said. In the hospital, Birgitta seemed to her fellow-hostages to be remarkably composed. When I informed her of this, she was mildly surprised. Once she was out of the vault, she told me, her world was back in place, her family intact, her small daughters as safe as she was. With a slight shrug, she asked what else there was to do but carry on with one's existence. Her seeming insouciance, though, was open to question when, in July, 1974—nearly a year after the bank drama—she and her husband and children were driving south one weekend to see her in-laws. En route, they had to pass through the town of Norrköping—the last she had heard of Clark, that was the location of his penitentiary. Birgitta asked her husband if he would be willing to stop there; he agreed. Clark was indeed still at the penitentiary in Norrköping; Birgitta had made no arrangements to see him, but prison officials proved flexible. She and Clark conversed for a half hour, after which Birgitta rejoined her husband and the two girls, who had been sitting outside the prison in the family car. When we talked about it, Birgitta said that she wasn't sure why she had made the visit—only that she was aware of having heeded a powerful

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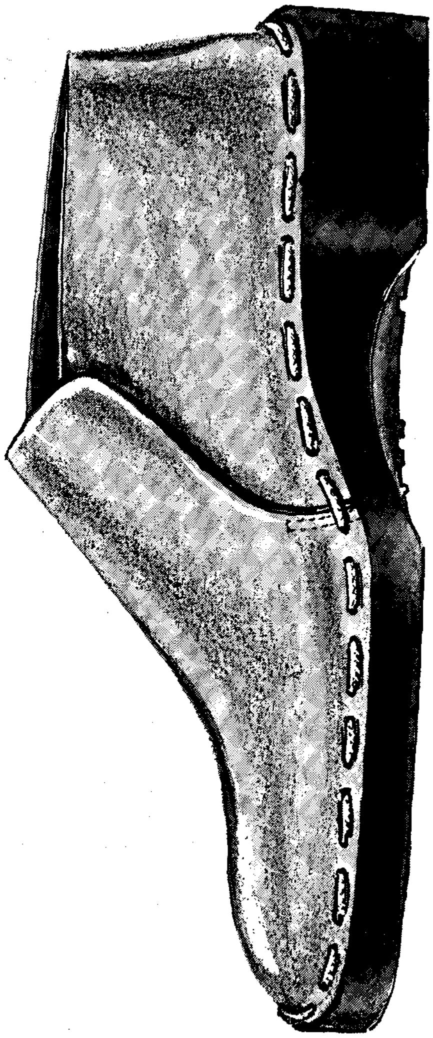

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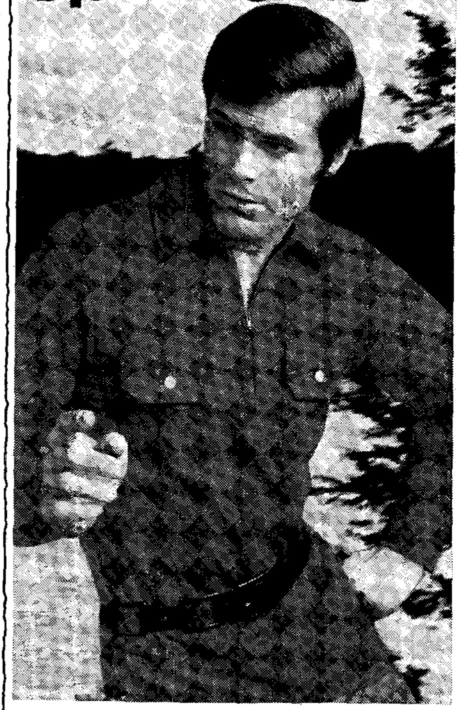

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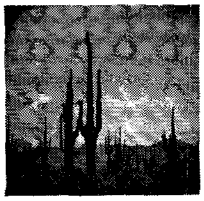

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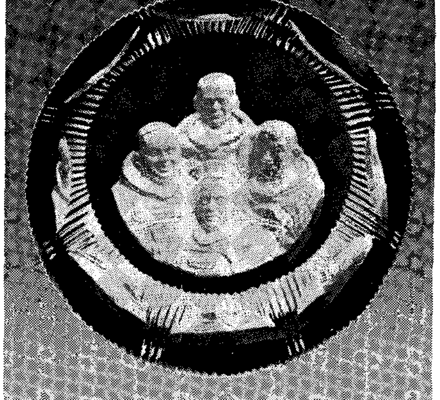
impulse. Nor was she sure why she was disinclined to go into what she and Clark had discussed. "It wasn't much, really, just memories," she told me, and then, when I had about concluded that she would say no more, she added, "Clark didn't say he was sorry for anything he'd done—he needn't have."

With the exception of Birgitta, the hostages continue to visit the clinic periodically. Sven is continuing to find himself. He is back at the bank, which has taken up quarters in a new building. Birgitta has also returned, industriously attending to duties in the foreign-exchange department. Kristin took a summer job there before going back to school, in September, 1974, for her second year of courses in social work. Elisabeth is studying at the Sophiahemmet Nursing School, in Stockholm. The four testified as witnesses last February, when Olsson and Clark were brought to trial for the bank drama, Olsson charged with violent robbery, kidnapping, and attempted murder and Clark with violent robbery. Olsson was given ten years, to be served concurrently with the balance of the three-year sentence he was already serving. Clark pleaded his own case, arguing that the police had forced him to abandon the safety of his cell and act as Olsson's accomplice. "The police have cooked up a thin soup," he charged. He did well as his own advocate, for while the judge at his first trial gave him a six-and-a-half-year term, an appeals court overturned the decision, ruling that, as Clark maintained, his entire participation in the bank drama had been under duress, first on the part of the police and then on Olsson's part. Ever conscious of his standing in prison society, the robber had been a willing witness in support of Clark's various contentions. Many Swedes, I found, believe that Clark played a double game; that is, if he could have escaped with Olsson he would have done so, but, failing that, he could always fall back on the defense he used at his trial. In any event, Clark is now in prison for past crimes and will be there until May, 1979. Olsson will be imprisoned until October, 1983, at the maximum-security jail in Kumla.

The hostages, particularly Elisabeth, found it disquieting to rehash their experience in open court. Elisabeth told me that not until she testified at the trial had she faced squarely the depth of terror she underwent in the strong room. She had constructed a memory of her six days there, she said, but giving testimony under oath had upset it.



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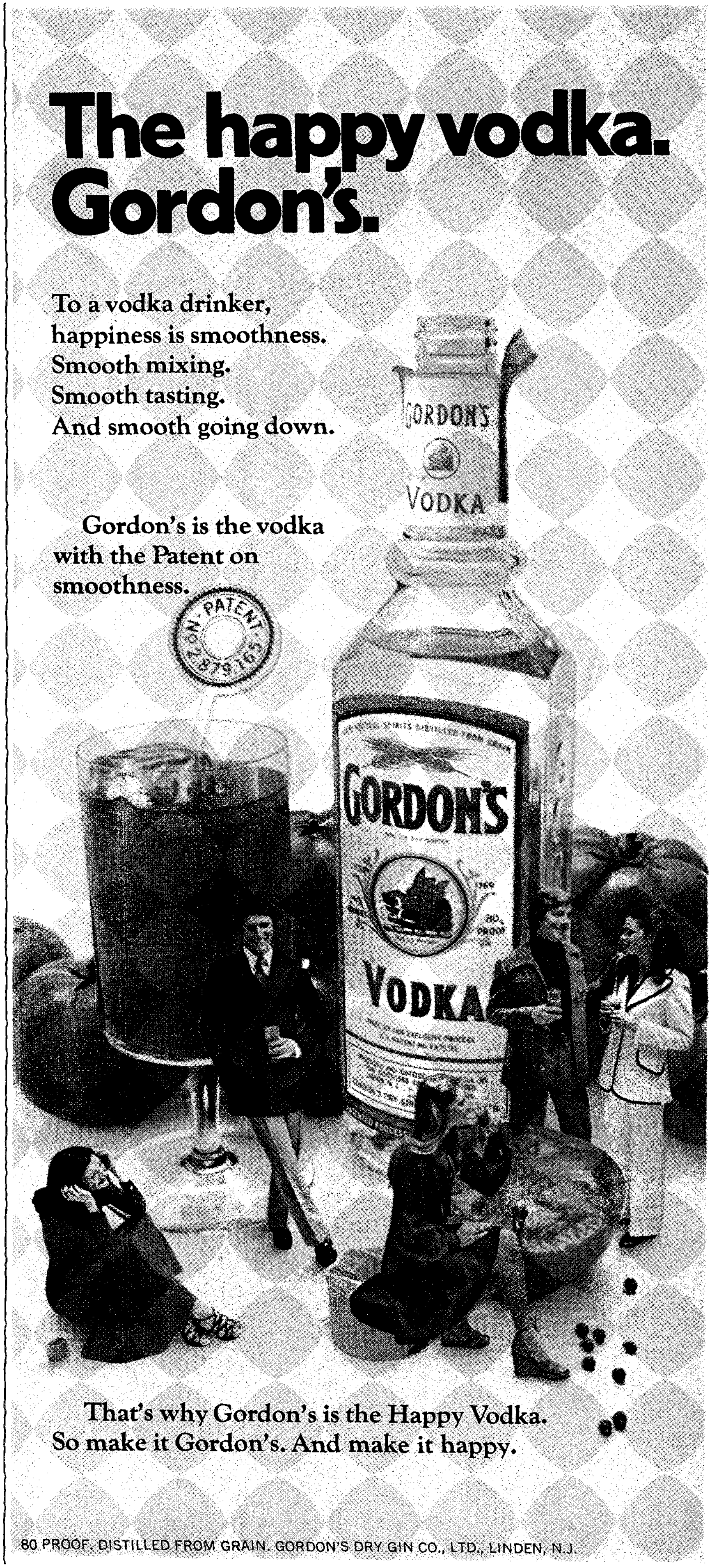
In its stead, she had developed, after the trial, a fear that one of the convicts might escape and take her hostage again. Nightmares had beset her for weeks; she had been haunted by the serial number of Olsson's submachine gun, at which she had stared a thousand times while she was in the vault. At the time we met—months after the trial—Elisabeth was dispirited because she felt nothing toward her captors. That couldn't last, she said; they had put her through an ordeal that she must not forget. "Sooner or later, everything will come back to me," she said.

Like the hostages, the police were deluged with congratulatory bouquets. As though taking curtain calls, Lindroth, Thorander, Larsson, Lövenlo, and the other heroes of the bank drama were photographed holding the flowers, the men's features fixed in expressions of stern modesty. In stately fashion, five hundred of Stockholm's leading citizens attended a banquet at police headquarters to celebrate the end of the irregular incident that had befallen in their city. The occasion was replete with happy announcements. Commissioner Lindroth, a principal speaker, awarded fifty-two engraved plaques to policemen, bank executives, doctors, electricians, and drilling crews. Augmenting the air of contentment, a high official of the Kreditbank made it known to the banqueters that his organization was donating seventy-five thousand kronor to the Stockholm Police District. Homage was paid the hostages. To the applause of the assemblage, the official revealed that each of the four would be given a bonus of ten thousand kronor (twenty-four hundred dollars) and a week's holiday, all expenses paid. Gold watches and two-week vacations went to bank employees who had been subjected to Olsson's obstreperous arrival at their place of business.

From Holland, West Germany, and other countries, deputations of law-enforcement officers came to Stockholm to learn the secret of the local police success. Behind his cluttered desk at police headquarters, Thorander told me that he had given freely of his time, taking the visitors to Normalmstorg, answering all questions, making documents available, telling of mistakes—the clumsily capped beer bottles, the inept briefing of the press, the failure to keep detailed records while the bank drama was in progress. Thorander doubted, though, whether he satisfied his foreign colleagues. Smiling wearily, he said, "The most important point I



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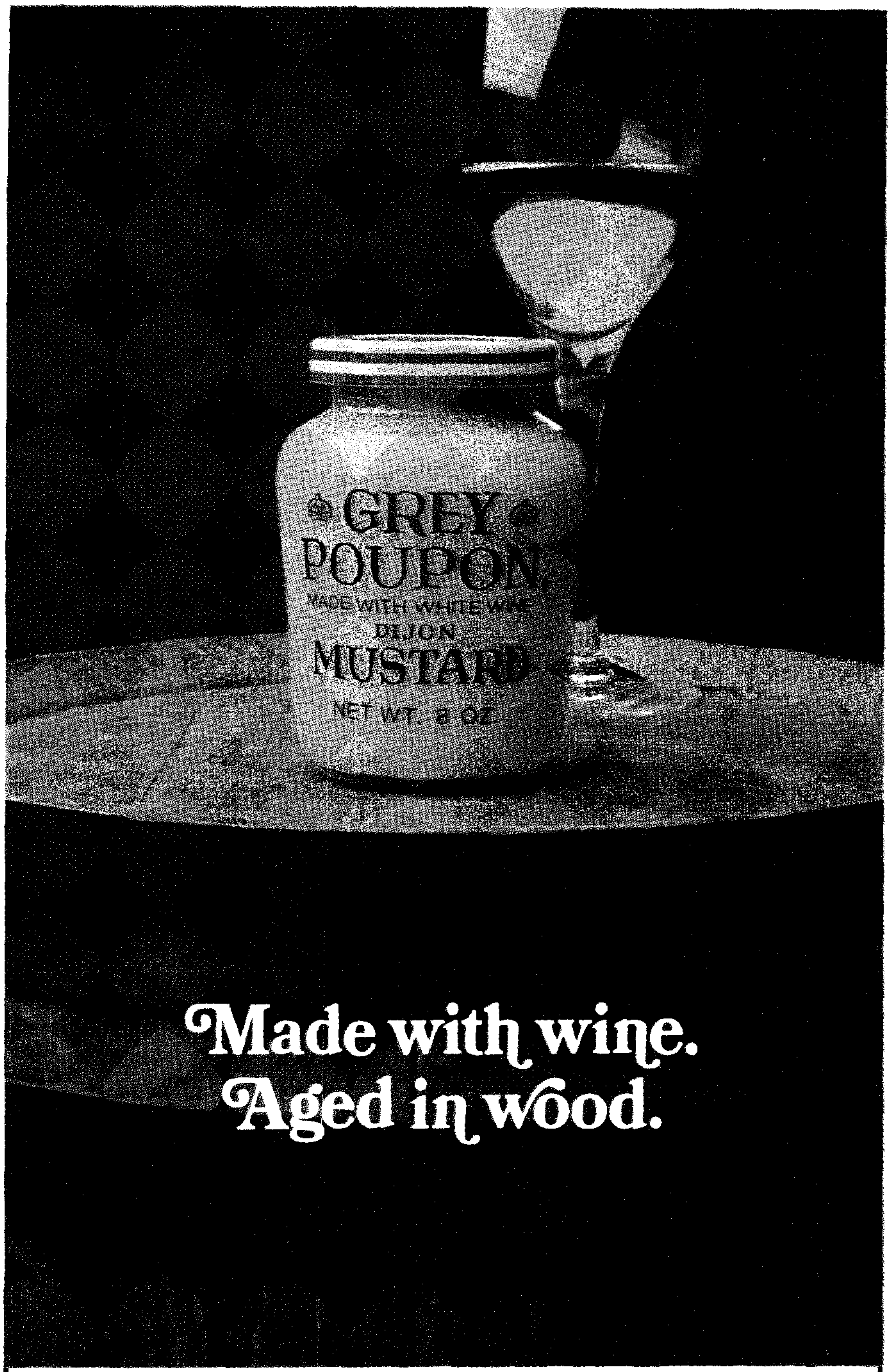
made to them was that there are no general rules for saving hostages."

WHEN I arrived at Olsson's penitentiary, in Kumla, two hours by train from Stockholm, an administrative official frisked me, then conscientiously reminded me of two conditions to which I had agreed before leaving the capital. Olsson had laid them down in answering my request for an interview; through prison authorities, he had sent word that he would see me if I took no photographs of him and, secondly, if no one else was present at our talk. These amenities dispensed with, the administrative official turned me over to a hulking young guard, who led me down a long concrete tunnel until we came to an electrically controlled door that slid open when the guard identified himself to someone invisible. Emerging from the administrative building, we stood in an empty prison yard—a nondescript area of brown soil and rocks, overshadowed by a towering, seemingly unscalable wall. It was an hour when the prisoners were at work indoors. As we crossed the yard, the guard, halting, spoke his only words. Looking up at a blue, cloudless sky, he said, "It's a beautiful day, but not in a place like this." Entering the building where the convicts live, we negotiated another remotely controlled door, then mounted a flight of stairs to a *besöksrum*—visitors' room. Abruptly disappearing, the guard locked me in. Later on, when we parted, Olsson would also be locked in the room by himself; in the few minutes I had had with the administrative official, he had told me that after being visited all prisoners had to strip and be gone over with a metal detector to insure that they had been given no weapons.

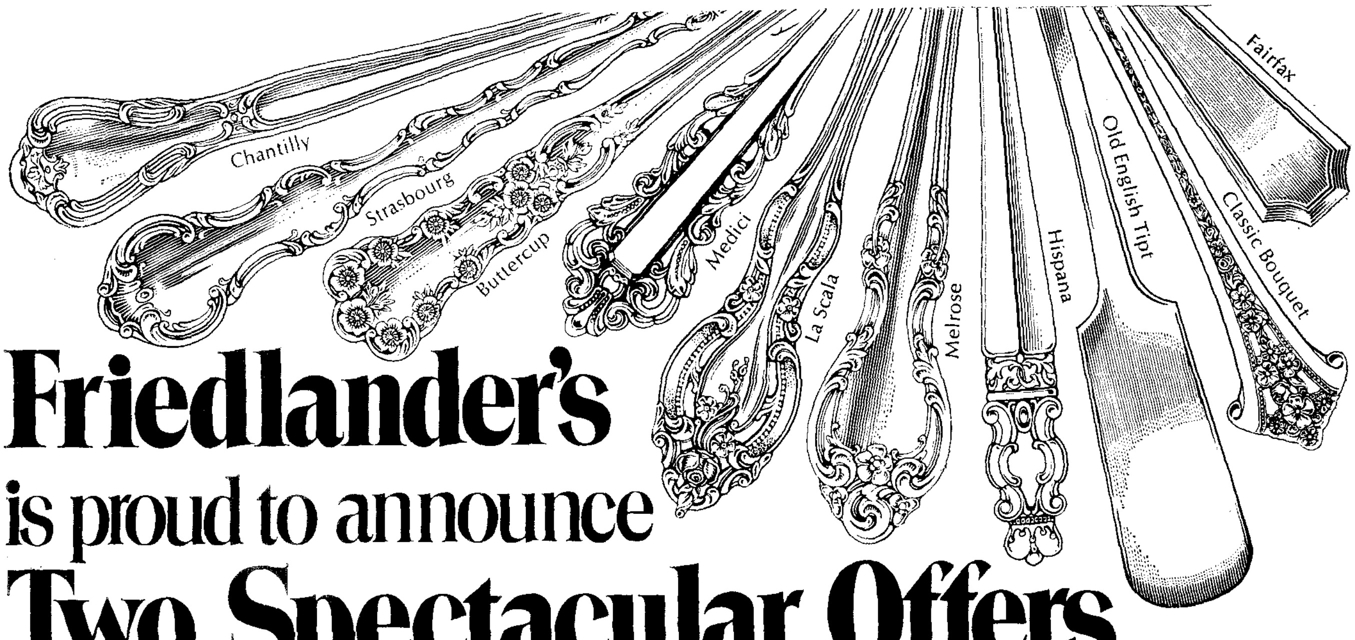
I awaited Olsson in a room of modest size that was tastefully appointed. An oak table of graceful design stood between two comfortable oak chairs. Taking up one corner was the room's largest piece of furniture, a leather couch; blankets and linen sheets were neatly folded at its foot. At Kumla, and in certain other Swedish penitentiaries, prisoners may have sexual intercourse with visitors, including prostitutes. Daylight came through a window that was crisscrossed with iron bars and alarm wires; a wall telephone was next to the door. In a few minutes, I heard a fumbling at the door, and there was Olsson, under escort. Vacantly, the guard looked from him to me, then withdrew. The robber appeared to be in great shape, buoyant, lithe, powerful; he was apparently keeping up his



Easy and Elegant Quiche
Quiche Lorraine

3 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup light cream
5 slices bacon, crisply cooked and crumbled
3 tablespoons Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard
¼ cup finely minced onion
1 cup grated Swiss Cheese
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 unbaked 9 inch pie shell

Combine all ingredients except pie shell. Pour into pie shell. Bake in preheated 375° oven 35–40 minutes or until knife inserted in filling comes out clean.



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PLACE SETTING PIECES										
Teaspoon	22.75	17.06	23.75	17.81	26.75	20.06	28.00	21.00	30.25	22.69
Place Knife	19.50	14.63	19.75	14.81	21.00	15.75	21.25	15.94	21.50	16.13
Place Fork	34.50	25.88	38.00	28.50	40.75	30.56	46.25	34.69	50.50	37.88
Place Knife, Large	—	—	20.75	15.56	22.00	16.50	22.25	16.69	24.50	18.38
Place Fork, Large	—	—	45.00	33.75	48.00	36.00	54.75	41.06	59.25	44.44
Place Spoon (for Soup, Dessert)	29.50	22.13	32.00	24.00	35.00	26.25	37.00	27.75	43.75	32.81
Salad Fork (Dessert & Fish)	28.25	21.19	28.50	21.38	31.50	23.63	34.50	25.88	37.75	28.31
Cream Soup Spoon	—	—	32.00	24.00	35.00	26.25	37.00	27.75	—	—
Spreader, Hollow Handle	15.25	11.44	16.50	12.38	17.50	13.13	17.75	13.50	—	—
PLACE OR LUNCHEON SIZE										
4-pc. Place-Setting	105.00	78.75	110.00	82.50	120.00	90.00	130.00	97.50	140.00	105.00
5-pc. Place Setting	134.50	100.88	142.00	106.50	155.00	116.25	167.00	125.25	183.75	137.81
6-pc. P/S w/H.H. Spdr.	149.75	112.31	158.50	118.88	172.50	129.38	184.75	138.56	201.75	151.31
DINNER SIZE										
4-pc. Place-Setting	—	—	118.00	88.50	128.25	96.19	139.50	104.63	151.75	113.81
5-pc. Place-Setting	—	—	150.00	112.50	163.25	122.44	176.50	132.38	195.50	146.63
6-pc. P/S w/H.H. Spdr.	—	—	166.50	124.88	180.75	135.56	194.25	145.69	213.50	160.13
SERVING PIECES										
Butter Serving Knife, H.H.	14.75	11.06	15.00	11.25	15.00	11.25	18.50	13.88	19.00	14.25
Cold Meat or Buffet Fork	49.75	37.31	59.75	44.81	59.75	44.81	59.75	44.81	65.00	48.75
Gravy Ladle	45.00	33.75	59.75	44.81	59.75	44.81	59.75	44.81	65.00	48.75
Olive or Pickle Fork	—	—	17.50	13.13	17.50	13.13	20.00	15.00	22.50	16.88
Pie or Cake Server	27.50	20.63	27.50	20.63	27.50	20.63	27.50	20.63	35.00	26.25
Sugar Spoon	27.50	20.63	30.00	22.50	30.00	22.50	30.00	22.50	36.00	27.00
Tablespoon, Pierced	49.75	37.31	49.75	37.31	60.00	45.00	65.00	48.75	80.00	60.00
Tablespoon	49.75	37.31	49.75	37.31	60.00	45.00	65.00	48.75	80.00	60.00
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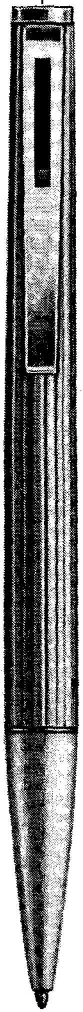

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body-building regimen. He had blue eyes, reddish-brown hair with long sideburns, and a moderately flowing mustache. His garb consisted of dungarees and a T-shirt, and one of his exposed arms showed a tattooed mermaid, a memento of years before when he had wandered the world as a seaman; he had spent time in America, and no doubt that accounted in part for his accent. He smiled engagingly as he entered, flashing the brilliant white teeth that Birgitta had said he was fond of displaying. In his hands, when he arrived, were a ball-point pen and a manuscript, both of which he placed on the oak table. Seated on either side of it, we talked until the guard returned, an hour or so later.

Olsson was direct and responsive throughout. "I've been called Sweden's most dangerous man," he began. Giving me a moment to take in the absurdity of that notion, he added that if in fact any of his countrymen did think of him in that light they needn't lie awake nights. He had years and years to put in at Kumla, and when he was released Sweden wouldn't be his home. "Who would ever have anything to do with me in this country, after all the noise over Norrmalmstorg?" he asked. He said he had counted his chances of success at the Kreditbank high—very high. He told me, "I believed I would go there in the morning and be gone with everything I wanted by five. But the police surprised me. They were so tough. It must have had something to do with the election campaign. I figured wrong—it didn't help me. Yes, politics, politics." He picked up the manuscript from the table and held it aloft; he himself was its author, he said. Much had been written about the bank drama, he granted, but it was the pages in his hand that gave the real story, the true one, of what had taken place. To judge by his darting eyes and urgent voice, the manuscript was for sale. But I was no customer. I merely nodded politely, impressed by the man's initiative; even though he was jailed, he had concocted a project to push in the outside world. In the next instant, however, he seemed something else. Waving the manuscript, he said, "This is my own story, you understand. To be a thief and a safecracker, that's easy. I've been those. But to take hostages in a bank in the middle of a great capital—*there* is something." His eyes held still, glorying in the memory of his exploit. He appeared oblivious of all else. Like Sven, I had a desire to denounce his deed. I told him that the hostages still made visits to the psychiatric

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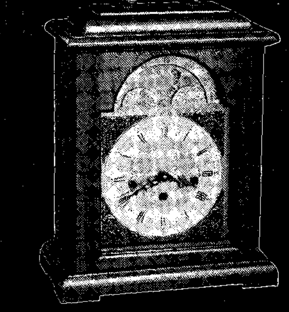

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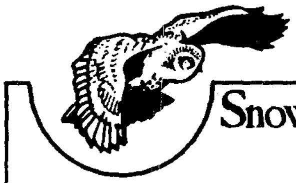

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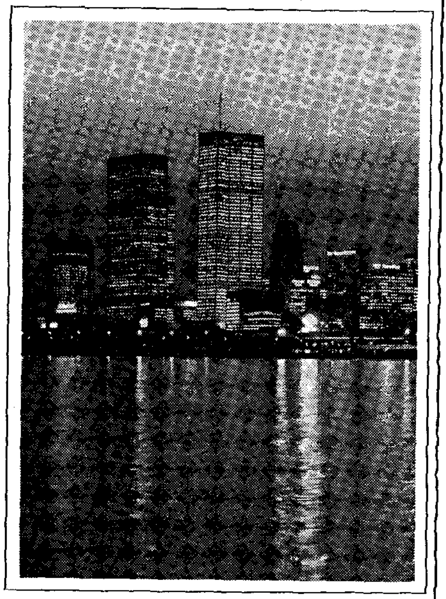

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clinic. "Elisabeth had nightmares for weeks after the trial," I said.

Replacing the manuscript on the table, he said, "I'm sorry to hear that," but his tone was objective, as though, having refrained from murdering the young woman, he had done all he could for her.

"Why didn't you shoot, at the end?" I asked.

He reflected a moment, then said, "I wanted to go on living. Maybe I don't do it so well, but that is my answer."

"Did you actually have it in mind to kill the hostages?"

Olsson nodded slowly. "In the beginning, I could have, easily," he said. "I was keyed up with my plan. Maybe I should have. After I gave up, there were police who told me that if I had killed just one of the hostages I could have had a plane out of Sweden. But I didn't need the police to tell me that. I knew it for myself."

Olsson stared out the barred window briefly, and when he resumed talking I learned that the psychiatrists I interviewed had left out something: victims might identify with aggressors, as the doctors claimed, but things weren't all one way. Olsson spoke harshly. "It was the hostages' fault," he said. "They did everything I told them to do. If they hadn't, I might not be here now. Why didn't any of them attack me? They made it hard to kill. They made us go on living together day after day, like goats, in that filth. There was nothing to do but get to know each other." Olsson rose slightly from his chair. "Which one could I have killed?" he asked. "Elisabeth, helpless and crying for her crayfish party? Kristin, full of spirit, who could talk to Palme the way she did? Sven, a decent, brave man? Birgitta, who couldn't get those two kids of hers off her mind?" Olsson didn't regain his seat. The guard was at the door. When he entered, Olsson made as though to accompany me. The guard glared at him, shocked that the prisoner could forget, even momentarily, that he had to stay put and be gone over with a metal detector. As the door closed, Olsson was clutching the manuscript—perhaps his sole tangible asset. On his face was a flashing smile.

—Daniel Lang

•

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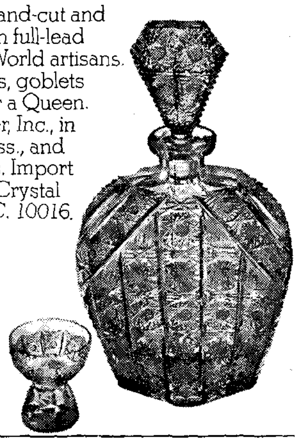

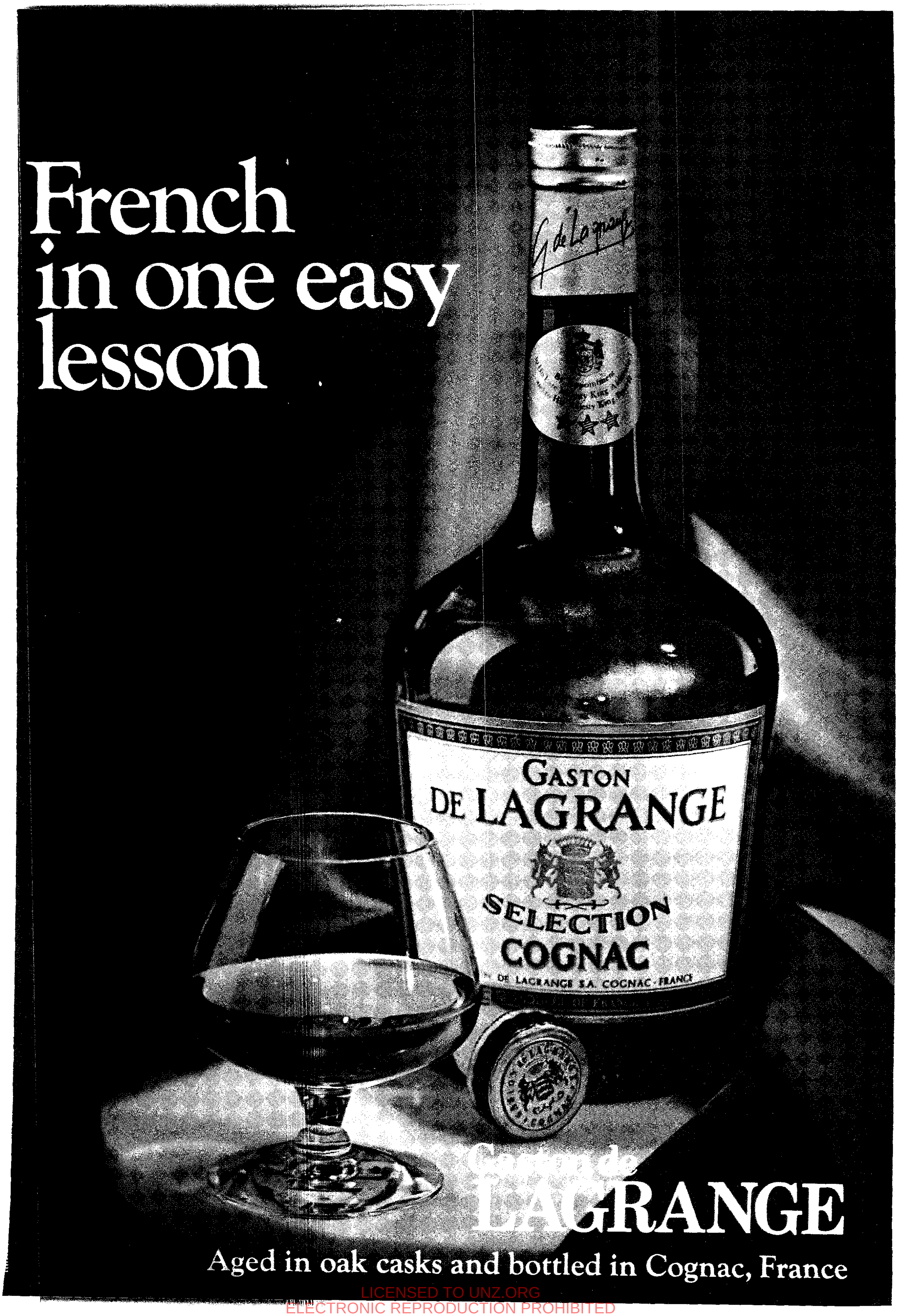
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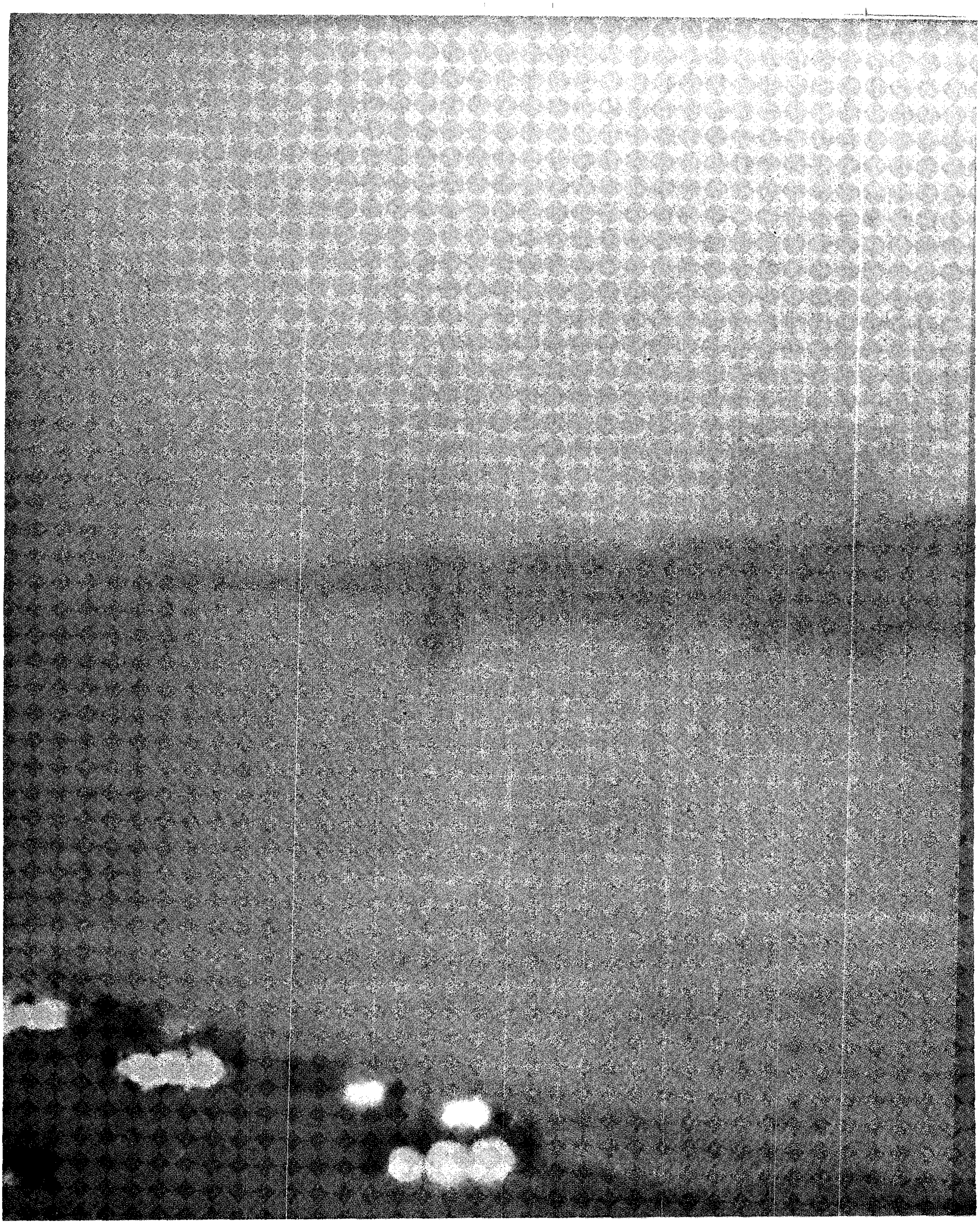

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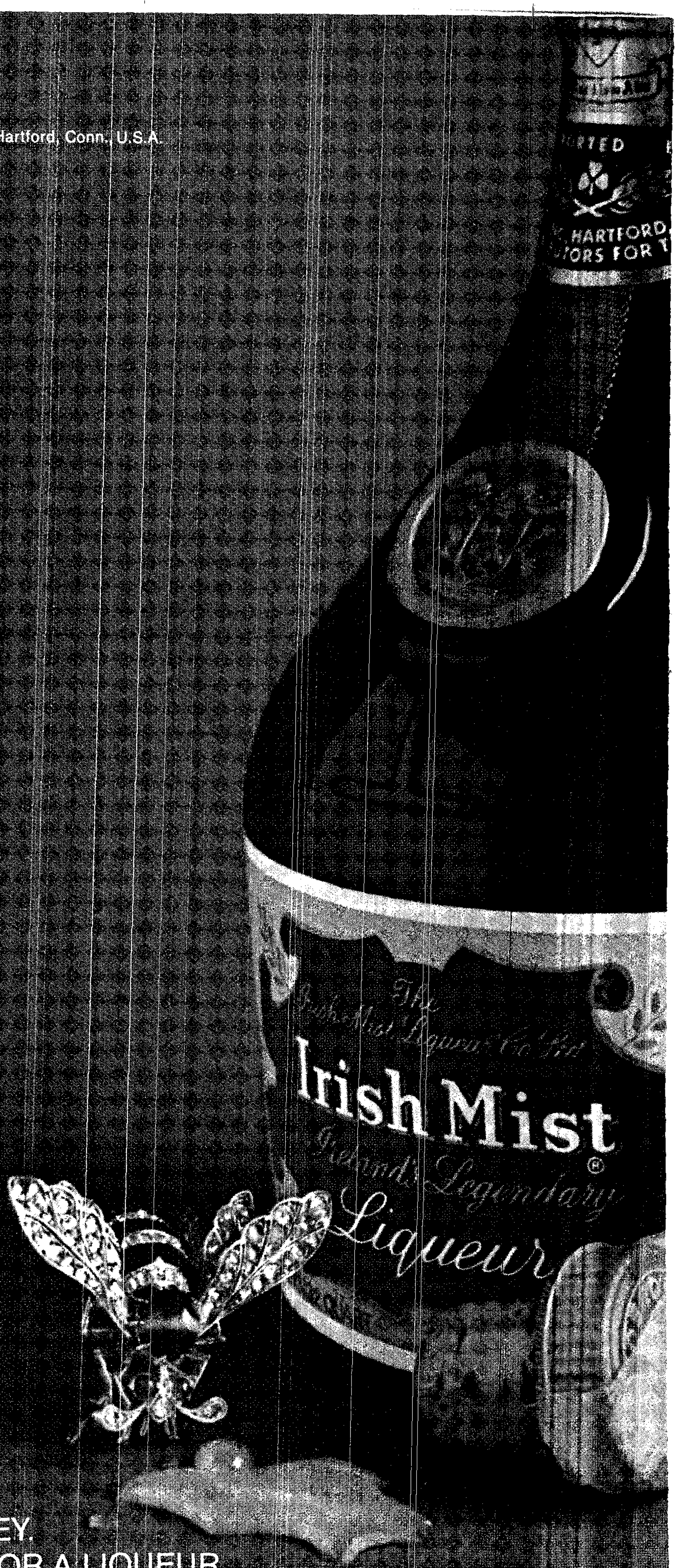
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THE THEATRE

THE GREAT RATIOCINATOR

OUR brilliant London-on-Broadway season continues with, at the Broadhurst, the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "Sherlock Holmes," directed by Frank Dunlop. Mr. Dunlop is the witty fellow who helped Molière write "Scapino," and here he has served as an often impudent collaborator to Arthur Conan Doyle and William Gillette. Doyle and Gillette wrote "Sherlock Holmes" back in the nineties, and it was an immediate success. Gillette, a superlative actor as well as an able playwright and novelist—he was the author of a detective story with the irresistible title of "The Astounding Crime on the Torrington Road"—is said to have done most of the work on the original play, and I'm sure that he must be highly indignant in Heaven over the liberties that Mr. Dunlop has taken with it, but no matter; if the play weren't being acted for laughs, it wouldn't be acted at all. (An austere, short-tempered aristocrat, Gillette ordered the executors of his will not to let his celebrated castle in Connecticut come into the possession of "some blithering saphead." The executors were at a loss to know how to recognize the blitheringness of prospective purchasers of the castle; their problem was solved when the state took over the property as a park.)

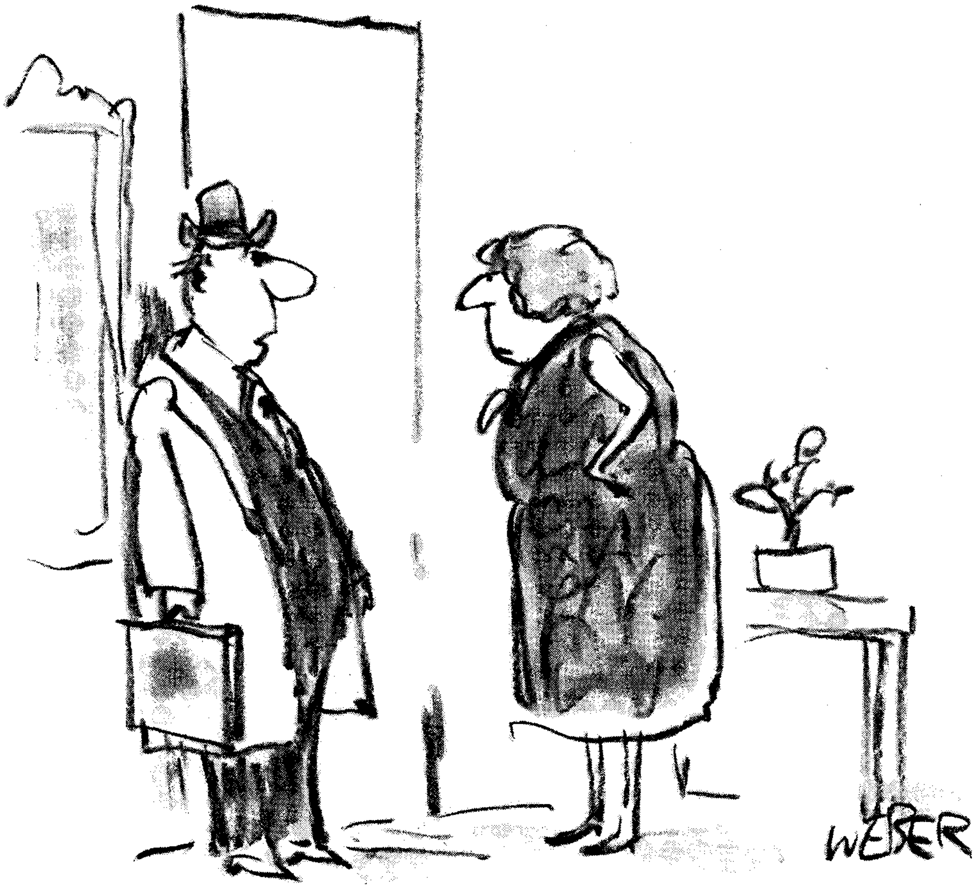
Whatever Gillette's putative celestial sputterings may be, it is certainly great fun to see John Wood as Holmes. This is the role that Gillette himself played so many thousands of times that he came to embody Holmes in much the same way that his contemporary, James O'Neill, came to embody the Count of Monte Cristo. Gillette was an ice-cold, unemphatic, and extremely agile actor, and Mr. Wood contrives to take off these attributes without openly burlesquing them. As the incomparably villainous Professor Moriarty, Philip Locke is very broad and very funny. In the nineties, large casts were the expected thing, and there are no fewer than twenty-six actors and actresses in "Sherlock Holmes." I praise them all en masse, and if I single out a few for mention, it is not alone for their pleasingness but also for the aptness of their names; in a darkling melodrama laid in Victorian London, what could be more gratifying than to discover in the cast a Pigott-Smith, a Peacock, a Leigh-Hunt, a Bott, a Towb?

The sets and costumes, by Carl Toms, deserve to share applause with the actors and Mr. Dunlop; I particularly admired Professor Moriarty's subterranean office and the spooky old gasworks in Stepney. As for the London fog, which kept billowing boldly about the stage and ranged in density from pea soup to consommé, it was so convincing that on leaving the theatre I found the clear night air of Times Square thoroughly implausible.

ALSO from London, by way of the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes the Royal Court Theatre production of two plays "devised" and directed by Athol Fugard; the first is "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead," which opened at the Edison last week, and the second is "The Island," which will be opening on Sunday. Mr. Fugard is a white South African, who, moving to Port Elizabeth in the sixties, accepted the invitation of some local black actors to help them form a theatre group. According to a program note, the effort of the group was "towards playmaking." They played Brecht, Genet, Strindberg, Sophocles, and the like, but they also made it "a sort of rule in our lives that every other play should relate directly to our existence and our surroundings." Presumably, Mr. Fugard is described as having "devised" the plays because he talked and wrote them into existence in close collaboration with the two sensationally gifted actors who play them—John Kani and Winston Ntshona.

"Sizwe Banzi" is, in formal terms, scarcely a play at all; rather, it is an explanation and an indictment. It renders with impassioned eloquence the feelings engendered by the social injustice practiced under law in South Africa. In the give-and-take of a torrent of conversation between two black victims of apartheid (a torrent that begins with a fifty-minute monologue by Mr. Kani), we are obliged to transform ourselves from mere spectators at a theatrical event into participants in an act of open and—to my mind—noble propaganda; what we are made to learn in the course of "Sizwe Banzi" we cannot pretend afterward not to have learned. The setting is by Stuart Wurtzel, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace.

—BRENDAN GILL



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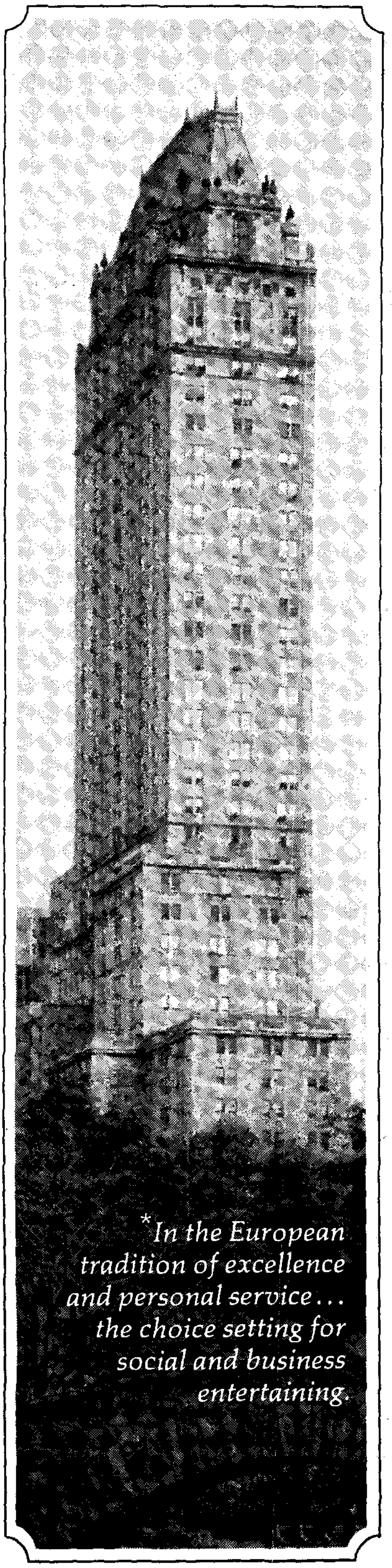

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THE RACE TRACK

Good Show!

I CAN'T remember when I have seen a better steeplechase than the fifth running of the Colonial Cup, which I caught on television from Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Springdale course at Camden, South Carolina, last Saturday. It was thrilling, to say the least, to watch the eleven starters, at times as closely bunched as runners in a six-furlong sprint, jumping at full speed from the beginning to almost the end of the two miles six and a half furlongs. And not one of them bobbled or fell! Augustus Bay, an eight-year-old gelding, whom Eric Watters trains in a swimming pool for Miss Jane Clark, moved into contention about three fences from home and went on to win by eight lengths from Miss Virginia Guest's Tarratine, with J. H. Nesbitt's John U. third and Mrs. Ambrose Clark's Gran Kan, the favorite, fourth. If you bet on the winner with OTB, you collected $31 for a $2 ticket, but you couldn't get a mutuel bet down at the track, because betting is against the law in South Carolina. No doubt there were a few Moonlight Charlies, as they used to call bookmakers, on the course, but they never got in the picture. It was a delightful hour on Channel 5 of the sort of television you get on the BBC, in England—no hard-sell commercials, just a lot of steeplechasing, including a taped rerun of this year's Liverpool Grand National. I also liked the interview with Skiffington, who rode the winner. He's an American boy who has been riding over there, and he was bubbling over with British racing vernacular.

A YEAR ago, Jack Dreyfus, Jr.'s, Wakefield Miss won the Ladies Handicap, and in the hundred-and-fourth running, at Aqueduct last weekend, it looked as though his Poker Night couldn't miss making it a double for the Hobeau Farm Stable. But with less than a furlong to go Poker Night swerved sharply in front of Coraggioso, forcing her to take up. As was expected, the field was hardly past the post when the "Inquiry" sign flashed on the tote board and the stewards went into action, ordering Coraggioso placed first and Poker Night second for committing the foul. Twixt, my old pet, was third.

ONCE in a blue moon, favorites win every race on the card. It happened at the Big A one day last week, but, curiously, many in the crowd of more than fifteen thousand didn't appear to be as happy about it as you might think. Wrong Horse Harry, speaking about the long shot of the afternoon, who paid a $7 mutuel, said, "Howja expect anybody to beat the races at them prices?"

THERE still seem to be a few dollars around for buying horses. At the bloodstock sales at Keeneland one evening last week, Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipping magnate (aren't they all?), gave $385,000 for a broodmare in foal to Secretariat. The mare, Artists Proof, by Ribot out of Be Ambitious, was consigned by Zenya Yoshida's Fontainebleau Farm in Lexington. The price was not quite a record; that was set four years ago at the Bieber-Jacobs sale, when Mrs. Allen Manning paid $395,000 for Priceless Gem. Artists Proof is being shipped to France, where Mr. Niarchos, who has been out of racing for several years, is getting together a stable and a stud. At an afternoon session of the vendue, Raymond Guest bought Color Me Blue, a gray mare by The Axe II out of Nosey Body, also in foal to Secretariat, from Big Sink Farm for $220,000. And, by the way, last weekend Secretariat became a father for the first time. As one of the tests for fertility, he'd been bred to a non-thoroughbred mare at Claiborne. The mare is an Appaloosa, a breed that traces back to the conquistadores of Spain and is noted for unusual markings and colored coats. She was bought last summer by John Nankivil, business manager of St. Mary's College of Winona, Minnesota, and, of course, he also owns Secretariat's firstborn, a big red-chestnut colt, who has already been syndicated to twenty members of Appaloosa horse clubs as far afield as Idaho. How's that for quick work?

WELL, there will be racing at Hialeah this winter after all, and at the old dates, too. I haven't the foggiest notion how they fixed it up, but it's the best thing that could happen to racing right now. —AUDAX MINOR

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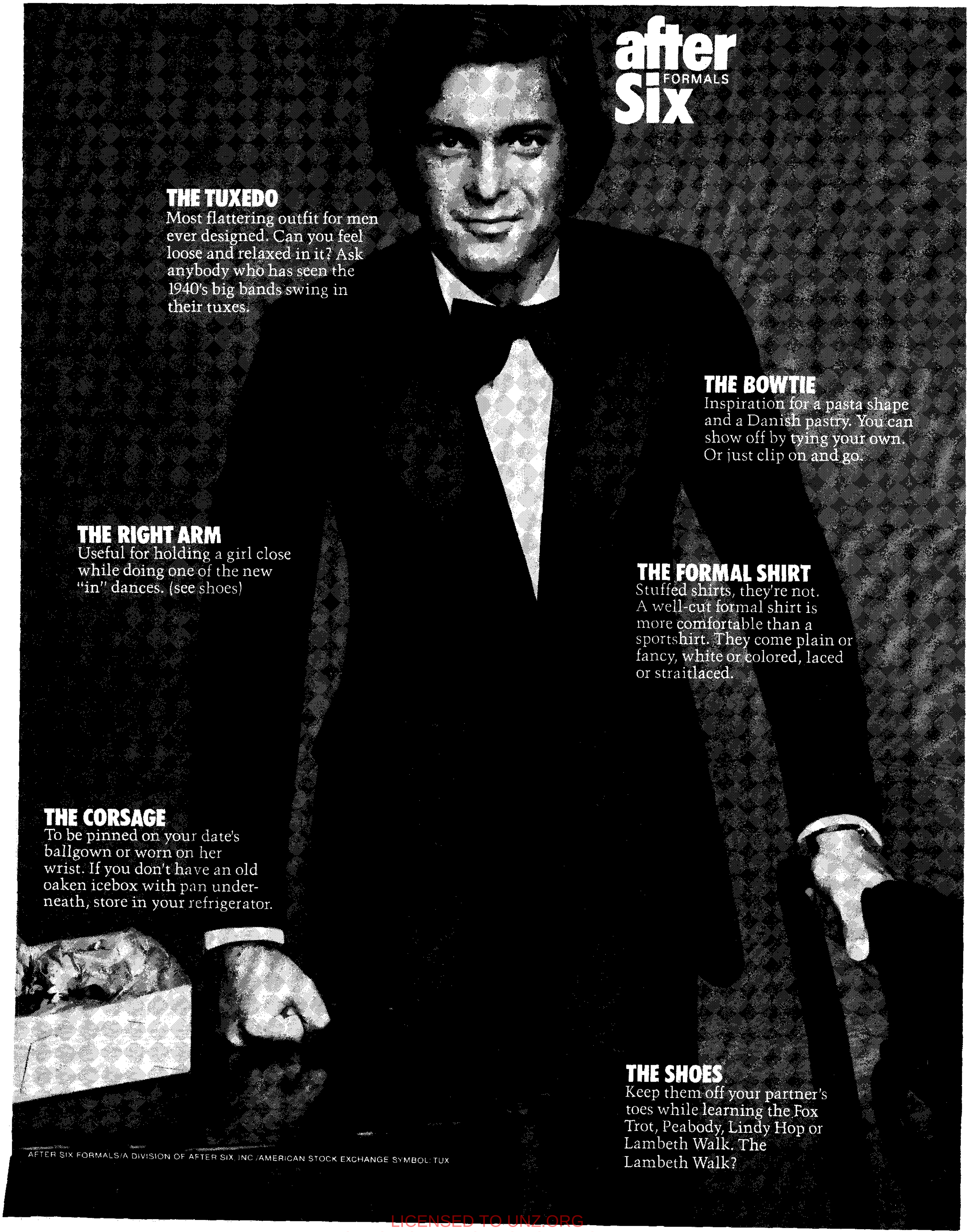

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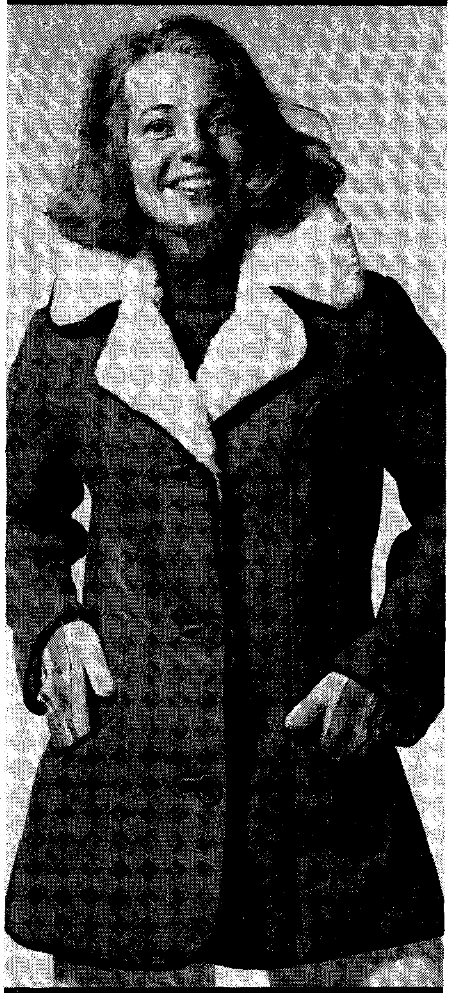

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FOOTBALL

East Is East, West Is West

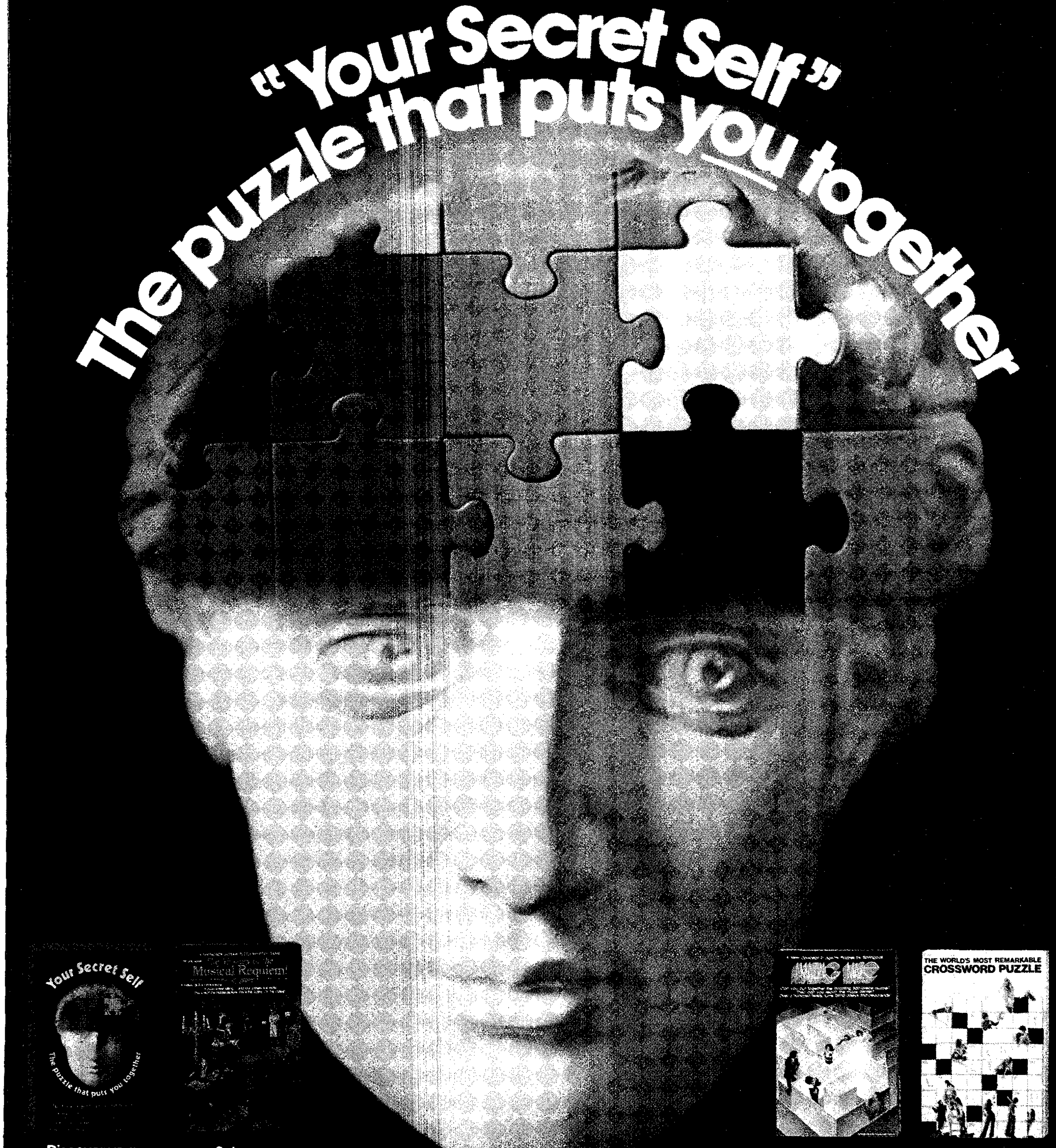
ANN ARBOR having been extremely accessible last weekend for this correspondent, a peek at Michigan was on the books, since Michigan had been going great guns and there was the possibility that its maverick guest, Purdue, might disturb the even tenor of Michigan's ways; Purdue, it will be recalled, had already been the despoiler of Notre Dame's legend of invincibility. Purdue's interior defense did well enough for a time, but when Michigan started popping the ball overhead, and around the ends on pitchouts, the match became an overmatch indeed, and the final count—Michigan 51, Purdue 0—was a terse summation of all the statistics with which attendants at today's football are overwhelmed; the one interesting statistic of the lot spoke of the dearth of penalties. Have the giants of the Midwest entered into a gentlemen's agreement about enforcement, or is discipline the rule that is really enforced out there? Whatever it is, it makes for a better game. To a slow-motion eye that dwells largely on its native habitat—the Northeastern states, and in particular the Ivy League—the rapidity of Michigan's progress toward its goal and the ability of its runners to improvise as unexpected opportunity beckons are barely short of astonishing.

THE despoiler of a legend of invincibility in the Far East was Brown, which on Saturday proved that its years of reconstruction are accomplishing a minor reflowering of New England. Harvard, unbeaten except for a very early downfall against Rutgers, was the proof: Brown 10, Harvard 7. Further proved was the tenet that the way to dissolve the magic Restic has taught Harvard is to throw one's weight about and upon its trigger man, Holt. Brown has the weight to throw; at times this fall that weight has been muscle-bound, but on Saturday it was supple. The kindest words of all go to Bartlett and Koza, Brown's defensive tackles, and to Kairit, its defensive middle guard. The heckling imposed upon Holt forced him into many a wild pitch—so wild that though McInally, Harvard's supreme catcher of passes, was often in the right place, Holt couldn't get the ball to him. This dilemma was especially noticeable in the final moments of the match, when Harvard, granted two close-up chances to tie or win, couldn't get the ball to the right man, and at last saw it fall into the hands of Clark, defending for Brown. Restic has imbued Harvard with a gambler's instinct, and one wonders whether Harvard, happy with its 7–0 lead earlier in the afternoon, had decided *not* to gamble that day. The situation: fourth down and three inches to go on the Harvard forty-three, and a punt instead of a rush was the choice.

This correspondent's observer who is posted to Yale Bowl reports that the indigenes, against whom five touchdowns have been run up in four hundred and eighty minutes of play this season, were never endangered by Princeton, even though Princeton's first field goal put it, most temporarily, ahead of Yale. (Yale had not been behind at any time this year until that came about.) The Yale defense, even more stalwart than Brown's, handled Snickenberger, Princeton's favorite runner (more than two thousand yards in his three seasons), with the alert attention it had given other famous visitors, and Beible, Princeton's favorite pitcher, was relieved while his team was behind instead of, as is customary, when it was out ahead. It was Yale 19, Princeton 6, and the disparity could have been greater had not Stein, Princeton's favorite punter, been so adept at keeping the ball away from Yale's sprinters. Fewer than thirty thousand buffs showed up for what was the last local view ever (Yale ends up at Harvard on Saturday) of a Yale that has been not only a model of performance but a pleasure to watch. A lot more than eighty thousand buffs showed up at Michigan, and not one of them indulged in the annoying pastime of pelting the playing field, and their fellow-watchers, with oranges—a habit that now appears ingrained among the Yalies or the townies when Princeton goes to Yale Bowl. The officials collected the oranges; whether they became a perquisite of office has not yet been ascertained.

North Carolina 56, Army 42—a heartening experience for the West Pointers, inasmuch as Hall, Army's freshman substitute quarterback, "was all over the place," in the words of an outrider assigned by this correspondent. Army had not rolled up forty-two points against anyone like North Carolina in some years.

—J. W. L.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OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

EXPLANATION

"HEY, Stanley, when are you going to change your license plate to No. 1?" Immobilized within the overloaded elevator that was straining toward Hugh Carey's twenty-first-floor Election Night headquarters in the Commodore Hotel, Stanley Steingut, Democratic State Assembly leader, only smiled, aware that his fellow-passengers, and those who shouted "Hi, Stanley" from the corridors at which the elevator paused, saw not the Democratic "leader," or even the "boss," but a man already enhanced by his sudden closeness to the bestowing powers of "Mr. Speaker"—No. 1. Except, of course, for the Governor. Although this exception contained dangerous possibilities that must have occupied Mr. Steingut's thoughts and judgments for many weeks, he responded to the greetings with that unpretentious amiability which in the good politician can coexist with the most relentless and detailed inward calculations. ("Steingut!" exclaimed one of the smartest and most powerful Democrats as he and I sat drinking a few hours later. "Carey's making a big mistake if he doesn't make Al Blumenthal Speaker. Steingut can't help him.")

A just-reëlected congressman who accompanied us on our slow ascent was unperturbed by the attention given his fellow-passenger, understanding that the desires of those drawn to the Commodore were linked to the newly opened patronage vaults of Albany. Those whose expectations and demands involved the congressman's office were elsewhere. "Congress will be unmanageable with all those Democrats," the congressman said to the man beside him. But the State Assembly got things done, objected his companion. "Sure," the congressman replied, "but that was the contract between Rockefeller and Tony Travia. It delivered a lot of Democratic votes."

There was a touch of nostalgic self-indulgence in my visit to the headquarters of a winning candidate on Election Night. And an Irish victory, at that. But tonight I came to exhume elections, not to celebrate them. The press had predicted a victory for the Democratic Party, and now it was happening. What better place to look for reasons than the chambers of the biggest winner of them all—successor to the chair of Al Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, and Averell Harriman, and, if not now, certainly in a short time, to their intimations of the only advancement open to a governor of New York.

Mr. Carey received a procession of small groups and favored individuals in a shabbily furnished room no more than twenty-five feet by ten feet—the kind of room that drives a travelling businessman into the street in search of exhaustion. Like the Grand Ballroom, where hundreds of supporters awaited the results, and like the crowded hotel corridors, Room 2122 contained none of the exuberance, the relatively unrestrained good humor, of many other victorious Election Nights. Perhaps the results had been anticipated for so long that the election itself was an anticlimax. Or perhaps the media had so completely captured political consciousness that campaigners could not let down their guard or ruffle the image, even at the moment of triumph, with not a single vote remaining to be won or lost.

The Governor-elect sat in a low plastic chair. His features are gentle, and there is no meanness in his face. His answers to questions from reporters were untainted by campaign rhetoric, although he maintained the inbred caution of his trade. Why did the Democrats do so well? "People seem to hold the Republicans responsible for a lack of moral leadership." How did he plan his campaign? "We brought together the suburbs and the working people, the old coalition that Roosevelt, Truman, Harriman, and Bob Wagner had." Then, as if wishing to retreat from the implied immodesty of this meaningless analysis, he said, "The people had sixteen years of Rockefeller-Wilson, and I guess they felt it was time for a change."

I DEPARTED. That bit of wisdom was already more than one could expect from a very tired candidate, surrounded by people, on Election Night. Despite Theodore Roosevelt and his contemporary exegete Richard Nixon, the man in the arena is not usually the best qualified to explain the struggle. A couple of mornings later, I called on one of the few men in America who might be able to explain the significance of the 1974 election. After managing one of the Democratic Party's greatest Presidential triumphs, he had advised two Presidents before returning to Wall Street and the law. Although every distinguished dinner table in New York had rung with his often profane denunciation of politics—his general remarks carefully illustrated only with Republican names—his advice had been sought by a whole generation of Democratic office seekers.

"I like to be helpful," he once explained. "Not because it really matters who wins elections, but it's an interesting hobby, and one not unrelated to the prosperity of my firm." He was sitting in his dining room, at the end of an extensive table where, several days before, he had entertained the oil ministers of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, his law partner, his law partner's wife, an investment banker recently

"I like it. It breaks up the monotony of your face."

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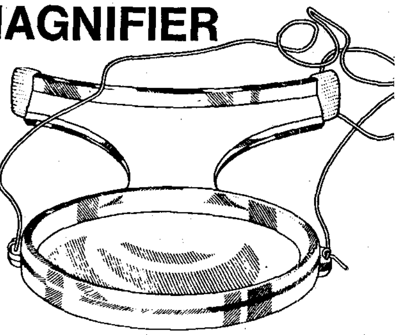

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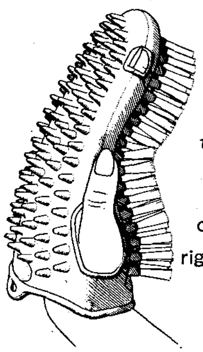

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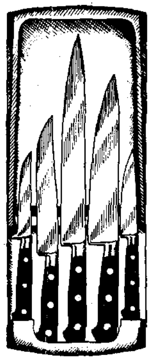

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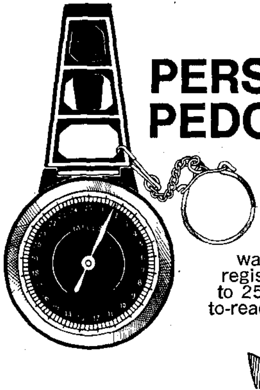

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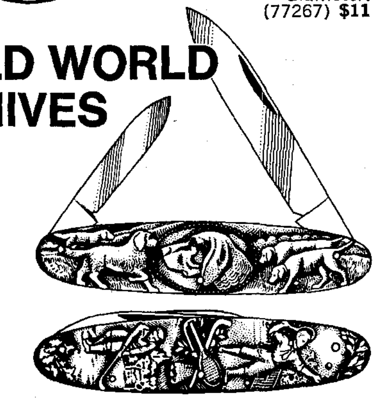

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named chairman of the Depletion Taxes Keep America Warm Committee, Dr. Alex Comfort, two vascular surgeons from California, a network vice-president for prime-time cultural programming, the militant founder of a burgeoning citizens group called War and Inflation Never (WIN), a still obscure entrepreneur who had just established a nationwide system for selling gold ingots through fast-food chains, Andy Warhol, and one of the few living descendants of T. E. Lawrence. The space in front of him was strewn with the morning papers and with pages torn from yellow legal pads and covered with pencilled columns of figures. An almost empty glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee had been pushed to his left, while a small Sony television set was angled toward him from the right edge of the table. "Have some coffee," he said. "I'll be with you in a second. I just want to watch this fellow from Ohio. He's explaining how it felt to lose the governorship and win it on the same night."

I scanned the *Times* until he switched the television off and turned.

"Can you imagine conceding a close election because some television computer tells you to?" he said. "They ought to ban those things. People in California hear that the returns from Rutland, Vermont, show that the Democrats will win the major governorships, eleven Senate seats, and the entire House of Representatives. So they decide they ought to be with the winners, or that if everyone else is voting that way maybe the Democrats really will do something about food prices. Or else they figure there's no point in walking ten blocks to vote if the Republicans are going to lose anyway. It probably doesn't affect many people, but it doesn't take many in a close election."

He continued, his enthusiasm stimulated by a favorite subject, "There's no doubt these polls and computers affect politics. The effect is subtle, and it's different for different elections. But it's there. It certainly influences politicians. A lot of them don't know what their constituents *think* until some statistician shows them a computer printout. Then they go out and say what their polls tell them people want to hear, or, more often, they say nothing at all, because they don't want to lose the thirty per cent on the other side. The result is that politics becomes a game of follow-the-leader, and the leader is some gray-faced technician with a bow tie, sitting in a plush office adding up figures. I don't like George Wallace much. But he didn't rely on polls; he got out there

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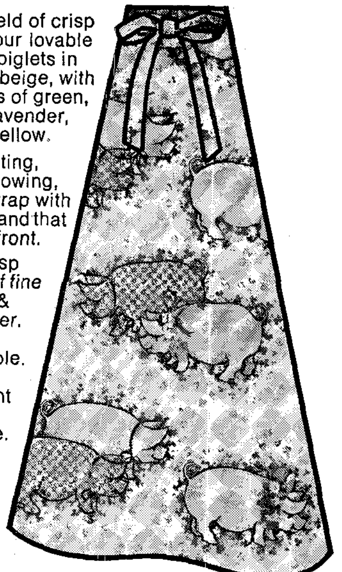

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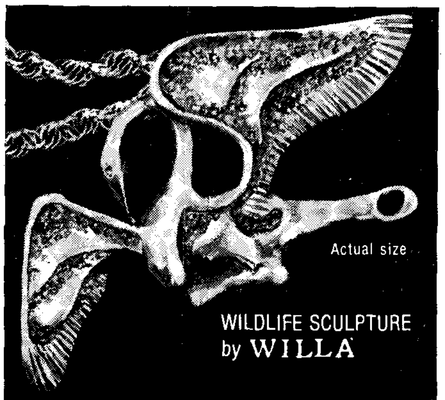

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and he knew how people felt, and the others had to scurry to catch up with him. The same thing was true of Roosevelt and Kennedy, and if this country ever gets some real leaders they won't be men who look at numbers to find out what they ought to think. And they won't be defying public opinion, either. They'll be doing what people are hoping for, and they'll win big."

He paused for a sip of coffee. Seeing my chance, I interrupted, "I agree with you, but what do you think about the election? Hugh Carey said people wanted a change. Is that it?"

"Maybe that's so in his case—although Rockefeller would have done a lot better—but it's not true in the country," he said. "Sure, people want a change. They're afraid of losing their jobs, their standard of living is going down, and they think the country's on the skids. But they don't think they can change that just by changing politicians. Look at the results. Thirty-three Senate races have been decided; only two incumbents were defeated. One of them was Peter Dominick, in Colorado, who is a sick man and was always too reactionary for his constituency. The other was Marlow Cook, in Kentucky. In the big states—the eight that produce about half the Presidential vote—only two governors were beaten for reëlection: John Gilligan, who barely lost Ohio, and Malcolm Wilson, who had never been elected governor of New York in the first place. In all the other major states, the governors were reëlected or didn't run. The same was true for most other states with sizable populations. In every election, some governors and senators lose their office. This year, despite all the talk about change, incumbents probably did better than usual."

"If that's so," I asked, "how do you explain the Democratic sweep?"

" 'Sweep'! That's a headline writer's word. It's been sneaked over from the sports pages. 'The Crimson Tide swept to victory today over the outgunned Fighting Irish.' If it means that the Democrats gained a few more seats in Congress and in state houses than has been usual in recent elections, the word is accurate. But if that's all it means, the word is useless for any analysis of political conditions. Perhaps it's being used to mean more than this. Perhaps 'sweep' is intended to mean that a majority of citizens have rejected the Republican Party and decided to entrust their future—at least, the short-term future—to the Democratic Party, because that somewhat chimerical organization now seems best qualified to re-

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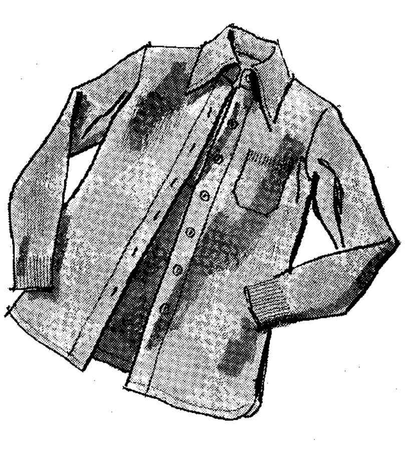

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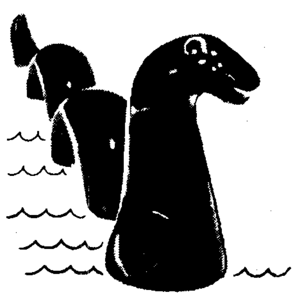
solve our present difficulties and return to our fondly remembered path toward the improvement of man's worldly state. In that case, there was no 'sweep'—hardly even a resurgence. In fact, the election was pretty much a standoff; the Republicans were not repudiated, or the Democrats chosen, and when the excited diagnosticians move to another subject, it will be seen that both parties are reasonably entitled to their hopes for 1976."

"That may be," I answered. "I won't quarrel with your prophecy. But you have to admit that the voters turned against the Republican Party this time."

"I admit nothing. I have admitted nothing for thirty-seven years. Why do you think Presidents and billionaires seek my advice? The air of certainty. Backed up, naturally, by hard fact and systematic reasoning. The Democrats did win a lot of elections—more than the Republicans, more than they won last time. But even if you take the most narrow view, if you just examine results, you won't find a significant rejection of the Republican Party. Nearly all the Republican governors and senators who ran were reëlected. Several Democrats won very close elections. Birch Bayh was sent back to the Senate by a fifty-two-to-forty-eight vote, hardly a sweep—not even a mandate. There were equally close elections in almost every big state. Jerry Brown won the right to govern California's twenty million people by a majority smaller than the number of Democrats hoping for jobs in his administration. When the campaign began, he was so far ahead that many people advised him not to campaign at all—advice he seems to have taken, with the usual results. And the fellow who almost beat him got the Republican nomination only because the Party's first choice was indicted. New York was the only big state outside the South where it was all landslide. One for each party.

"There will be three more Democrats in the Senate. Sixty-one senators is a lot, but the Democrats had an even larger majority during the entire decade from 1958 to 1968, when the membership fluctuated between sixty-four and sixty-eight. There will be four or five more Democratic governors, but that's less than the average gain of six by the party out of power over all the mid-term elections in the last thirty years."

He leaned back. "There you are," he said. "You're surprised at how I've kept up with modern methods of analysis, aren't you? My business is a lot like politics. You have to make peo-



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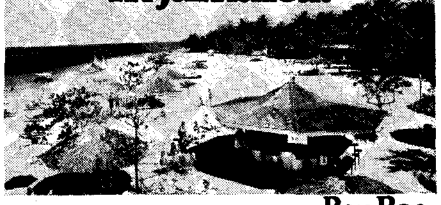

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ple trust you. In the old days, we were taught to look a man straight in the eye. Now you can look anywhere as long as you're reciting numbers. I was just reading a book by that fellow Ben Wattenberg, the one who helped Hubert with his strategy in 1970. After you see what he found out, it's a wonder that the American people can stop laughing and singing long enough to vote at all. On page 187 there's a scientific sampling which proves that only three per cent of the population are unhappy. You know something astonishing? I know every one of them."

"The numbers are fine, but incomplete," I said. "You've been discussing only the major statewide offices—governor and senator. Aren't there special factors? What about the—"

"That's the point," he interrupted. "They are special, and that makes them more significant. Candidates for governor and senator are running for the most important public offices under the Presidency. They receive continual and prominent attention from the state press and television, while congressional candidates, especially in large states, have to fight for every column of print. During campaigns, the statewide candidates dominate local television coverage, appear on the networks and in national magazines, and buy most of the prime-time television commercials. People have the chance to form a personal impression. Our question is whether the elections were a party victory. The statewide results show that when people could make a judgment between individuals, they weren't influenced by party—at least, not enough to show a sweep, or even a trend. They did not vote against candidates for governor or senator because the candidates were Republicans. They voted for Carey, not the Democrats; James Rhodes, and not the Republicans. Even if the Democrats did sweep the House—and I don't concede this—it would be historical nonsense to claim that voters are condemning Republican incompetence and misdeeds on one line of the ballot while inviting more of the same on the next line."

"Still," I responded, "voters must have had some general preference for the Democrats. What other explanation is there for the House vote?"

"The returns up to now indicate that the Democrats added forty-three House seats," he said. "And there may be a few more after the recounts are over. But in 1958 the Democrats gained fifty seats, while in the next election they won the Presidency by less than one per cent, and against Richard Nixon. In the Johnson land-

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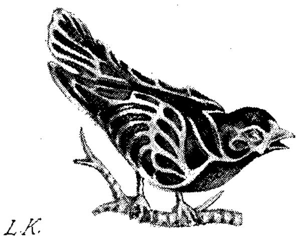
slide of 1964, the Democrats increased their majority by thirty-seven. Two years later, the Republicans won them all back, and ten more besides. And these mid-term 'sweeps' of 1958 and 1966 came when popular discontent and economic distress were far less acute than they are today. Memory of these experiences should be enough to subdue any celebration of a historical resurgence. At most, the House elections show there is still a little life in the old political precepts: the party in the White House usually loses ground in mid-term elections; there is some inclination, but not much, to blame the Republicans for hard times; and there are a lot more Democrats in the country than Republicans. Although this hasn't kept the Republicans from winning more than half the Presidential elections since Franklin Roosevelt."

"Isn't there a contradiction there—at least, a small one?" I objected. "If party affiliation matters in congressional races, isn't that some evidence of an inclination toward the Democratic Party?"

"Not at all. That's the trouble with you politicians. No matter what anyone says, you only hear what you already think."

"But I'm not a politician," I interrupted.

"Never mind. You *were* a politician. It's hard to stop. The entire business is addicting. Look at these charts." He gestured toward the papers in front of him. "If you put together Watergate, inflation, the stock market, and recession, along with a growing unhappiness and lack of confidence, it's surprising that the Democrats didn't do better. The gains in the House just show that in the circumstances of 1974 some fairly small fraction of the electorate is inclined to vote for a Democrat instead of a Republican, unless it thinks the Republican is a better man. That doesn't mean the voter is committed to the Democratic Party, or even that he expects much from the Democrats. Even I, a man who can remember his father voting for Woodrow Wilson because he kept us out of war, am baffled by the inconsistency of political experts who proclaim a Democratic sweep after telling us for years that party allegiances are a thing of the past. Hugh Carey even said that he had put together the old Roosevelt coalition. But that New Deal coalition was made up of people with common interests, which they identified with the intentions of the Democratic leadership. Carey's victory came from voters joined only by the fact that they voted



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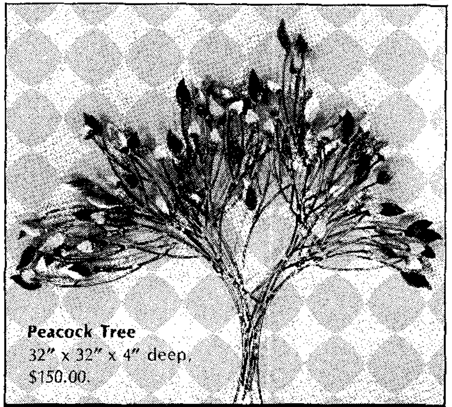

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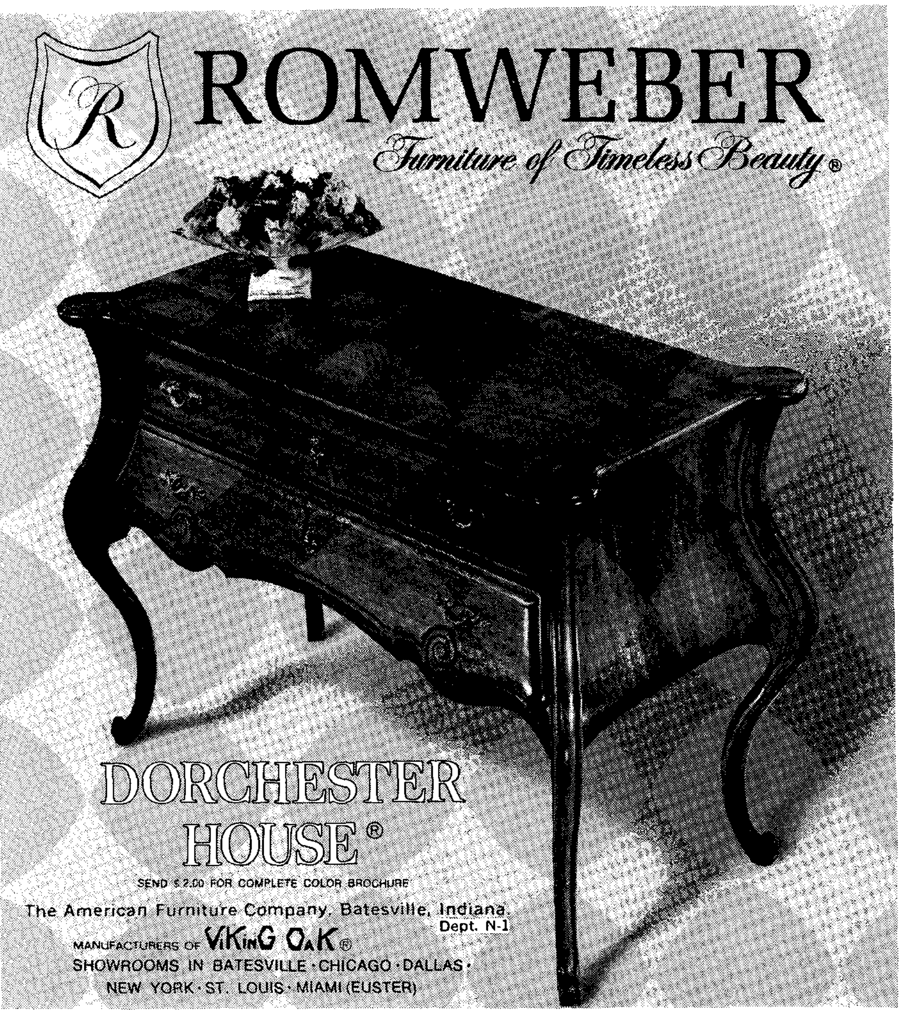
for Hugh Carey. This morning, with that accomplished, the coalition no longer exists."

He paused. "Ah, I forgot. You're wondering how I know that . . . without a poll, or even, as Richard Scammon puts it, a 'spot-check of barometric precincts.' Nevertheless, if you can bet on it, you'll have less to worry about than a Rockefeller debtor. But statistics can be useful to illustrate what we already know. Let's look at a few more. It is true that voters once thought more in terms of party. But that meant two different things. Some—and not as many as we like to think—were Democrats just as they were Catholics or union members. The others tended to think of a political party as an identifiable structure—as more than a miscellaneous assortment of officeholders and candidates—with some degree of collective responsibility for the actions and policies of government. Today, if you asked people who they voted for, they'd say 'Carey,' or 'Jerry Brown.' Twenty years ago, a lot of them would have replied that they voted for the Democrats, or even the Democrat. In 1946, for example, there was a reaction against the Democrats. Here, as in England, there was a general desire for change after the war—a desire intensified by a short but frightening economic slump. People thought the Depression might be coming back. The Republicans gained fifty-five seats in the House and thirteen in the Senate. Two years later, the beginning of the postwar boom had reëstablished the Democrats as the party of prosperity; they gained seventy-five House seats and nine in the Senate. In 1958, there was apprehension that the country had lost its forward momentum, and even though Ike was popular, old impressions reasserted themselves. Voters turned to the Democrats for an end to national stagnation. There was a gain of fifty in the House and fifteen in the Senate. It was the last gasp of the New Deal. In those elections, unlike this one, large numbers were voting for the Democratic Party. They were *real* 'sweeps,' and the results were felt not just in the House but in all the important offices."

"Just the same," I countered, "even if we can't call this election a victory for the Democratic Party, there was a national majority for the Democrats. It must mean something."

"Why?" he said. "Election statistics prove only two things: who won and how many votes they got. I had a call this morning from a young man in the Midwest who had just won a close Senate race. A month ago, he had been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way ahead, but all through the last three weeks he could feel it slipping away. And when that happens you know it. It's in the air. Pretty clearly, the same thing happened to Brown, in California; to John Gilligan, in Ohio; and in a lot of other places. If we could really measure what went on during the last several weeks, we might discover that the Republicans were coming up strong; that if the election were to be held next month they'd do a lot better; that the big story was not the Democratic victory but the Republican resurgence. In fact, I think that's exactly what did happen in a lot of places. Of course, I can't prove it. But at least it's a warning that you can't analyze an election just by adding up the results. You also have to decide why people voted the way they did. That means looking at what we used to call the issues—in the days when there were issues."

"All right," I said, "let's start with Watergate."

"Watergate wasn't an issue," he stated emphatically. "A few Nixon supporters were beaten—mostly those who made public fools of themselves. Men who behaved with dignity and apparent conviction, like Senator Robert Dole, of Kansas, or Representative Charles Wiggins, of California, came out all right. People know that the Watergate crimes were committed by Nixon and his gang, not by the Republican Party, and certainly not by all the Republicans running for office. No one is going to think that Jake Javits is immoral just because someone in the White House sent Howard Hunt out on burglaries. If we believed in that principle in Massachusetts, where I began my political activity, we would have had to hold the Democratic State Convention in Danbury Prison. People didn't like Watergate; in fact, it repelled and shocked them in some very profound and perhaps lasting way. But it didn't make them vote against individual Republicans. I talked with some of the senators who campaigned for other Democrats around the country, and they found that the issue was rarely raised."

"Maybe you can't blame the Republicans for what Nixon did," I commented, "but you can blame them for Nixon."

"You can," he interrupted, "but then the people who elected him also have to share responsibility, along with those of us who weren't smart enough, or tough enough, or hardworking enough, to expose his character and keep him from the White House. We didn't pick Nixon. He forced himself

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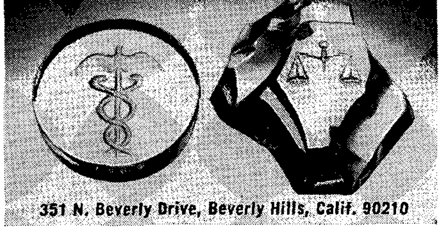

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on us, and he succeeded, not because he was smarter but because he was more single-minded. But you were saying . . . About the election."

"I've talked with a lot of candidates," I said. "And there's one thing they all agree on. People everywhere are upset and scared about rising prices, possible layoffs, even a depression. The economy was the issue. Not just a big issue. Practically the only issue."

"Ah, yes," he said. "We used to sympathize with 'the family farmer' or 'the worker on the assembly line.' Now every politician who hasn't shopped for his own groceries in twenty years preaches endlessly about the human condition at the supermarket checkout counter. Our next radical movement will replace the hammer and sickle with a grocery cart superimposed on a gas pump. But, finally, you're talking about something that really does affect people—what politicians call the bread-and-butter, or gut, issues." He leaned back in his chair and laughed, sweeping his arms out in a gesture that spanned the entire dining room, recently featured in *Town and Country* as Billy Baldwin's finest creation. "Things are getting tough for everyone," he went on. "Why, if I hadn't put my money into gold stocks a year ago . . . Naturally, people are concerned about the economy. It's their biggest concern. But it wasn't an issue—at least, not much of an issue. A problem only becomes a political issue when candidates or parties can persuade people they are more likely to do something about it than their opponents. A man who responds to a drought by attacking the lack of rainfall is unlikely to inspire much of a following. In this election, the economic issue consisted of a firm and determined opposition to both rising prices and recession by the candidates of both parties. I don't want to be unfair—not completely. President Ford does seem to have a program, but I can never remember exactly what it is. I believe he wants people to drive less, eat everything on their plates, put more money in the bank, and wear a pin. I can't disagree with that. It's just what I used to tell my children, except for the pin. He also wants to make a few small adjustments in the tax structure, none of which seem to bother any of my clients, and to cut about 5.4 billion dollars from the federal budget. That dramatic reduction amounts to less than one-half of one per cent of our trillion-three-hundred-billion-dollar economy. Nothing that Herbert Hoover couldn't have approved of, and did. And the

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political facts, as often happens, coincide with the real facts: no one believes that the Administration understands our problems or knows how to deal with them. The Democrats are aware of the public's disbelief, and have contrived their own policy—which consists of attacks on the futility of Ford's program, along with demands that all useless changes in the tax laws should be fair. There are some candidates, not all of them Democrats, who throw in references to the desirability of tax reform, a curb on exorbitant corporate profits, and even wage and price controls. None of this sounds like a serious economic program. Nor can people be expected to look to the Democratic Party for policies that Democratic Congresses have failed to enact, or even fight for, and that have been consistently torpedoed by the Democratic leaders."

"But you've changed the subject," I said. "We weren't talking about policies but about political issues—the issues of this election. Isn't the economy an issue simply because the Republicans are in power?"

"Just a moment," he said. "Is it possible that you're accusing me of excessive idealism? You're talking to a man who once helped win a Boston election by dressing ten men as Protestant ministers and sending them door to door in Catholic neighborhoods asking support for our opponent, good old Paddy Murphy. The fact that the Administration is Republican will not win for the Democrats. Large and difficult problems like the war in Vietnam and inflation don't become decisive political issues until there is a debate. And that requires someone to formulate solutions. Not detailed programs but an approach—a set of policies specific enough to persuade people that you know what you're talking about, and forceful and drastic enough to make people believe that you mean to act, no matter how powerful the opposition. Twenty years ago, in a situation like that of today, people would have turned to the Democratic Party. They still thought of the Democrats as the party of economic expansion and full employment, the friend of the little man, the opponent of special interests and economic exploitation. The picture is overdrawn, of course—a cartoon. The rich always got richer. But the record of the Democratic Party did justify a distinction between Democrats and Republicans. Since that justification has pretty well disappeared, people no longer make the distinction. The change was probably inevitable. But it

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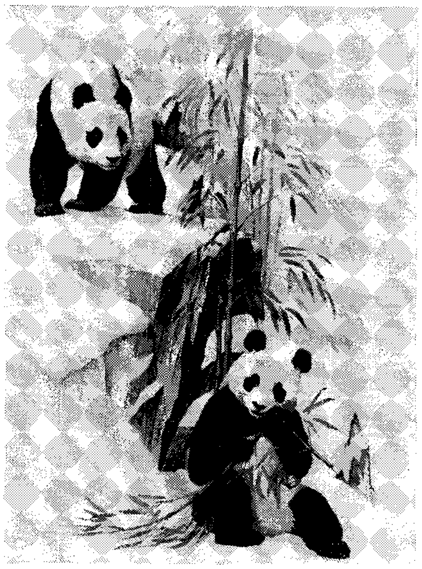

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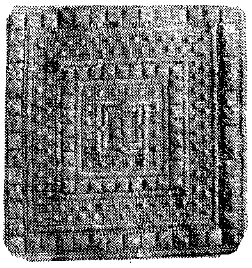

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explains why people don't automatically look to the Democrats when they feel unfairly treated in a time of economic distress. Remember Nixon's secret plan for Vietnam? If Humphrey had outlined a program that convinced people that he really meant to end the war, Nixon's secret policy would have been a national joke within a week. Both men agreed the war was a bad thing, a serious problem, but Humphrey failed to make it an issue. If he had, it would have been a winning issue, even though it was a Democratic Administration that got us into it. For similar reasons, the economy wasn't an issue in this election. There was no debate, and therefore no choice to be made."

"Well, if the economy wasn't the issue, what was?" I asked.

"There weren't any issues. There were some local issues, like strip-mining in Colorado or taxes in Ohio. But the almost complete failure to debate serious problems was a national tragedy. Why, we had candidates for national office, and some of the best of them, who actually asked people to support them because they intended to be honest and open, to tell the truth (assuming they knew the truth), and to make no promises and offer no easy solutions; that is, no solutions at all. Those are admirable qualities. I expect them from my accountant. But they don't offer much hope to people looking for leadership."

"Maybe issues aren't important any-more," I said. "Perhaps it's what people think of you as a person that counts."

"You mean fool them, don't you? That if you *look* like a leader you can make them think you *are* a leader. Sure, people can be fooled, but not for very long and not on the big things. The path to political heights is strewn with the desiccated ambitions of men who thought they could safely avoid understanding and discussing the matters of greatest concern and controversy. At each step into fantasy, they congratulated themselves on their capacity to be tough-minded, and even ruthless. Most voters don't understand complicated economic problems. But they can, given enough time, decide whether someone else knows what he's talking about and whether he means what he says. They make that kind of judgment every day—every time a garage mechanic recommends a valve job, or an insurance salesman tries to persuade them to change from term to whole life. They haven't dealt with economics or defense policy, but they've

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had a lifetime of experience in judging people. Sure they make mistakes, but on balance they usually catch up with the phonies. Of course, there has to be a choice. If all the candidates are frauds, you can just guess and hope, or stay home. I know I'm giving you a lecture, but it has a practical point. You can't claim a Democratic victory, much less a sweep, unless you find that people had a reason for their vote. But people mostly voted for individuals. Beyond that, their attitude seemed to be: 'We're *pretty sure* the Republicans don't know what to do, and we *don't think* the Democrats know what to do.' It's not a difference to stir the blood, or bring armies into the field. But it's probably worth a few seats in the House."

"What about 1976, then?" I asked. "Where does this election leave things?"

"Right where they were," he said. "The Democrats control Congress and the Republicans have the White House. Their performance over the next two years, together with the qualities of their candidate and his program, will determine the result in 1976, just as if last week's election had never happened. If neither party offers real leadership, then I suspect we're in for interesting times. Wallace will head a third party, but it's too soon to guess who will lead the fourth party, and maybe the fifth. We may find out that the real meaning of 1974 was the election in Maine. Wasn't that the old maxim, before Jim Farley killed it—'As Maine goes, so goes the nation'?"

I got up to leave. "Sorry to have taken so much of your time," I said. "It's been fascinating, but sometimes I begin to think that politics is becoming a game of interest only to insiders."

"Not at all, young man," he said. "All this talk about apathy is nonsense. If people don't participate, it's because politicians don't give them any reason to. Maybe some people have become resigned or cynical, but they don't like being that way. It makes them think less of themselves. They want hope. Even more, they want to be able to hope. They want that more than you can imagine." He paused. "Now I've done it. I've let you in on the most important fact of American political life. If someone can reach that, there will be no way to stop him. Let's pray he's our kind of man."

He waved from the table as I neared the door. "Keep the faith," he called. "If you can find it."

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THE AIR

The Saga of Public Television (Cont.): Pervasive Albion, or Lord North's Revenge

THE time is an English summer's midday. The year is 1912. The scene is London—inside the Bellamy town house. It's an ample and elegant place—old paintings and solid furniture. Great silent rooms. The Bellamys themselves are away for the weekend. The staff of six sits about in the kitchen, stirring tea, and hoping for a bit of Saturday quiet. But downstairs now comes young Captain James—James Bellamy, that is—about twenty-seven and already retired from the Army. He's been lazing around all morning in his room, listening to new jazz records from America, and now he lazes his way past the library—blue blazer, white ducks, and nothing much to do—where he spots his father's new typist, young Miss Forrest, working on some papers. He asks her to lunch. Alas, not *out* to lunch. As Lady Marjorie later observes to James, "If you decided to invite Miss Forrest out to supper at a restaurant, nobody would object." But he asks her to lunch upstairs, in the family dining room. Clearly, the staff mind being routed up for a quick Edwardian light lunch—with the huge table to be set, and the proper glasses to be polished, and the vegetables to be washed, and the apples to be peeled and mashed into applesauce—a lot less than they mind the idea of Captain James seated in the family dining room with a working girl. "I'm sure Mr. Bellamy's typist is a perfectly *respectable* young woman," says Roberts, Her Ladyship's maid, "but she is not a lady." The whole matter comes to a head over the question of wine. James offers sherry before lunch. Then, trying to show off before Miss Forrest, he further demands from the butler a claret in the dining room—in fact, the best claret.

HUDSON: I'm sorry, sir, but I am not to serve the Château Brane Cantenac without special instructions.

JAMES: Why not? I know it's not been drunk. We had a bottle with our dinner last week.

HUDSON: There are certain *difficulties*.... If I might see you, sir, in private.

JAMES: What is all this, Hudson?

HUDSON: I must point out I cannot serve the master's best claret. There are only two bottles left.

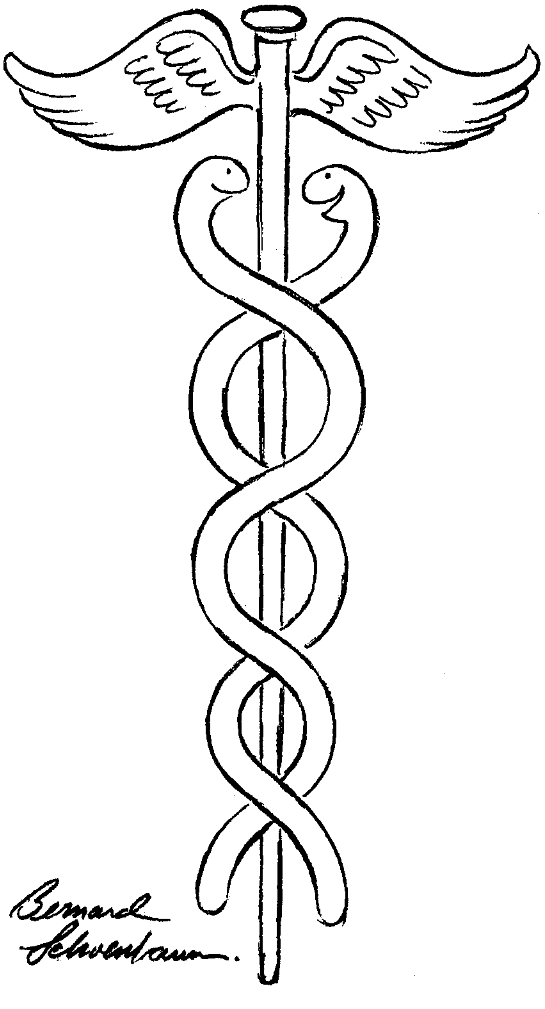
JAMES: I ordered one, Hudson, and I expect you to serve it.

HUDSON: I'm sorry, sir. I am not to serve the Château Brane Cantenac '93 without special instruction.

JAMES: Did my father forbid you to serve that claret?

HUDSON: He wouldn't wish it to be served at *luncheon*, sir. And not today.

As things turn out, Hudson reluctantly serves the wine. Miss Forrest—embarrassed at becoming an issue between the two men—makes her way back to the suburbs. And later, when the Bellamys have returned, Hudson brings up the incident and gives notice, which has the desired effect of upsetting both Bellamys—prompting Mr. Bellamy to ask James to apologize to Hudson, and Her Ladyship to assert, despite her grief, that no son of hers shall ever apologize to a servant. In the end, though, Hudson rescinds his notice; Captain James murmurs a languid apology to the butler; and Her Ladyship departs on a scheduled visit to Canada aboard the R.M.S. Titanic. Thus concludes the year's first episode in what may be the best regular dramatic feature on American television: "Upstairs, Downstairs"—the British series that public-television stations in this country show under the program heading of "Masterpiece Theatre."


Bernard Schoenbaum.

"Fine, thanks. How are you?"

THERE'S no doubt about it. "Upstairs, Downstairs" is very good entertainment—and since it's as entertainment that it claims our attention, it's mainly as entertainment that one ought to consider it. The production is elegant, without being arch or showy. The ensemble acting of the British cast is of a high order. The writing has wit and style. Of course, there's something to be said for lines of dialogue which can be delivered with a "sir" in front of them. But the "Upstairs, Downstairs" actors rarely fool with this sort of thing—the way, for example, that Broadway Edwardians often do—and even in a bit of byplay such as the wine controversy, which is close to parody, the moment of parody itself is never reached, either in the mannerisms of the characters or in the language, whose literate, economic music gets played intact. The "period" business, too, generally manages to be right and satisfying—and properly sensual. Upstairs, the rich woodwork shines in the sun; the silver tea service gleams. Downstairs, the maids and footman work around the clock. But both worlds are caught—are caught in the strange, subtle embrace that surely then existed between the classes, and without the usual intervening distortions of a modern consciousness, such as provide either Gatsby's frozen salons or Arnold Wesker's Marxist kitchens. In "Upstairs, Downstairs," the gentlemen and ladies, serving girls and butlers dance on the same stage but in different spotlights, and using different steps. The servants rise at dawn to dust and sweep and clean and polish the great house's objects—and the story tells us that they're not sustained in these hard lives so much by "knowing their place," or by some fuddled Hollywood sentiment, as by being observers of a larger drama: in some ways, a national drama; at least, the Bellamy drama. In short, class life and class tensions—a later concept—are revealed as theatre: an oddly shared theatre. The Bellamys naturally have the impor-

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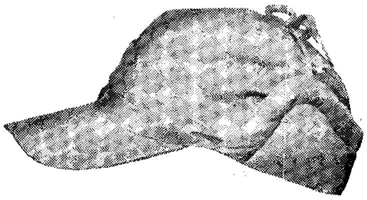

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tant roles—sweeping in and out of the most ordinary events (a lunch! a departure for the weekend!) while the downstairs audience, which makes the lunch, and staggers about under the suitcases, gazes on raptly, with as yet only a dim sense of its own theatricality.

On the surface, "Upstairs, Downstairs" seems to be devoted to explaining or portraying the almost exotic conventions of pre-First World War Europe. Thus, the convention of a gentleman's not entertaining the lower classes in his home, or perhaps of working girls' not stepping into the wrong spotlight, or perhaps the convention of the right claret at lunch. (Later episodes examine the conventions of a gentleman's income, of serving-class loyalty, of racial sentiment, and other matters.) All this is interesting, though in a rather recondite but entertaining way, and the themes are invariably handled with sensitivity and intelligence. What I find that "Upstairs, Downstairs" is especially good at is revealing, almost uncovering, affection—the odd, intricate play of affections in this assured and often brutal era. Beneath the ballet and drudgery of the great house, there's a real and fascinating *fondness* that floats—most of the time almost invisible, like smoke—from downstairs to upstairs. The servants have their own passions and preoccupations. But they also really care about Her lovely Ladyship, and about her ministerial husband, and even about spoiled young Captain James. However, when Hudson plays his strong card and gives notice, Lady Bellamy's first reaction is that her house has been disrupted, and Bellamy's regret is that he'll have to spend several months without a butler. To be sure, a few moments later he gets around to remarking that Hudson is actually a very good butler—"He's served your mother and me well." But it's a tough, true moment, and it's handled with no false moves or harrumphing. Indeed, such has been the usual level of class melodrama (even when done by the British) that one keeps expecting each tough moment—each class dissonance—to somehow collapse on itself, or follow the traditional logic of stage sentiment. But nothing collapses. In that lunch scene with James, Miss Forrest, and Hudson, the sympathy of the scene never tilts too far toward Miss Forrest—the working girl who's in an awkward position. And James himself is a fine, affectionate, but unromantic portrait of a careless young blood—an earlier kin to Evelyn Waugh's bland and brutish Noble Lords, and even to Fitzgerald's Racquet Club aristocrats.

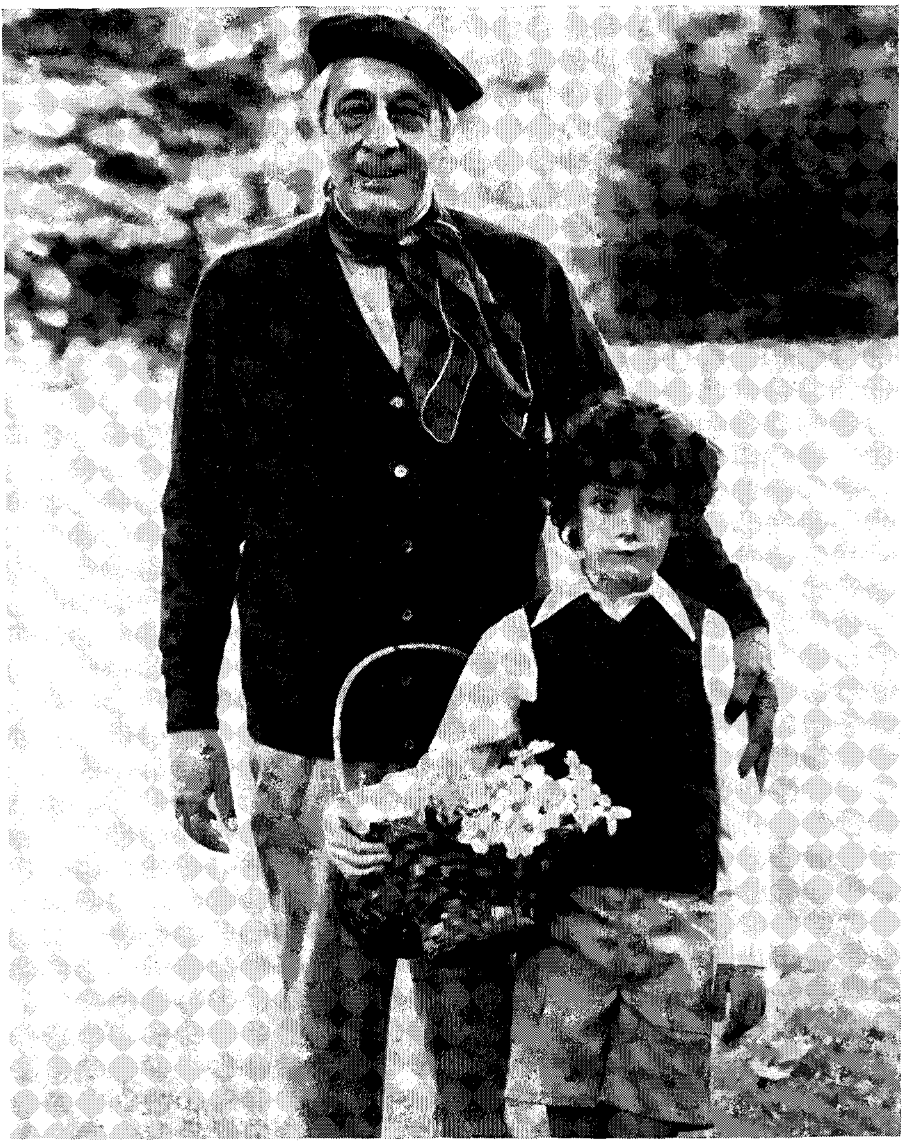
Still, since "Upstairs, Downstairs" is as good as it is, there's no need to get carried away into thinking that it's television's answer to Ibsen, Shaw, and Beckett. It's an extremely well-done entertainment series, which is content mainly to re-create the feel of a certain historical period, and to be borne along by an episodic story line that frequently owes as much to the conventions of soap opera (as per Lady B.'s departure on the Titanic) as to the standards of serious drama. Its limits seem to be a certain sociological fussiness and a kind of snobbery. For instance, in the wine scene I know we're supposed to have fun at the expense of sophisticated conventions, but I suspect we're also supposed to feel a distinct pleasure at being let in on those conventions. It's skillful theatre, but it's a theatre of minor characters, who move with marvellous grace against a background that is sometimes sharp and alive, and sometimes rather too deliberate social history filled out with actors.

Also, it's intrinsically British—British made, for British audiences—and this brings up another question, although perhaps more a political than an aesthetic one. For, at the risk of sounding chauvinist or parochial, it's worth asking: What's "Upstairs, Downstairs" doing here—and in the prominent place it holds on most public-television schedules? How does it happen that the best entertainment series on American public television is an essentially *British* import from England? Nor is it the only one. For probably the next-best entertainment series that's being shown on public television this fall is "A Family at War"—a finely made, somewhat more melodramatic, equally British view of the late nineteen-thirties and the Second World War through the experiences of a Liverpool family—which was produced by, and imported from, England's independent Granada Television. There's also a BBC comedy show called "Monty Python's Flying Circus," which is now being shown mainly on the Eastern public-television stations.

This isn't meant as a criticism of imported programs, or, certainly, of the public-television stations that show them—since the obvious reason they run imports is that imports are the best quality buys for the money. But imports on public TV aren't quite the same thing as imported plays and movies. For many years, after all, some of the most successful and best-received plays on Broadway have been European—mostly transplanted from London. And American movie theatres—at least, in the big cities—regularly show the new films of Bergman, Fellini, Truffaut, and so forth, to the obvious advantage and pleasure of American audiences. In fact, if there was a time when Henry James had to move to Europe in order to rub shoulders with European culture, and Edmund Wilson, later, more or less had to carry back French and Russian novels between his teeth to the American intelligentsia, by now there is a plenitude of international culture around the country—and we could doubtless use more of it.

But television is different—different in its private, cultural impact (for most people don't regard it as "culture," or as outside their everyday experience), and different in its distribution systems. When a European play moves into New York, it takes up only one out of what are still several dozen theatres. Furthermore, most foreign theatrical imports are in the Big Hit category. "Equus" doesn't squeeze out Off Broadway. "Amarcord" is a great, artistic—and not merely Italian but international—film, which doesn't supplant the work of original American filmmakers. The importation of foreign movies and plays is, on the whole, a happy event, because they're additions to an existing body of American work. There's room for all, since there's already an American drama and an American film; that is, playwrights and moviemakers whose plays and movies are regularly being produced.

But there's no such thing on television—at least, virtually no such thing. A long time ago, we signed over a large share of the public spectrum to the networks. The networks are closely tied to mass-market commercial advertising. Thus, on the networks, for the most part, there exists a middling level of commercial-entertainment competence, which only rarely rises even to a high level of commercial-entertainment competence. For example, a few weeks ago NBC showed an original telefilm called "The Law," which displayed considerable virtuosity and style in its editing (no small matter, since the movie was trying to portray the complexities of an urban courthouse), and contained some good, solid acting in the key roles. "The Law" was as good a network drama as I've seen in recent years. But although it periodically rose



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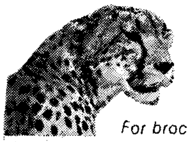

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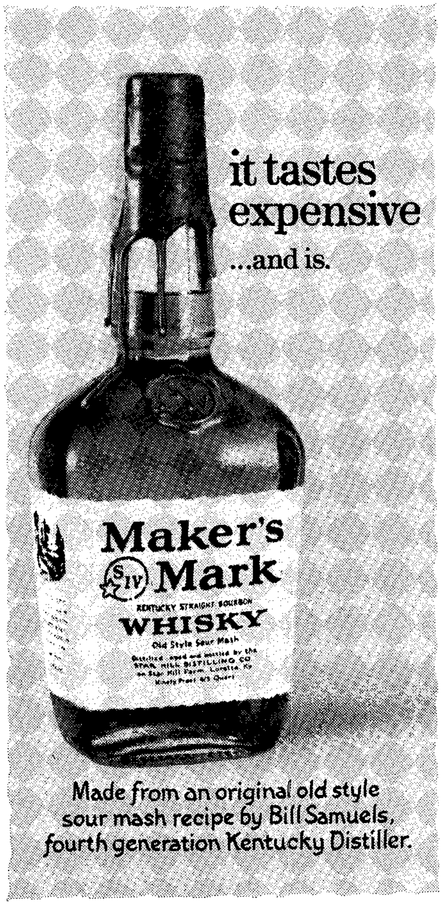

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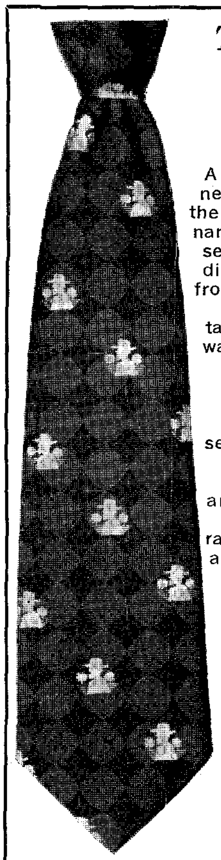
above its slick, professional genre (especially in stretches of subtle, plain-spoken dialogue), still there was something soft and tricky at its center—a hokey story that was touched upon, then dwelled upon, as if the film's creators had agreed that its seriousness could be taken so far but no farther. In the end, it was one of those good professional movies (maybe better than average) that don't leave you with anything to say about them as you walk out of the theatre—or, in this case, wander into the kitchen. And, one understands, *that's* the way commercial television usually has to be when dealing with the mass audience.

But where's the alternative? There is supposed to be an alternative. It's called *public* television, and, as we saw, two of its best and most prominent entertainment features (on a thin schedule) are the British "Upstairs, Downstairs" and the British "A Family at War," plus "Monty Python's Flying Circus," which is less good but even more British than the other two—a giggly-British. In a sense, I suppose, one could find this very ironic. After all, wasn't it as a part of the great postwar surge of American economic imperialism—with American companies buying up foreign companies, and American advertising agencies and consumer products spreading around the globe—that American telefilm producers also began flooding the world with American entertainment series, most of which had already earned back their costs at home and thus could be deliberately unloaded below cost overseas, so as to price out any potentially competing local product? In Canada in the nineteen-fifties, for instance, American Westerns were being sold for as little as two thousand dollars per half hour, at a time when the developing Canadian telefilm industry could barely produce a program of similar length for less than twenty thousand dollars. Similar stories were reported about Australia, South America, and elsewhere—with the result that "Dragnet," "Restless Gun," "Route 66," and other such strident visions of American life have been visited upon much of the world, perhaps briefly gratifying a mass audience (which usually had no more alternatives than the original American audience) but also in the process stifling or diminishing the development of local television activity and the creation of a more locally relevant programming.

Has the worm (or telefilm) turned, then? Are United States "nationals"



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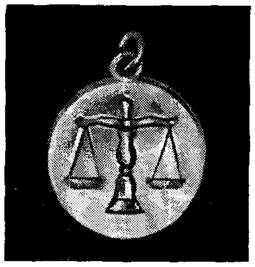

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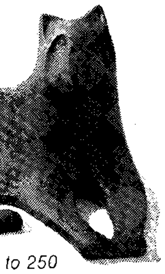

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soon to be standing by helplessly while their impressionable small children utter their first words in giggly-British, or demand Edwardian silver tea services for Christmas, or call their fathers "Guv'nor"? That might be nice for a change, but it's not likely, and it's not the point. The point, I think, is that just about every government in the world has recognized the importance of a nationally expressive television—which is why, among other reasons, there have been so many complaints from weaker governments about American telefilm predominance.

◆

In our country, there's no doubt as to the nationalism that animates the big networks—nor any doubt as to *whose* nationalism or national spirit is carefully expressed, and tended, and continuously played upon in entertainment features as well as in advertising, not to mention those arcane "Star-Spangled Banner"s that are thrummed up toward the Goodyear blimp each weekend from stadiums across the land. It's not that commercial television is above receiving imports, but when it does—as in the case of another fine BBC series, "Till Death Do Us Part"—it shucks the Britishness, and then deliberately and expensively refurbishes the basic idea in a totally American set of clothes, and calls it "All in the Family." When it comes to playing with national imagery, commercial television knows what it's doing.

But public television—well, that seems to be another story. It's not that public television doesn't know what it's doing but that it's an institution that is supposed to be supported by the government (and by other institutions), and while these distant forces have generally managed to keep it alive—padding around in bedroom slippers in the background, sometimes even going for long walks—it's clear by now that few important people want to give it enough money to make it strong and healthy: economically and artistically viable. Indeed, no one seems to seriously want a *strong* public television, except for a few foundations and the public—and much of the public isn't sure, or can't feel clearly about it, because public TV has never had the financial resources to show everyone what it can do. Not that the business-government establishment is against the institution per se—provided that it takes a certain form. The television networks, for example, vaguely encourage its existence, for otherwise, sooner or later, a new Andrew Jackson might happen along and decide to create another network from scratch, but they want it "educational," hence uncompetitive, hence weak. Big business offers individual stations occasional teaspoons, and sometimes tablespoons, of cash—in some instances tactfully, as in the case of Xerox, but often self-servingly, as in the recent case of Mobil Oil Corporation, whose "public-service" grant to station KCET, in Los Angeles, for producing "The Way It Was," a sports series, has been exploited by the company in a nationwide advertising campaign. The principal obstacles to a strong public television, however, have been Congress and recent Administrations—the representatives of the public. Apparently, too many congressmen are too well tied to commercial broadcasters to permit the unleashing of a competitive "fourth network." And recent Presidents, such as Richard Nixon—whose interest in controlling mass media bordered on a full-time mania—have been content ostensibly to support public television's modest requests for funds, while making sure that, when it *does* get money from the government, this money is then diverted and scattered to the individual stations around the nation.

This last idea doesn't necessarily sound obstructive—although it certainly has that now familiar ring of jut-jawed, corrupted populism about it. But the way the process has been worked out, and virtually legalized (as the Public Broadcasting Financing Act of 1974 makes its way through the Senate), is that what was formerly the central organizing and programming authority for public television—the Public Broadcasting Service—has been cut out of roughly half of the new federal moneys, which will henceforth flow to the two hundred and forty-six individual public-television stations. PBS, based in Washington, and successor to the old Educational Television network, has been the only central public-television organization with the capacity to back expensive, and sometimes controversial, programs, such as "An American Family," and to orchestrate the two hundred-odd public stations into a kind of network. As the new public-television bill would work, PBS wouldn't have enough money to be more than an administrative organization. And the individual stations, which have never been famous either for production risk-taking or for being able to agree on common policies, will now have much greater buying power spread among them—but not *that* much, nor will it be provided in such a way that

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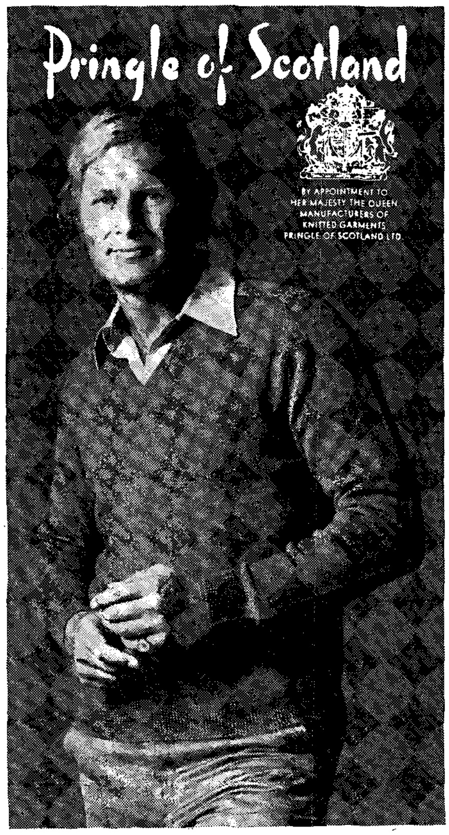

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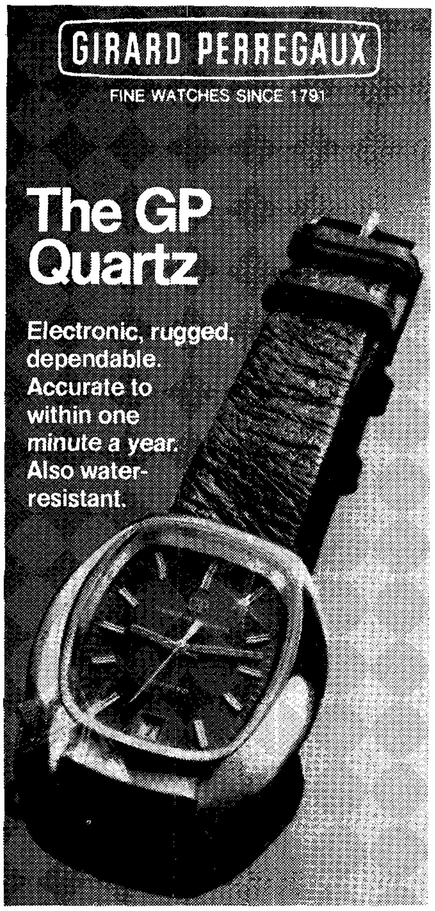
they are likely to regularly mount the type of professional, imaginative productions that might attract the public to its own still unformed network.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the situation is a total disaster. The new bill would provide federal funds to public television of seventy million dollars in its first year, fiscal 1975. Also, the bill guarantees government funding for at least five years. Furthermore, public television's audience seems to be growing, and so does the level of individual citizens' contributions. New York's station, WNET, recently raised three hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars from viewers in one of its quarterly campaigns, which lately have been supplying the station with twenty per cent of its annual operating funds. But it would be an exaggeration to say that the public-television situation is enormously encouraging. PBS has been largely reduced to pushing paper. All too many station schedules are padded out with yoga classes, health instruction, burglar-lock advice, and countless Children's Television Workshop repeats. And in public "prime time," although there are often fine musical programs, and an interesting weekly news show, "The 51st State," and irregular but well-done documentaries, there is something important missing from the center of the schedule—and perhaps it's the presence of these generally attractive British programs that makes one notice it so sharply. After all, it's not isolationist to suggest that an American public might feel a deep connection to an *American* "Family at War," or to a saga of pre-First World War *America*—and that this public might be a good deal more substantial than the audience that now attends to the clever dance steps of Hudson and the Bellamys. At least, there should be room for both. There should be provision for both. There's really no honorable reason anymore that the people of this rich country can't be given a sturdy *national* television production system—honestly informative, creative, unfettered by the imperatives of hucksterism, and unhampered by the self-serving theories of transient politicians.

A DISTANT note of cheer, however. The other day, I went by New York's WNET to ask, in my best investigative manner, if public television planned to celebrate the Bicentennial with, say, a French film on the Lafayette family during the Napoleonic Wars, or a BBC closeup on Lord North's attempts to hammer out the



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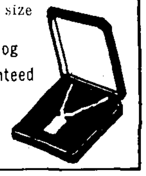
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Tea Act. Not so, said Robert Kotlowitz, the station's director of programming. Indeed, he said, his station was now filming a four-generation chronicle of the Adams family (with the aid of a large grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities), which it hoped to air early in 1976. He added that it cost them two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to produce each hour-long episode on the Adamses—which was roughly ten times what it cost them to buy a similar-length episode of "Upstairs, Downstairs." Keep 1976 open for "The Adams Chronicles."

Also, a more immediate note of cheer. There is an exceptional new film by Frederick Wiseman, called "Primate," which WNET and most public-television stations will show on the evening of December 5th. Some time ago, Wiseman was given a contract by WNET to produce five films on "American institutions," of which he has completed three. Altogether, he has made eight films, including "Titicut Follies," "Hospital," and "Basic Training," and has won numerous awards, as well as a growing audience, especially on college campuses. I know of no other American film journalist right now who works in Wiseman's generalist area, or one who's been building so consistently serious a body of work. The films he makes are sometimes described as "social documentary," but their special quality, I think, is personal and human—usually very coolly and calmly presented but animated with passion and a large vision of life. "Primate" ostensibly has to do with the routine investigations of primate life and behavior (notably sexual behavior) which are conducted at the Yerkes Primate Research Center, in Atlanta. What it's actually about is scientific research: its seemingly accepted presence in American life, and its ambiguous purposes. I'd suggest that parents not confuse the subject matter of "Primate" with "Wild Kingdom" and keep small children up for the starker medical sequences. But it's a fascinating film—in some ways frightening, and also humorous, and dealing, albeit indirectly, with questions as deep as the modern soul. It's extremely good.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

HOUSEWORK has changed during this century from an arduous form of menial labor into a mild form of social satire. Machines do the backbreaking work that we used to have to do to keep warm and clean and nourished, and now our chief domestic function is to propitiate, with daily offerings wrapped in plastic, the gods of greed and waste who rule us. The symbol of domestic comfort—once the hearth—is now the incinerator; we throw out in one day, perforce, what people used to barely acquire in a year, and the more we discard, the more clutter we seem to be left with. Preparations for Christmas are beginning to resemble the purification rites of the tribes who burn down their houses every year. To make room for each year's influx of toys and games and gadgets and kitchen utensils and Tasteful Objects, the ghosts of Christmases past must be coaxed from bulging closets and drawers and interred in bulging garbage bags. In a characteristic fit of pre-Christmas housecleaning that took place recently in a local middle-class apartment, the following characteristic miscellany of discards was gathered:

chess pawn
doll's head
potato peeler
lipstick case
frog-shaped incense burner
crushed Ping-Pong ball
papier-mâché banana
dog brush
light socket
earring
lemon squeezer
pieces of jigsaw puzzle
poached-egg form
plastic cat
worry beads
pastry brush
Clean Sweep game
spiral from spiral notebook
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cookie cutter
wristwatch
plastic tugboat
eye-shadow case
soap dish
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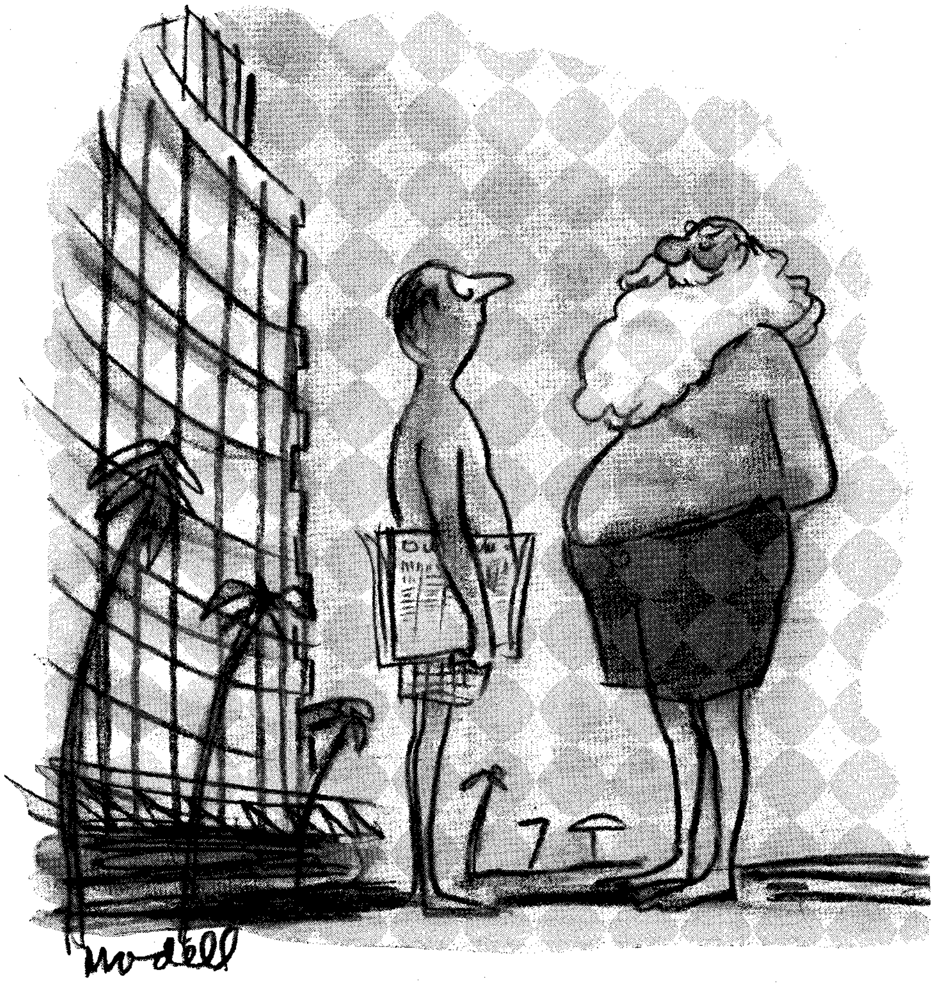
hair-dryer motor
beaded flower
champagne cork
typewriter-ribbon spool
souvenir Eiffel Tower
barrette
broken protractor
bagel pendant
pocket flashlight
measuring spoon from a can of Chock
  Full o'Nuts coffee

However, the two Bloomingdale's shopping bags containing this "junk" (whose collective purchase price would feed a village in India for a month) were not taken to the incinerator but deposited on the doorstep of a lady named Chloe Zerwick, who had actually requested the stuff. A few years ago, Ms. Zerwick, feeling (as most of us can't help but) both oppressed by her affluence and guilt-ridden about her wastefulness, found a delightful resolution of the dilemma. She began to collect the "found objects" that accreted around her house and, with nails and glue, to fashion them into eight-foot-high sculptured agglomerations perched on Victorian piano stools and surmounted by birdhouses, which she painted all white in some cases and bright colors in others. Two examples of these amusing and sobering commentaries on how we live and what we live for (reminiscent of the Watts Towers) are on view in Ms. Zerwick's apartment, where they can be seen by appointment, and bought—for $1,000 in the instance of a serene white composition called "Lily's Piano Stool," and for $1,500 in that of a gaily agitated work called "The Whole Earth Catalog," whose complex variegation brings Mexican folk art to mind. Readers who don't have that kind of money (not to say room) can avail themselves of Ms. Zerwick's rash offer to take in other people's clutter for use in future works. Shopping bags may be left with the doorman at Ms. Zerwick's East Side apartment building, and her only stipulation is that the leavings be small-scale, and not made of glass or crockery. She adds that she needs piano stools for bases, now that her sister-in-law, Lily, who hoards them, no longer feels she can part with any. For particulars about viewing or de-accessioning, call RE 7-5838.

PARADOXICALLY (and fortunately for the spirit of Christmas commerce), pockets of need exist in even



"Just thought I'd rest up before the season begins."

the most glutted of households, inviting presents—admittedly not as exciting as frog-shaped incense burners and papier-mâché bananas—that quietly replace something broken or worn out, and in themselves constitute examples of healthy mutability. Some suggestions in this vein follow, and we'll start at the Pottery Barn, at 231 Tenth Avenue (24th), with branches at 1292 Lexington Avenue (87th), 227 East 60th Street, and 47 Greenwich Avenue, the twenty-five-year-old mecca for those in quest of simple, useful, inexpensive pottery, china, glassware, and kitchen equipment, which continues to flourish on its restrained utilitarianism while other shops (viz., Bonniers) founder on their radical chic. To replace everyday wineglasses, barware, and crockery, there is no better place to go than the cavernous main store. In the bargain basement there, Coca-Cola glasses can be bought for as little as a quarter apiece, and highball glasses for thirty cents. Upstairs, in the regular glassware department, more costly seconds of more refined barware are available, along with fine crystal for sale at prices ranging from slightly to well below those asked elsewhere. In all cases, the design is good and the shapes are plain. On the main floor of the main store, note some chaste octagonally oblong serving platters of white porcelain; $4.95 for a ten-inch platter, $7.95 for a twelve-and-a-half-inch platter, and $11.50 for a fifteen-inch one. Baking dishes of the same china range from $3.50 to $8.50 in oblong form, and from $7.50 to $11.95 when they are oval. A service of white stacking china from the Swiss firm of Langenthal is appealingly stolid (the stacking is facilitated by rims of about a quarter of an inch on the plates and by a kind of cantilevering on the cups and bowls); a dinner plate is $4.50, a salad plate $3.30, a cup $2.55, a saucer $1.95, a large oblong platter $16.65, and a quart milk pitcher $8.95, and bowls range from $2.35 to $7.95. A stoneware service called Trend is a frank and persuasive imitation (made you know where) of Dansk's Generation stoneware, introduced a few years ago and universally admired for its felicity of shape and surface texture. The Trend ware has a grayish cast, and is pitted with blue or brown flecks (a concomitant of the stoneware process) and rimmed with relevant blue or brown stripes. The pieces have a blunt amplitude that is just right for the material—form following the demands of matter as well as those of function. A dinner plate is $7, a salad plate is $3.50, a cup with saucer is

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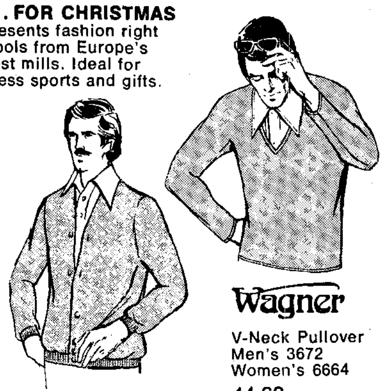

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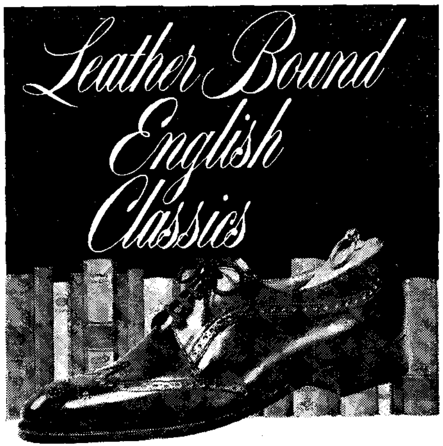

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$3.50, a footed compote is $18, and rice bowls are $1.25, $2, and $2.50. Some small presents from the Barn might be a Swedish pot scrubber, the picturesque little bundle of twigs that does a Brilloesque job of scouring pots and pans, at ninety cents, instead of $1.50, which it costs in most other places; a wooden mixing spoon, or two or three of them, from the Barn's exhaustive collection, ranging from around twenty cents to around eighty cents; some porcelain snail shells, at twenty-five cents apiece; and a large pot holder with a brass-ring hanger which comes in many fresh, cheerful solid-color cottons and also in stripes, polka dots, and gingham checks, and costs $1.50.

At Bazaar de la Cuisine, 1003 Second Avenue (53rd), a collection of the redoubtable Gripstand mixing bowls of glazed earthenware, made in England by the Green Company, is offered in a thoughtful variety of sizes: a bowl eight and a half inches in diameter is $4.45, an eleven-and-a-half-inch bowl is $6.45, and a thirteen-and-a-half-inch bowl is $8.45. The buff-colored sides of these sturdy vessels are decorated with an old-fashioned relief pattern of lozenges within ovals, the insides are white, there are stubby side handles, and there is a flat surface at an angle to the bottom, so that the bowl can be set on its side safely in the (unlikely) event that sometime something is to be vigorously beaten by hand in it. Also from the Green firm are some oval white-glazed earthenware baking dishes that have rims and are called pie dishes; an eleven-inch one costs $7.95 and a thirteen-inch one $9.95.

At Henri Bendel, which is not exactly a shrine to the useful and the modestly priced, there are some useful and modestly priced pitchers of ochre-colored glazed earthenware which are reminiscent, in their graceful classicism, of the pitchers in Purist still-lifes; they hold a quart and have a mild dense craze; the price is $3.50. Oversize plates (eleven and a half inches in diameter) of white vitrified restaurant china are also on view at Bendel ($6.50 each), as are shallow soup plates of the same china ($4.50). Comely small French goblets with rounded bowls and stubby stems on round bases are sold at Bendel for the Pottery Barnish price of $7.50 for six. Another agreeably priced present ($8) is a set of a candleholder and candle—a tumbler eight inches high and six inches in diameter made of thick, rough-hewn glass with a gray tinge, which harbors a thick, off-white, un-

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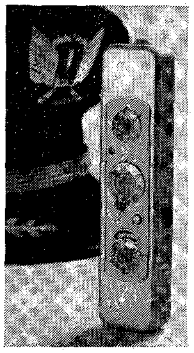

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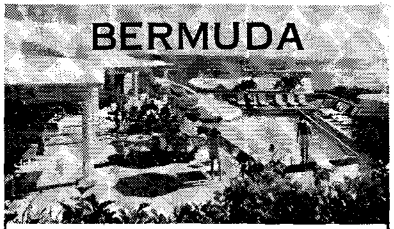

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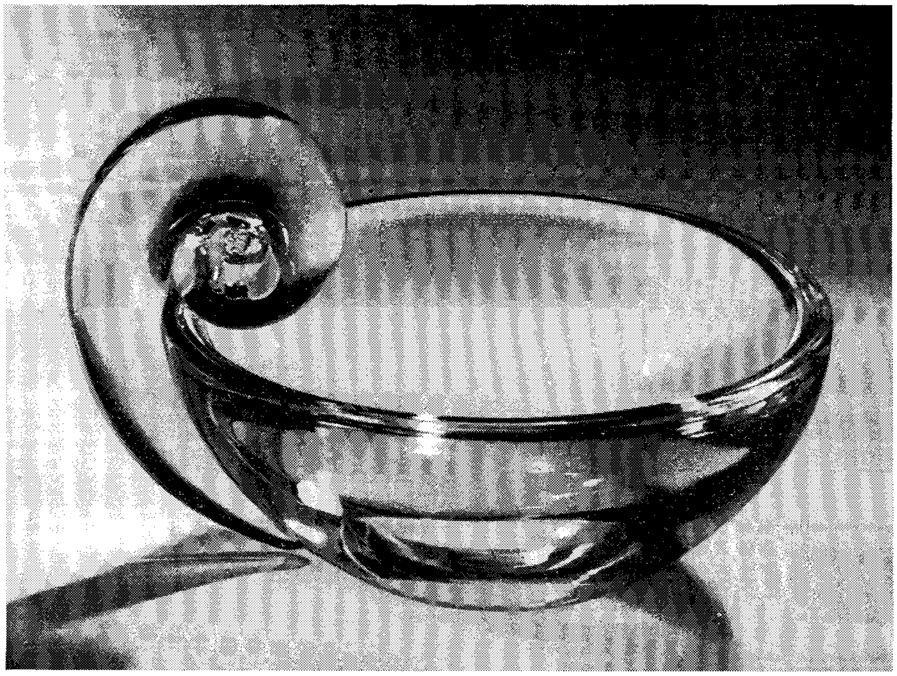
A CHRISTMAS present of a sheet or a towel, which would have been affront a few years ago, is now al-ost an art event. Everyone is out de-gning sheets and towels today, and e latest recruits to this growing field f moonlighting (Gloria Vanderbilt nd Bill Blass were among its pioneer-g figures) are Cecil Beaton, Marc ohan, Donald Brooks, and Kasper, nd their designs for Wamsutta are ow in all the department stores. (The hrlichman, Haldeman, Hunt, and iddy collection is probably next.) Of he current collection, the most distin-uished patterns, in our opinion, are the wo contributed by Dior (as Bohan's vork is deferentially called). One is a esign of large, concisely stylized long-temmed roses (red petals and green eaves) printed on a spacious white ackground, which has a ladylike but ot virginal appearance and makes a ed look like a bower rather than—as ome flowered sheets have a tendency o do—like a pot holder. The other Dior design, a manly, vaguely nautical rint that is actually the Dior mono-gram, in blue on a white background vith wide blue borders, has a look of legance and privileged ease. Prices in oth patterns range from $8, for a flat win sheet, to $17, for a fitted king-ize sheet. Pillowcases are $3.25 each (two to a compulsory package), and Dacron-filled comforters are from $40 o $75. The Martex company has come out with some anonymous new designs—based on the lovely eight-eenth-century Provençal prints that Pierre Deux introduced here a few years ago in their shop on Bleecker Street and that, being in the public do-main, are susceptible to the overexpo-sure that everything attractive and noncopyrighted inevitably receives in this country. Among the designs that Martex has selected to send to Nebras-ka farmhouses, New Mexico hogans, and Chicago condominiums are Pro-vincial Roses and Provincial Ribbons. The first is a pattern of little stylized roses in red on a background of lark-spur blue or in blue on a background of either buttercup yellow or brick red, each bordered by a thick band of multi-colored wreaths on a white back-ground. Provincial Ribbons is a pattern of blue serpentine stripes bordered with red and alternating with stripes formed of red-and-blue rosettes—all on a white background. These delectable-looking sheets start at $8, for flat twin, and go to $17, for a king-size fitted



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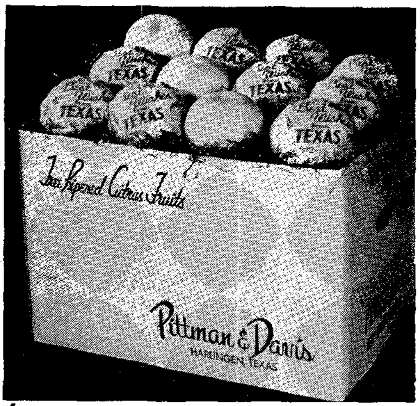
sheet. Pillowcases are $3.25 each, and quilted bedspreads are from $35 to $75. All the above-mentioned sheets are made of a fifty-fifty blend of polyester and cotton.

The people who fret at the thought that a third of human life is spent in bed might bow to it with better grace under the pacification of the goose-feather-and-down comforters that Bloomingdale's has imported from Denmark and sells on the seventh floor. These wonderfully soft and light and warm bedcoverings are stitched with lengthwise "channels," which keep the filling evenly distributed, and are themselves covered with down-proof cotton cambric. Light blue, yellow, lime, dark brown, and beige are the solid-color choices, and an offhand pattern of crosses—brown and beige on white, or green and blue on white—is another alternative. Prices (and there's the rub) range from $100, for a twin-bed comforter, to $180, for a dual-king specimen.

The homey bedcovers of our ancestors have become the stylish wall hangings of our own time, and few New York apartments are without at least a trace (a pillow or fragment) of the genre that the Whitney quilt show of 1971 unwittingly propelled out of the peaceable kingdom of folk art into the raucous republic of fashion and commerce. The patchwork quilt is fast becoming the rich man's bullfight poster, and the avant-garde is already moving on and covering its walls with things like hooked rugs, and even—in some daring cases—pictures. We're not quite ready for that ourselves—we still like the quilt that hangs in our living room next to "If." However, we'll confine ourselves to describing just one of the many glorious quilts we have seen around town. It hangs on the wall of an antique shop named The Pilgrim's Progress, at 363 Bleecker Street, near Charles, and is unlike any other quilt we have ever seen. It was made in Maryland in 1840, and combines conventional piecework (a baby-blocks pattern) with surprising embellishments of needlepoint embroidery. The needlepoint appears within a large dusty-rose star (the baby blocks are beige, brown, and green) and consists of realistic depictions of, centrally, the infant St. John with a lamb, and, peripherally, a dog, a rose, a cat, a parrot, and other alphabet-book items. It sounds strange, and it *is* strange, but beautiful; the over-all pattern is not diminished by the discrepant, finical needlepoint but emerges with all the strength and abstract dazzle of an



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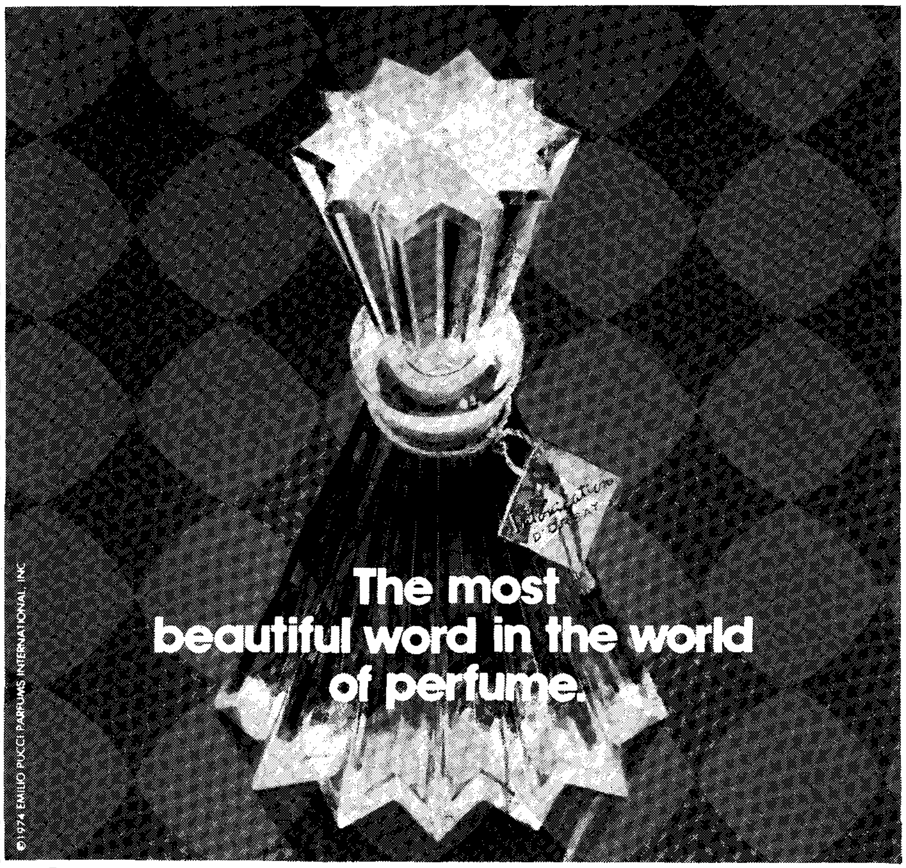
mish quilt. This rarity, made of dull lk, measures sixty-three inches by six- -five, and costs $600.

Among the many books on quilts hich continue to come out, Jonathan Iolstein's "The Pieced Quilt: An merican Design Tradition" (New ork Graphic Society, $17.50), discussed in these columns a few months go, remains the most highly recommended work in the field. Its ninety-six ll-page color illustrations are delightful to contemplate (and hard not to cut ut and frame), and its text is informative, lucid, highly opinionated, occasionally wrongheaded, and always marked y the sound of an individual voice ather than by the bland hush of the ommittee from which most books bout the decorative arts seem to issue. 'America's Quilts and Coverlets," y committee members Carleton L. afford and Robert Bishop (Dutton, 25), is a useful reference work, embracing the whole field of American edcoverings (Holstein's book deals vith only one type of quilt—the one hat was most frequently made and hat has particular appeal today, because of its affinity with abstract art), which includes white work, linsey-woolsey, the bed rug, the jacquard overlet, and the appliqué quilt as well s the piecework quilt. The illustrations re abundant and excellent, amply justifying the book's price. Dutton has lso published "The Quilt Engagement Calendar" for 1975, which repeats some selections from "America's Quilts and Coverlets" but is mostly illustrated with works unearthed after the publication of the larger text. This very appealing calendar—a quilt faces each week—costs $4.95, and is for sale at the Museum of American Folk Art and at bookstores. Two excellent books on how to make quilts are "Polly Prindle's Book of American Patchwork Quilts," by Alice I. Gammell (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95), and "The Great Noank Factory," by Sharon McKain (Random House/Pequot Press, $8.95). The former gives fifty traditional quilt patterns, prefaced by general technical information; the latter is organized into a course of twenty lessons, beginning with how to make a pot holder and ending with a lesson entitled "Wall-Hangings, Back Packs and Things." (Like books on sex techniques, books on quiltmaking don't differ much from each other, since there isn't that much to do, and either text will tell you everything you need to know.)

The needlepoint fever that raged through the city a few years ago has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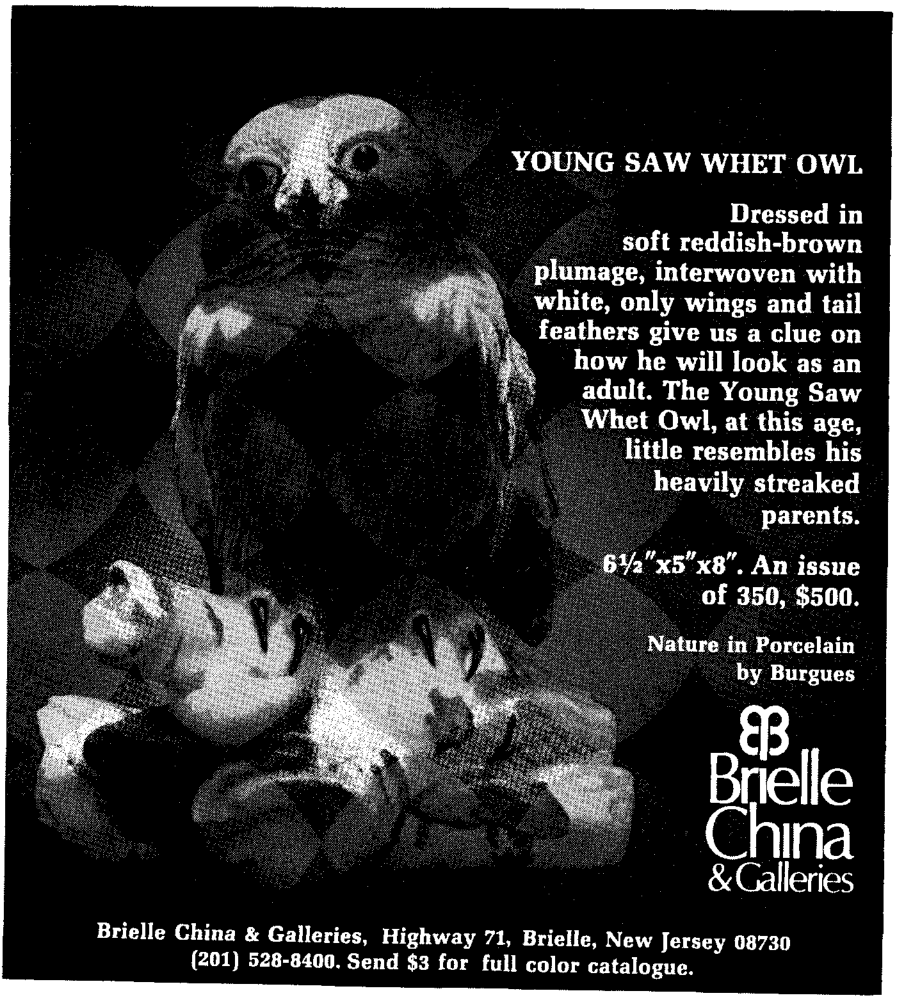

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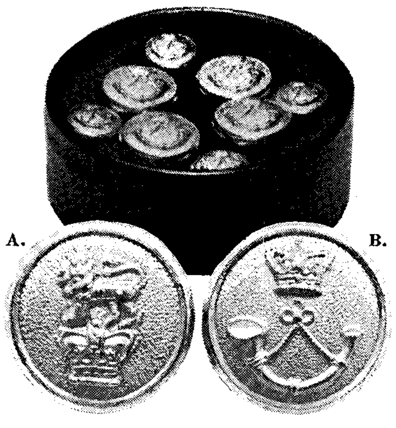

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subsided, leaving behind it a vast residue of unfinished canvases and a small hard core of the squinting Faithful. A remarkable opus entitled "A Pageant of Pattern for Needlepoint Canvas," by Sherlee Lantz, which was recently published by Atheneum, at $25, may well start the fever going again. The book is remarkable for the beauty of its examples, representing periods from Babylonian times to the present; for the unprecedented lucidity (and number—there are over three hundred and fifty) of its diagrams of stitches, drawn by Maggie Lane; and for the thoughtful essays on abstract geometric design and related subjects which appear at the beginning of the book, revealing Mrs. Lantz to be the star of her field that Mr. Holstein is of his, and a writer capable of speaking even to those who, in their ignorance, might take Hungarian Point for a resort on Lake Balaton and a diaper for something you put on a baby.

Though there seems to be scarcely anything among the arts and crafts of the past that cannot, with a little application and chutzpah, be re-created today, some exceptions exist, and among these is the art of the medieval tapestry, which we cannot learn at the Y, and must be content to admire in museums and collections. However, contentment is not a dominant feeling of our time, and a firm in the town of Rambouillet, outside Paris, manfully undertaking to fill the perverse desire of people to have their own medieval tapestries, is offering reproductions of masterpieces in the Cluny museum, the Louvre, and elsewhere, produced by a silk-screen process applied to handwoven wool backgrounds. Examples of these fakes are on view at Bloomingdale's, and, whatever one may think of the idea, one cannot help admiring the way it has been executed. From a distance, these prints look like real tapestries: the colors are right, the figures are well drawn, and the impression of weaving is strong, as is that of antiquity, especially in the works where worn places have been faithfully reproduced. Up close, the "tapestries" are blurred and entirely unpersuasive; one feels disappointment rather than the awe that the real thing produces as one comes up against the evidence of its incredible laboriousness. The collection at Bloomingdale's includes two members of the lovely pink-red "Lady with Unicorn" series, which was seen here last spring at the Metropolitan Museum's loan show: "L'Oie," which is two feet eight inches by three feet nine, is $525, and "Le Goût," which measures five feet five inches by four feet seven, $925. A third member of the Unicor set—"La Vue," which is seven fe two inches by eight feet two—can b ordered for $2,500. A smaller wor called "Noble Pastorale" (four fe ten inches by three feet one), has t familiar (to Cloisters habitués) dar blue background studded with flowe and small animals, and shows a ma knocking fruit off a tree with a po as his lady contemplatively watches this costs $495. More than two doze other works are offered, for betwee $335 and $3,000.

NO problems such as those raise by the copies of tapestries a raised by the copies of American gla and European silver and china th the Metropolitan Museum sells in i gift shop in ever-increasing quanti and varieties, having arranged for the production, wherever possible, according to the original technologies. Of th year's new arrivals, the most unusual "The Three Sisters Biscuit Jar, which was first made around 1870 b the firm of George Duncan & Son of Pittsburgh. The unusual—indee somewhat startling—feature of th jar, a nine-and-a-half-inch fluted-gla cannister, is the sculpture that appea on its lid, depicting in frosted glass three-faced woman of heavy, gloom neoclassical features. Only the Victori an Age could have engendered th curious object, and only some member of our own will find it beautiful; i costs $25. The museum's bellflowe pitcher is more universally appealing; i comes in clear crystal for $25 and i blue crystal (made in a limited editio of two thousand) for $35. Its narro vertical ribbing is punctuated by delicate, curving spray of bell flowers, which bears a satisfyin relationship to the curves of th large spout and the swan's-nec handle. The museum has published an agreeable little volum called "A Culinary Collection," mad up of recipes from members of the staf (curators, guards, administrators, th restaurant's chef, etc.) and of th Board of Trustees. The recipes are interesting, a little precious sometime (viz., Knud Nielsen's recipe for mock baby-bear fillets, calling for one tablespoon of "freshly picked pine needles, rinsed"), and usually reflective of the fact that the contributors are people who have to do their cooking and pine-needle picking after they come home from work. (Thomas Hoving's recipe for spaghetti with tomatoes and basil is an excellent example of fast, good cooking, though it would taste even better

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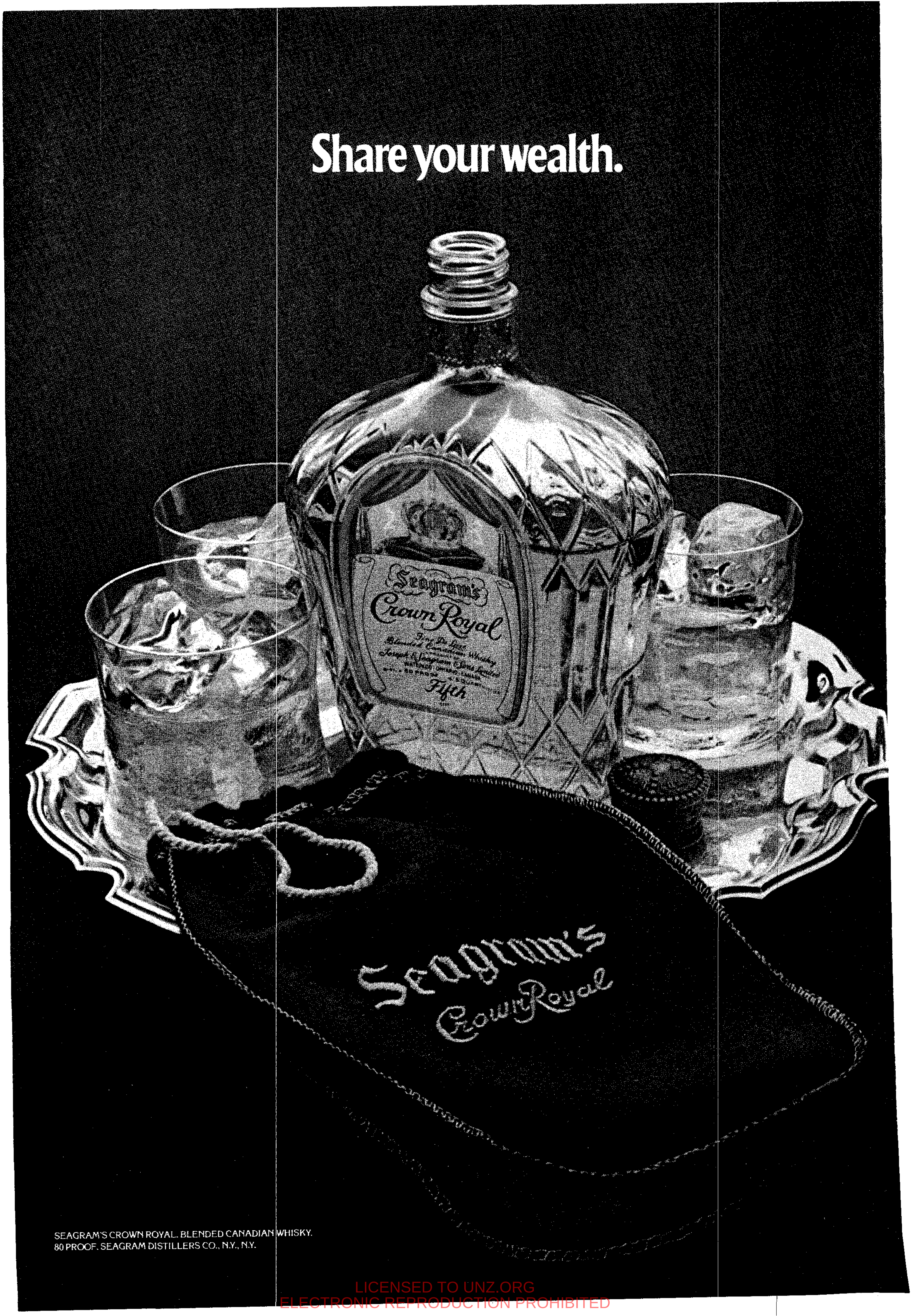
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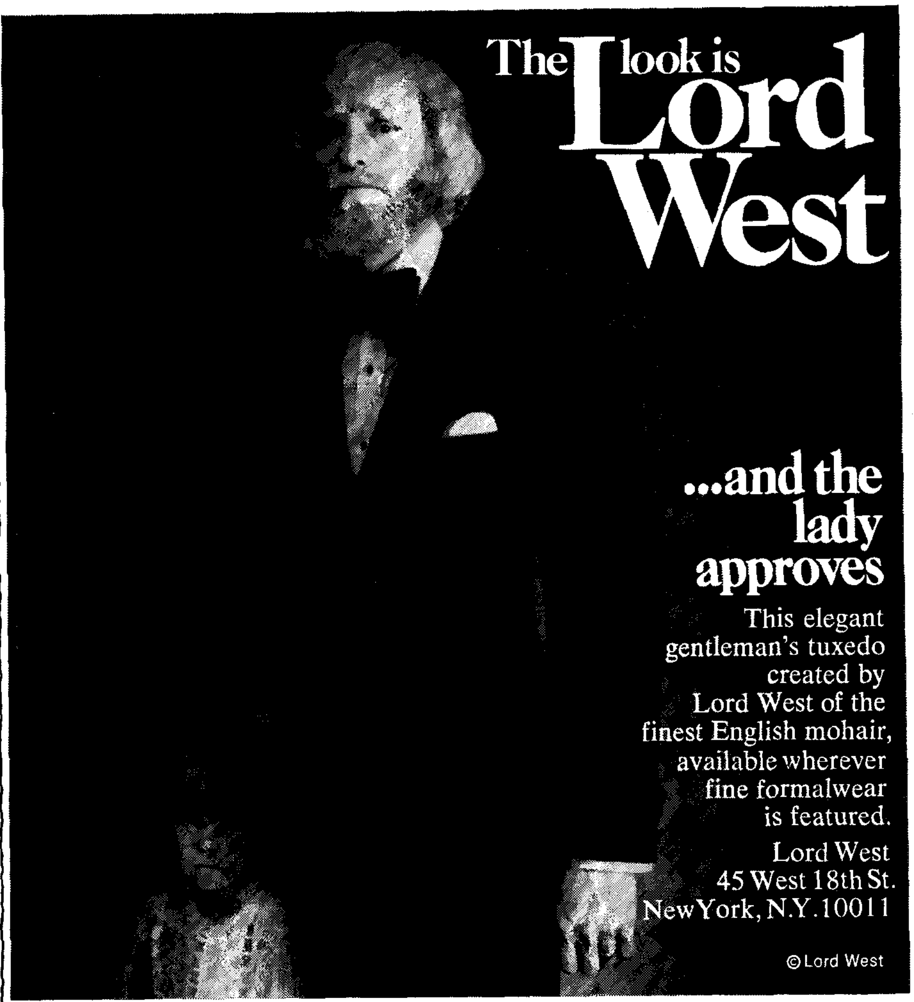
if an extra minute were taken to peel the tomatoes.) The collection costs $5.95, and is illustrated with black-and-white drawings from an Italian cookbook, which was published in Venice in 1570, called "The Private Chef of Pope Pius V."

At Gimbels, in the housewares department, a lay chef in the employ of the Amer Ware Company was demonstrating the virtues of some no-stick frying pans, and we joined a crowd of gapers clustered around an almost preposterously beautiful egg she had just fried without fat. On a back burner we noticed a pan in which something white and peculiar was cooking, and asked the cook what it was. She replied that she was burning milk in the pan in order to demonstrate later how easy the ware was to clean. After cooking another perfect egg and toasting a cheese sandwich, she turned to the mess of burned milk and, judging it sufficiently disgusting, took a paper towel and *wiped off* the horrid brown encrustation, which one would have thought only soaking and scouring and prayer could dislodge. Skeptical by nature, we bought a pan to see if what we had witnessed at Gimbels could be repeated at home, and it was—if a little less dramatically (it required three or four wipes to dispatch our mess of burned milk), no less effectively. The ware is permeated rather than merely coated with its repellent, and is guaranteed to retain this faculty for its lifetime. It has its limitations: it is not conducive to operations requiring high heat, such as searing meat. But for frying eggs, toasting sandwiches, and burning milk it is unsurpassed. A ten-inch frying pan is $9.99, an eight-inch frying pan is $8.99, a chicken fryer with a cover is $17.99, and saucepans are $7.99 in the one-quart size and $11.99 in the two-quart size.

An extraordinary new line of cast-aluminum pots and pans from the Dansk company has the stolid, rectilinear aspect of the metalwork produced by the Werkbund early in the century, not to mention considerable merit as a set of cooking utensils. The pots have a brusque rectangular black plastic handle with an oval hanging hole, a pronounced dome-shaped knob on the lid, two blunt spouts, and a novel and ingenious feature: within the lid there is a section of jagged teeth that, when aligned with one of the spouts, acts as a strainer. A three-quart pot with a lid is $19, a two-quart version is $18, and a quart-and-a-half one is $16; an eleven-inch frying pan with two spouts is $18, and a spoutless seven-and-a-half-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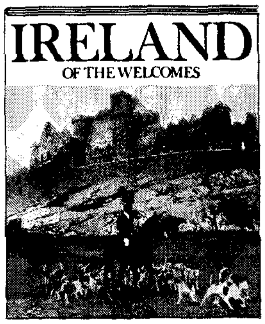

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inch frying pan is $14. These pots and pans, made in Great Britain, are part of Dansk's Gourmet Design collection. Other items sold under this rubric (at Bloomingdale's, Gimbels, Macy's, and elsewhere) are some worthy plastic bowls that come in cheerful nursery-school colors (red, yellow, green) and are equipped with spouts and handles, plus rubber suction rings on the bottom. A four-and-a-half-quart bowl is $8.95, a three-and-a-half-quart bowl is $7.95, and a two-and-a-half-quart bowl is $6.95.

La Cuisinière has moved a block down Madison Avenue, to No. 867 (71st), and has changed from being small, jumbled, and tempting to being spacious, orderly, and irresistible. Some wonderful lightweight enamelled-steel stockpots from France sold here have high sides, orange-red enamel on the outside and gray enamel within, and the merit (which aluminum pots *don't*) of *not* discoloring vegetables. Prices are $29.95 for a ten-quart pot, $39.95 for a thirteen-quart pot, and $44.95 for a pot big enough to feed the entire Salvation Army plus a number of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's disciples. These luxurious pots are a fitting present indeed for the virtuous few who save marrowbones and chicken carcasses and have houses filled with the blessed fragrance of simmering stock. For the thriftless majority who have yet to matriculate from College Inn and use a stockpot no more than three or four times a year, to boil corn or spaghetti in, we have another suggestion: a proletarian white enamelled-tin pot of twelve-quart capacity, sold at the Kress store on Fifth Avenue at 39th Street for $9.69, which is prone to chip but should stand up well to the underutilization it will receive. Also at Kress are some oval wicker laundry baskets with handles at the ends, which are like the ones our grandmothers used to carry to the clothesline, and which will handsomely accompany today's trips to the dryer; they are imported from Poland, and cost $6.99.

A DAY comes each year during this annual shopping expedition when we feel we have been everywhere, have seen everything, and just want to crawl into the nearest movie house that gives reduced rates to the jaded. Naturally, it is on such a day that we come upon a shop the like of which we have never seen before, and such a pleasant jolt was provided this year by a small SoHo shop named Untitled, at 159 Prince Street, which is an enterprise devoted entirely to museum

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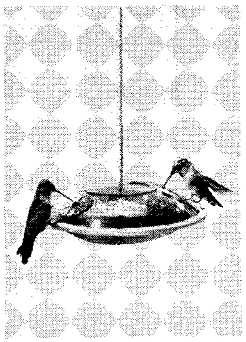

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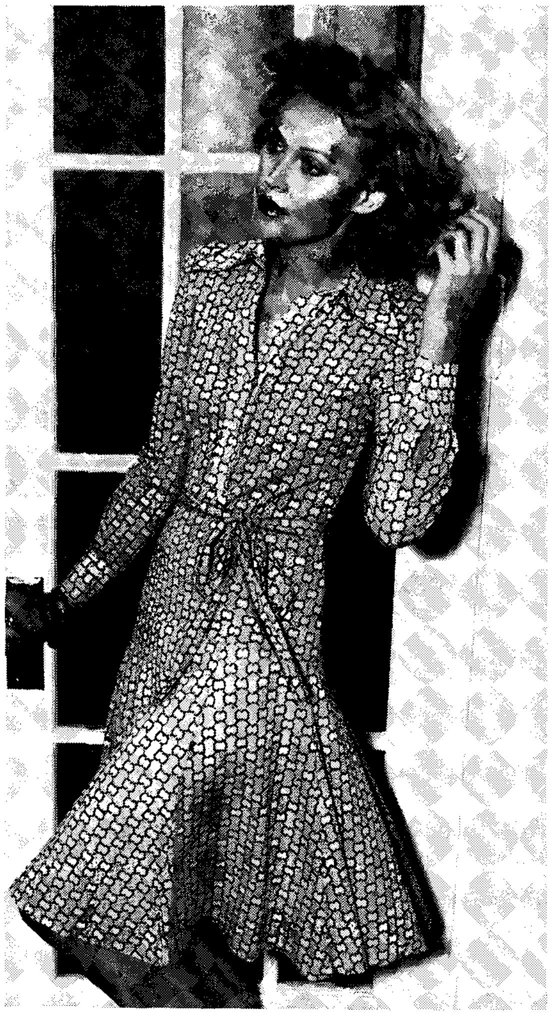
postcards and greeting cards, gathered from all over the world and neatly catalogued according to artist or, in some cases (such as American folk art), by subject. The pleasures of browsing in museum card shops are increased here a thousandfold: over thirty-five hundred postcards are on sale in this shop, for between fifteen and thirty-five cents, and around a hundred and fifty greeting cards, for between twenty and fifty cents. (According to the owner, many people come here instead of troubling to travel to the Louvre or the Prado or the Art Institute of Chicago for their art postcards.) Museum cards can make handsome small framed pictures, and Untitled offers a framing service (performed within ten minutes!) which relies on a variety of mats and several simple, standard-size frames; $3.50 to $8.50 for nine-by-eleven-inch frames that fit matted postcards, and $13 for fourteen-by-eighteen-inch frames that fit most of the greeting cards.

Another shop that it is a present to oneself to visit is Cherchez, 141 East 76th Street. The treat begins out on the street, as one ascends a stone staircase up the side of the building to a small room filled with the pungent aromas of lemon verbena and patchouli and the charming sight of old-fashioned embroidered white dresses and shirtwaists of moth-wing delicacy, which look as if they were being aired after having lain among sachets for a hundred years. The fragrances come from sachets that the shop covers with various pretty fabrics—chintzes, Liberty prints, pieces of antique quilts, or toiles—and fills with, besides verbena or patchouli, a spicy mixture called Rondeletia, based on a sixteenth-century recipe; lavender; or a mixture that is supposed to repel moths, made according to a nineteenth-century recipe. The price range is from $3 to $8, depending on the size of the sachet and the choice of fabric. Among various romantic relics and oddments at Cherchez is an amenity called a needlepoint caddy, which is made of fabric, rolls up like a napkin, and is fitted with compartments for keeping yarns, needles, scissors, and the work in progress; it costs $15, and is especially appealing in antique quilt fabric.

A shop that we have visited before, and have found unfailingly interesting, is Philip W. Pfeifer Antiques, at 900 Madison Avenue (72nd). Pfeifer has acquired an enormous collection of old letter seals engraved with one- or two-letter monograms for the most part, and with first names in a few instan-



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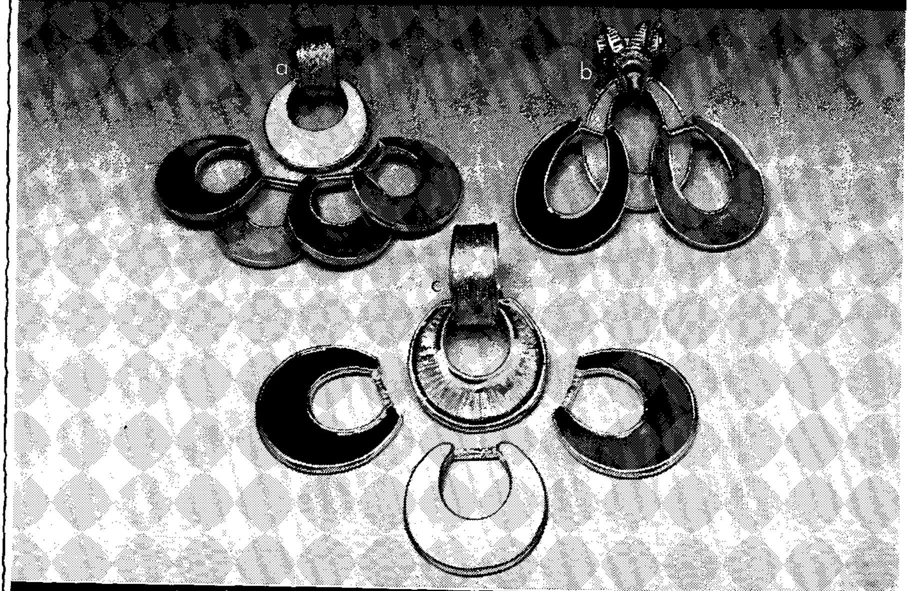

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ces. (Edith, Sarah, Reginald, Bessie, Selina, and Jane are currently available.) These range between $20 and $400 (the average price is $40), and are made of ivory, wood, crystal, gold, silver, agate, glass, or bronze. An unusual wine merchant's seal comes with twenty-three inserts, which bear the names and dates of wines and screw in and out of a mahogany handle; this costs $190. A Noah's Ark made in England around 1840 and filled with forty pairs of birds, fifty-two pairs of animals, six insects, and six people is painted in handsome folk-art style to show waves on the hull and a dove on the roof, and measures eighteen inches from stem to stern and nine and a half inches in height. The animals were carved and painted with charming crudity by a man who was clearly not a sexist, since he didn't differentiate between the individuals in a pair; in fact, in some cases you can't even tell what kind of animals they are. The insects are way out of scale—there are grasshoppers as big as foxes—and the men and women look like missionaries. The price of all this naïveté is $460. A less expensive present from Pfeifer, which might divert, if not cure, a friend with a cold, is the Harris Nasal Dish. The box containing this patented device (of March 3, 1903) shows a picture of a man bent over a table with his nose in a dish, and contends that "the advantage of the Harris Nasal Dish over all others is that it will not allow the solution to choke or strangle the user." Within is a little oblong glass dish, three and a half inches by five, with a nose-size compartment in the bottom. The price is $20. Another of Pfeifer's patent remedies is Shannon's phosphorated iron, which "gives strength and endurance to weakened men and run-down women." (It used to cost seventy-five cents and now costs $8.) Run-down people should probably steer clear of Pfeifer's remarkable nineteenth-century Japanese carp bowl, lest in their weakened condition they shell out $2,250 to buy it. This rare, fantastical object is a large (twelve-and-a-half-inch) stoneware bowl covered with a marvellous glaze of mottled and swirling browns and blues, of a richness and profundity it is given only to the greatest masters of the potter's art to achieve. What gives the bowl its rarity and fantastical aspect is the figurines of men, women, children, and monkeys that clamber around the rim, peering over the edge, presumably at the goldfish the bowl is intended to hold, and reminiscent, in their alive expressiveness, of the figures in Japanese woodcuts.

At a shop named The Great Barrington Pottery, 339 Bleecker Street, near Christopher, we saw a stoneware bowl whose resonant amber glaze has something of the quality of the carp bowl at Pfeifer, and were therefore not surprised to learn that its maker, Richard Bennett, learned his craft in Japan and fires his pots in a Japanese wood-burning kiln at his pottery, in Housatonic, Massachusetts. Mr. Bennett produces plates, bowls, casseroles, pitchers, mugs, and cups in a few restrained shapes, most of them of a Japanese character but a few derived from the American vernacular, and decorates them with simple, subtle, differentiating glazes of brown, turquoise, lavender, gray, ochre, and olive. What he does runs counter to what most other craftsmen in this country are doing; namely, making one-of-a-kind art objects that can't be used, and that represent (among other things) an admission to the machine that it makes useful things faster, cheaper, and better. Mr. Bennett's serene, authoritative work (like that of, for example, Bernard Leach, in Cornwall, England) brings up the possibility that hand mass production is a viable alternative to machine mass production when the hand involved is that of a master, and reinforces, in its beautiful individuality, the mystique of the handmade which has kept afloat a lot of much less masterly work. In a letter we recently received from Mr. Bennett, he writes, "My pleasure is derived from the satisfaction that the individual gets from using one of my pots in his everyday life. By using, I mean at the dinner table and thus I guess I would be called a dinner-ware specialist. The cost of this pottery is slightly above the more expensive stoneware lines such as Dansk and a bit less expensive than the porcelain dinner sets." (An eight-inch plate is $12, a soup bowl is $10, a large bowl, twelve inches in diameter, is $35, and a casserole with a domed lid is $60.) Mr. Bennett, who is thirty-nine years old, became a potter nine years ago, while he was in Japan working as an executive in an American import-export firm. On the advice of a Buddhist priest, he quit his job and apprenticed himself to a peasant potter in a seaside village, where he remained for two years, working for twenty dollars a month. Then he returned to America and established his pottery in Massachusetts, adhering strictly to the techniques learned in Japan and using only Japanese tools. He has trained a number of apprentices, and now plans to return to Japan, because, as he said in an interview in the *Christian Science Monitor*, "there's not enough reverence for handmade things" in this country, and "I have to be in that atmosphere where people revere handmade things."

Nothing could contrast more sharply with Mr. Bennett's dishes—with their associations of simple country living, plain, nourishing food, spareness, cleanness, clarity, contemplativeness—than relics of the Victorian Age, with their implications of fuss, mess, crowded city life, rich food, and repressed hysteria. For instance, an object called the Victorian Egg Boiler, on view at S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), which makes the most enormous production—with an urn on dainty, fancy legs, a cover in the shape of an egg, an alcohol burner, a finial decoration, and an inner rack—of the simple business of keeping four eggs warm, and to which one wants to say, as a character at the end of "The Sacred Fount" says to the narrator, "My poor dear, you *are* crazy." And yet the relics of the Victorians, like the Byzantine speculations of James's nosy narrator (and self-parody, so it has been plausibly suggested), have more to do with us—are more "like us"—than the artifacts of calm Japanese peasants, and it is probably from this uneasy recognition of ourselves that the Victorian revival derives its impetus. For those not quite ready for the Total Truth about themselves as revealed by the Egg Boiler (price: $85), Wyler has some more equivocal egg cruets, made of silver plate—footed trays on which a set of eggcups (four or six) sit, and which have a rack surrounding a vertical handle in which a set of spoons (four or six) are kept. These cruets range from $65 to $100; some are without the original spoons. Wyler has a large collection of Victorian claret jugs—ornate vessels of etched crystal girdled by ornate holders of Sheffield silver plate—at $150 to $200. Wyler's cut-glass decanters made in Bristol, England, reflect in the disciplined elegance of their patterns the pre-Victorian date (1810-40) of their manufacture; these cost from $100 to $150 singly, and $250 to $350 in pairs. Another excellent source of English cut-glass decanters is James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street; the large collection on view here goes back to 1770, and prices start at $125.

IN a small shop at 1025 Lexington Avenue (73rd), a tall, thin young Dutchman, who has a gold earring in

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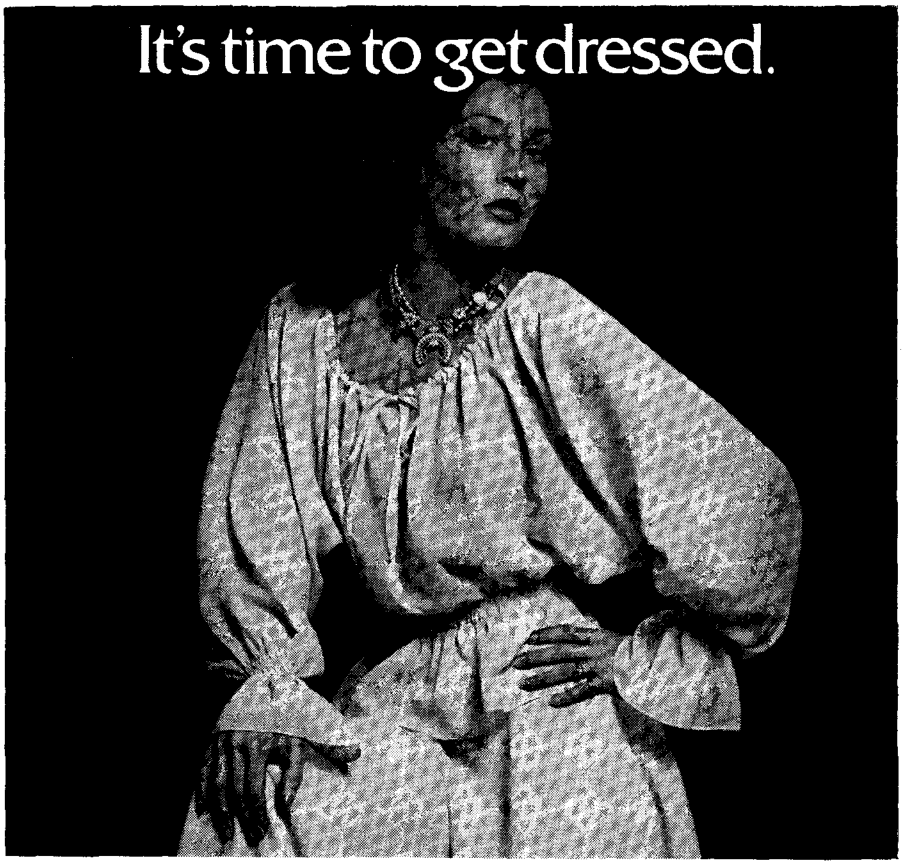

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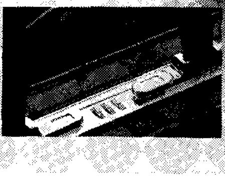

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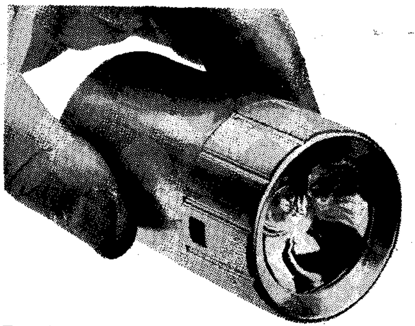

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one ear and is named Jean-Jacques Bloos, makes arrangements of flowers that look like the bouquets in sixteenth-century Flemish paintings. He uses a multiplicity of garden flowers—anemones, irises, dahlias, tiger lilies, roses, cosmos, tulips, marigolds, yellow lilies, and nerines figured in one magnificent bouquet we saw at the shop—and composes them in loose arrangements that spray out of a basket and give each member of the copious whole a place and space of its own. The bouquets are formal (we don't recommend that you send one to your niece at her SoHo loft), evocative of the dark, rich interiors of Dutch Renaissance painting, but also reminiscent of the fragrant, timeless places where flowers grow. The above-mentioned bouquet costs $80, and a bouquet for $25, though smaller, is no less impressively lush and various. (Prices depend both on the kind and amount of flowers and on the kind and antiquity of the basket.) All arrangements are made to order, and if the order is placed in the morning, the bouquet will be delivered that afternoon anywhere in Manhattan.

At Horticulture House, 347 East 55th Street, small pots of herbs are available throughout the year, and at this season are offered in collections of four or five varieties assembled in a basket. One may choose the basket from many on display in the shop and have it filled with sphagnum moss, decorated with ribbons, and sprayed green, or not. The herbs available are rosemary, thyme, sage, parsley, oregano, tarragon, rue, marjoram, lemon balm, several mints, pennyroyal, woodruff, catnip, and scented geranium. The baskets of herbs run from $5 to about $15; individual herbs are available in tiny two-and-a-half-inch pots for seventy-five cents each and in six-inch pots (these are well-grown specimens) for from $2.25 to $5.25 each. We had an interesting and discouraging talk with the owner, Peter Dunlop, about whitefly. This tiny, pretty insect has the horrid habit of flying from plant to plant and laying eggs on the undersides of leaves, and once it gains a foothold it is almost impossible to eradicate. The flies can be killed with a poison spray, but the eggs remain, and whole windowfuls of houseplants can be afflicted and decimated by the progeny of a single fly. Herbs are among the chief sources of whitefly infestation, because the lethal sprays that growers and florists rely on to control pests cannot be applied to edible plants. The government permits only certain sprays for edible plants, Mr. Dunlop

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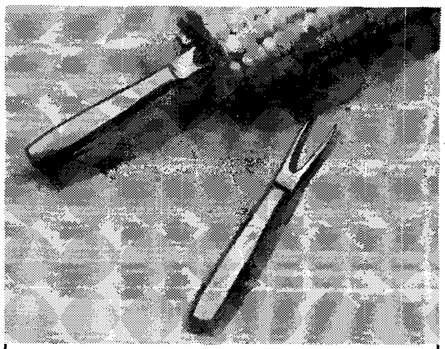

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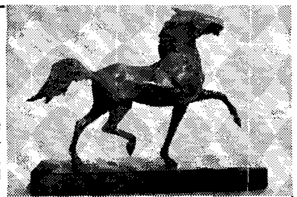

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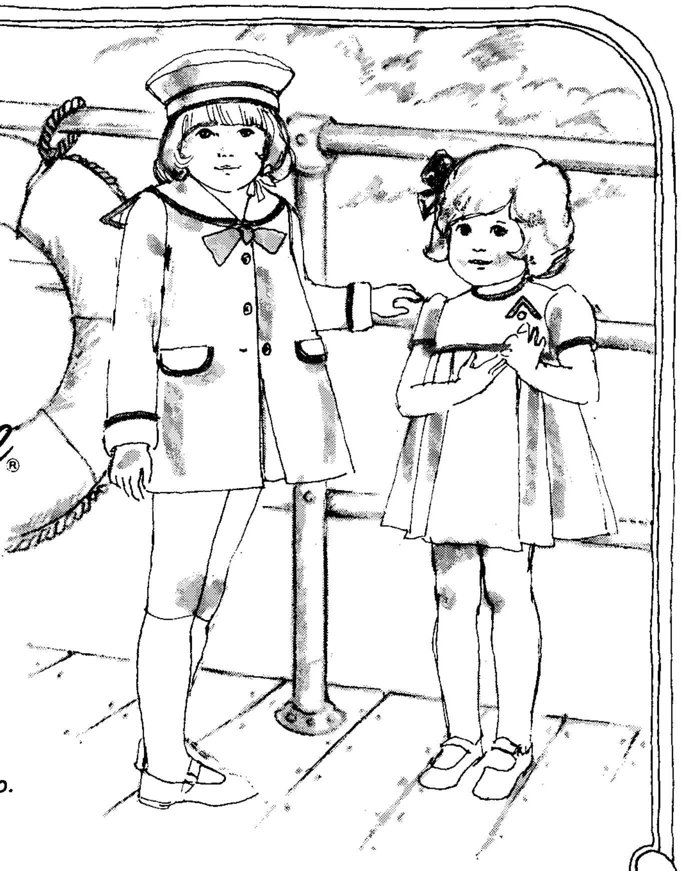
told us, and he ruefully acknowledged (what we had already unhappily noticed) that they don't solve the whitefly problem. He advises buyers of herbs, including his, to look the plants over carefully, with particular attention to the undersides of the leaves; to try to wash off any eggs one detects after one has got the plants home; and always to isolate new plants until they have proved themselves pest-free. We liked Mr. Dunlop's frankness (other florists simply shrug, or try to persuade us we are seeing things, when we bring a whitefly to their attention), and we trust that his advice will be taken by all buyers of herbs. Out in his back yard, Mr. Dunlop has live Christmas trees in pots ($3 to $100), holly plants with artificial berries, because the birds have eaten the real ones ($2 and up), and ivy topiaries of three varieties, which have been in training for years to look like Gothic spires ($15 to $45).

AROUND the age of ten or eleven, American children emerge from their chrysalis of latent materialism to become full-fledged members of the consumer society, and start thinking of their rooms as branches of Azuma rather than as mere places to have fun in and mess up. We herewith offer some presents for the rooms of young consumers, and start at the mercifully incense-free Sales Shop of the New York Public Library, on Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, where posters called Warm World Posters are sold for $1 each. They express warm—and even, in some cases, sound—sentiments, such as "Happiness is like a butterfly./ The more you chase it, the more it will elude you./ But if you turn your attention to other things,/ it comes and softly sits on your shoulder." (These lines, by L. Richard Lesser, are superimposed on a color photograph of a butterfly among white asters.) The library's old-fashioned tabby cat of printed cotton would look cozy on a young ailurophile's bed, but she will have to cut it out, sew it, and stuff it herself; the pattern is based on an 1876 original, and costs $3.25. At the Hired Hand, 1364 Lexington Avenue (90th), there is a large collection of pleasingly girlish patchwork pillows made by various hands in various fresh, pretty calicoes and checks and flower prints; the pillows are filled with Dacron polyester, and are priced at $15 to $20. The Hired Hand has some pretty cotton-print sachets filled with lavender which were left over from a fund-raising event at the New Lincoln School and still have a faint scent; they



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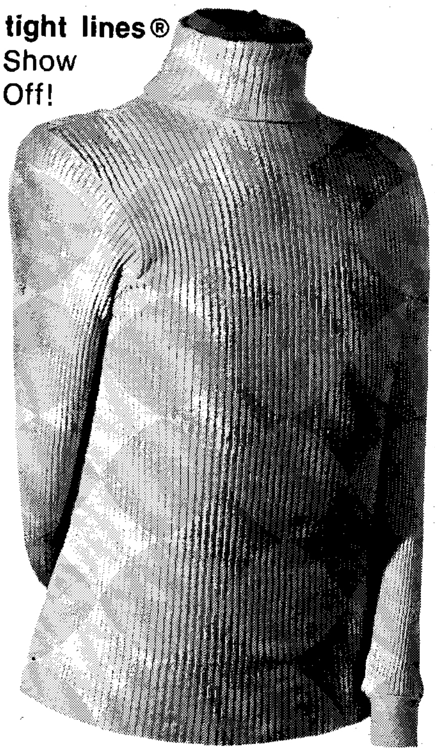

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are $1 each, and some smell more than others. At an antique-quilt shop named Nonesuch, 1023 Lexington Avenue (73rd), beanbag frogs and crows, covered with antique quilt fabric and decorated with lace, ribbon, braid, and jewel buttons (for the eyes), are offered for $12. These are very attractive—not too cute, just cute enough. At Sam Flax, 551 Madison Avenue (55th), we happily lingered over the case of Winsor & Newton inks; their bottles and boxes were recently redesigned by the English firm of Michael Peters & Partners, who engaged ten different illustrators and a group of children to draw the labels for the twenty colors offered. Peat Brown shows the hands of a gardener pressing peat into a flowerpot, White shows a polar bear, Crimson shows a spray of fuchsias, and Orange shows an eighteenth-century portrait of a lady against a background of oranges. The pictures, which are in color, appear on both the bottle and the box, and the bottle is a conventional splayed cube; $1 each. Finally, we come to Azuma itself. (The city now has seven members of this Japanese chain.) We never tire of the enormous color-photograph posters of lions, tigers, and leopards, and among the sex-position charts and mottoes ("You do your thing, I'll do mine") and pictures of Alice Cooper we found an extraordinarily handsome poster by Steinlen, in the Lautrec style—an advertisement for milk ("*Lait Pur Stérilisé de la Vingeanne*") showing a little girl in a red dress drinking milk from a bowl while three cats at her feet look up at her in, respectively, wistful, beseeching, and furiously demanding attitudes. This and the animal posters are $2 each. Azuma's stuffed animals from India—horses, camels, bulls, elephants, and rhinoceroses—are covered with antique embroidered fabrics and trimmed with braid, ribbon, and bits of mirror. They are beautiful, and wonderfully made, and, as is the case with most Indian imports, chillingly low-priced; from $2.95 for a small horse to $16.95 for a fifteen-inch comically humpy rhinoceros. Note, too, Azuma's "natural and organic" soaps, from the German firm of Wolff & Sohn ($1.49 a cake), packed in lovely old-fashioned boxes, and including a particularly clean and fresh variety appropriately called Savon Jeune Fille; a collection of small, incredibly soft and downy birds with wire feet and bird-of-paradise colors and shapes (also $1.49); and (when in Rome . . .) a two-piece frog-shaped incense burner (ninety-five cents).

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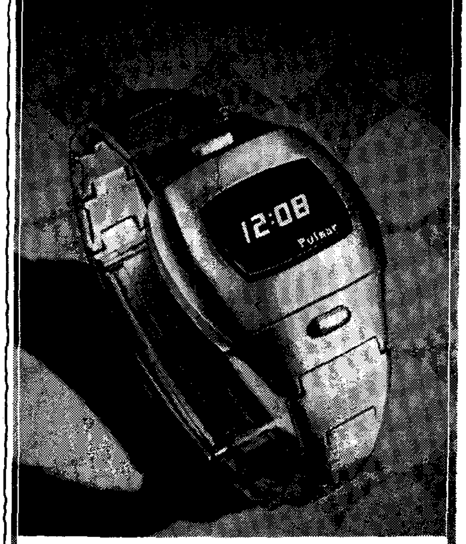

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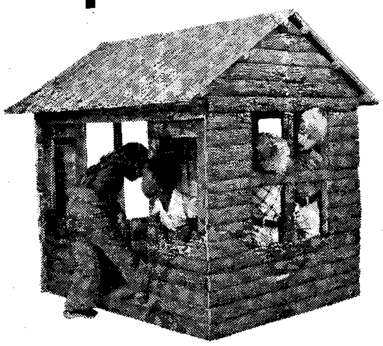

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stars

THE music of George Crumb is so instantly attractive that stern, sober minds may resist it almost on principle—as if contemporary music had no business to sound so pretty, and can't be any good if it does! Finding it irresistible, I surrender to its seductions happily, without qualm, and delight in all the trick effects, the strange, small, delicate noises (rustle and patter, whisper and whinny, aeolian-harp shimmer), the "pale tunes irresolute, and traceries of old sounds," the sweet harmonic stases pierced by sudden clarion or cry. And while listening I remember the things Crumb's titles and subtitles tell of—mysterious ocean deeps melodious with the songs of the humpback whale, or dark druidical rites at Stonehenge (not that there were druids there; nevertheless, the image is powerful). When he calls a piece "The Phantom Gondolier" and asks that it be played "eerily, with a sense of malignant evil," or heads a section "Prayer-Wheel" with the indications "very slow (thirty-second note=76); like a vision; as if suspended in endless time" and "*pppppp* (incredibly soft, on threshold of silence)," the words can, and should, influence the way the piece is heard. There is nothing inherently inferior about music that is "impure"—music that invites its listeners to add literary and pictorial associations to their understanding of its sounds. Composers, it is true, have a habit of withdrawing their initial programs and asking later audiences to appreciate works "purely as music;" Berlioz did so with his "Fantastic Symphony" and Mahler with his First. Yet he would be a cold fish whose imagination was not kindled to a keener experience of the "Fantastic" and "Titan" by a knowledge of Berlioz' and Mahler's romantic scenarios. Crumb's compositions are not for cold fish but for people who can be moved by beautiful sounds to share in mystical visions, who set their thoughts roaming the starry skies in transcendental rapture, who can feel blood, sand, and proud, black despair compounded in a single line of Lorca. . . .

But before I get quite carried away, some facts. In 1962, Crumb composed Five Pieces for Piano (without added trigger titles), in which he began to explore the sonorities obtainable from the instrument by stroking, striking, or plucking its strings, with fingertips or a bent paperclip, and stopping them lightly to produce harmonics. These new sounds were combined with notes played in the usual way from the keyboard, while the two sustaining pedals, general and selective, of the Steinway added their veils of carefully graded resonance. Electrical amplification (except at performances in a very small hall) was recommended, so that fragile, finely distinguished sounds could be heard clearly. (These Five Pieces are recorded by their dedicatee, David Burge, on the Advance label.)

In 1972, Crumb embarked on two larger piano compositions—"Makrokosmos," Volumes I and II. The first volume, written for Mr. Burge and completed in 1972, is recorded by him on Nonesuch H-71293. The second, written for Robert Miller and completed in 1973, was given its first performance during Mr. Miller's Alice Tully Hall recital last week. Each volume of "Makrokosmos" is subtitled "Twelve Fantasy-Pieces After the Zodiac for Amplified Piano." Each piece bears a title, a zodiacal ascription, an evocative expression and a precise tempo indication, and, at the end, a dedication to a person born under the sign concerned; for example, "Ghost-Nocturne: for the Druids of Stonehenge (Night-Spell II); Virgo; Dark, fantastic, subliminal (half note=40) . . . (A.B. ♍)." The heading of the whole recalls Bartók's "Mikrokosmos." The format, twice twelve piano pieces with poetic titles, brings to mind Debussy's two volumes of Preludes. But, Crumb remarks in a foreword, "these are purely external associations, and I suspect that the 'spiritual impulse' of my music is more akin to the darker side of Chopin and even to the child-like fantasy of early Schumann." In the verbal-*cum*-musical imagery of "Makrokosmos," there are some recurrent obsessive figures, and the composer has described how,

> at times quite vivid, at times vague and almost subliminal, these images seemed to coalesce around the following several ideas . . . : the "magical properties" of music; the problem of the origin of evil; the "timelessness" of time; a sense of the profound ironies of life (so beautifully expressed in the music of Mozart and Mahler); the haunting words of Pascal: "*Le silence éternel des espaces infinis m'effraie*" ("The eternal silence of infinite space terrifies me"); and these few lines of Rilke: "*Und in den Nächten fällt die schwere Erde aus allen Sternen in die Einsamkeit. Wir alle fallen. Und doch ist Einer, welcher dieses Fallen unendlich sanft in seinen Händen hält*" ("And in the nights the heavy earth is falling from all the stars down into loneliness. We all are falling. And yet there is One who holds this falling endlessly gently in his hands").

What can one usefully add? Any detailed description of the extraneous technical devices—the strip of paper or thin metal chain laid on the strings, the glass tumblers gently pressed against and slid along them, the occasional phrases sung, shouted, chanted, or whispered by the pianist—would merely confirm the fears of anyone who thinks that "Makrokosmos" may be no more than a bag of clever tricks, an assemblage of artful sounds. Many children have played with the strange, attractive, fascinating noises that can be drawn from the complicated mechanism of a piano by placing foreign objects on the strings, twanging them, thumping them, whistling, singing, or screaming into them with the pedal down. Crumb has carried such experiments much further, and from the happier results has assembled a personal repertory of precise, picturesque, and captivating sounds. He is willing to employ any device he deems evocative. His music is at once exuberantly adventurous and yet fastidious in facture, very bold and yet reticent, not emphatic. Without raising his voice but in tones of quiet intensity, where timbres and inflections are so nicely graded that a tiny shift of emphasis can be of mighty import, he makes profound, unpompous statements in little room.

Although the structure of his compositions usually defies traditional methods of analysis, their shapeliness is apparent to the listening ear, and to the eye as it scans the printed page. (His works are published by C. F. Peters.) In each volume of "Makrokosmos," three of the pieces are written out in "symbolic" forms: cross, circle, spiral, etc. Such "eye music" devices as inscribing a love song on staves bent into a heart shape (a medieval example by Baude Cordier appears in the new edition of Donald Grout's "A History of Western Music") were denounced by Thurston Dart as "descending to symbolism of the most automatic kind." The fourth piece of "Makrokosmos II"—"Twin Suns (Doppelgänger aus der Ewigkeit); Gemini"—appears as a pair of twin circles. Only the player can tell us whether this quirky notation helps to inspire an interpretation or is simply a tiresome conceit. Either way,

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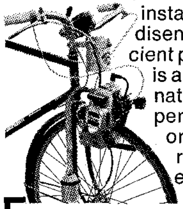

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the device pleases the eye and the fancy. And in a program note Mr. Miller pointed out that, whatever the symbolic intention, as a practical result he was compelled to play "Makrokosmos II" from memory.

He is a pianist of uncommon distinction, technically adept, intellectually cogent, persuasive in all he does. His recital—the first of three devoted to American piano music, a series that promises to be a major event of the season—embraced many manners, entered many musical worlds, in each of which he proved to be a sure and committed interpreter. Henry Cowell's "The Banshee" (1925), a minute or two of unearthly, undulant howls coaxed directly from the strings, and a favorite item at lighthearted student concerts, is not in the least "important" but a diverting pioneer specimen of sonic raw material such as Crumb refines, polishes, and adapts to expressive use. Each of Ruth Crawford's Preludes (1924-28) seems to have a starting point in a piquant structural notion, which is then worked out with uncompromising yet elegant finesse. Mr. Miller played five of them, including two still unpublished—spare, carefully fashioned works in which grace, technical resource, and exploratory zest are happily combined. Stefan Wolpe's "Form" (1959) and "Form IV: Broken Sequences" (1969) are strong, dramatic, and colorful; Wolpe is at last receiving the recognition and the assured performances that were rare in his lifetime. (Let me in passing pay belated tribute to the Speculum Musicae's brilliantly defined account of Wolpe's "Piece in Two Parts" at a Hunter College concert last month.) Arthur Berger's Five Pieces for Piano (1968) are even more arresting, tough, and tense in structure. Those works made up the first half of the recital and showed Mr. Miller to be a superlatively well-equipped pianist, quick to render the individual sense of each composition with a precise control of timing and tone color. "Makrokosmos II" formed the second half. More glamorously pianistic, it gave fuller scope to his romantic mastery of timbres put at the service of sense. His performance of it was luminous, incantatory, exquisite.

FOR some time, perhaps a decade or two, Herbert von Karajan has seldom been esteemed among musicians as a musical interpreter of the highest rank—a man whose readings of Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, or Richard Strauss can be ranked beside or even preferred to any other's. Unreserved, wholehearted critical approval has been

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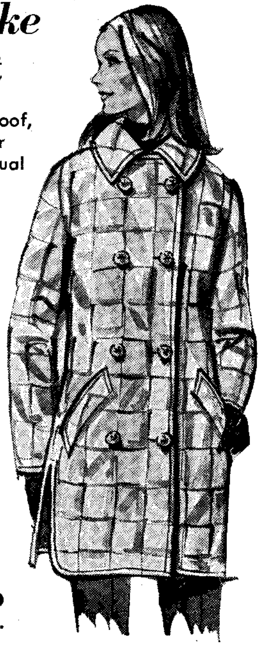

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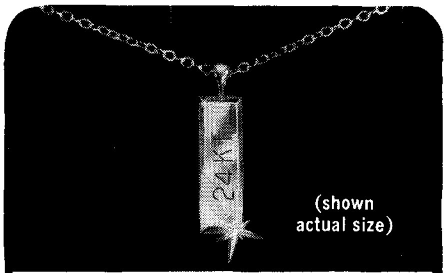

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most readily accorded him in the role of accompanist to someone or something very strong—Maria Callas's Lucia di Lammermoor or her Leonora in "Il Trovatore," Franco Zeffirelli's production of "La Bohème" at La Scala. In Karajan's own operatic productions, in Vienna and Salzburg, the accompaniment has tended to be the main thing. Up on the stage, often behind a heavy gauze, the singers and the scenery provide a series of large, beautiful illustrations subordinate, even at their most spectacular, to a drama conceived principally in instrumental timbres; in much of his casting, Karajan has favored light, lyrical voices in heroic roles, and personalities that are not dominant. Yet his performances with the Berlin Philharmonic, whether in the theatre, with vocal and scenic obbligato, or in the concert hall, are treated as musical wonders of our age. And so they are. The public throngs his very expensive Easter Festival in Salzburg. His records sell and his concerts sell out. And the mob adulation with which the orchestra's recent Carnegie Hall concerts were received may have been uncritical, but it was not unmerited. In his twenty years with the Berlin Philharmonic, Karajan has made of it an instrument unmatched in beauty, breadth, and homogeneity of tone.

Kobe bullocks, they say, are massaged daily so that their muscles, when consumed, may be of even consistency, flawless, without trace of fibre or gristle. Karajan has kneaded the sound of his players until it has a similar texture, firm yet succulent. The Berlin Philharmonic playing is, like Kobe beef, a luxury product. The metaphors customarily used of it are mechanical, not culinary, and even the Carnegie Hall program book praised the conductor as "the artistic prototype of our technology-oriented century and its worship of perfection." Karajan always gives the audience a smooth ride. In the two Brahms symphonies—the Fourth followed by the Second—that made up his first program, all the bumps were ironed out. The machine started at a touch; a slight leaning on that first B from the violins and the serene, cushioned progress began—over hill, over dale; now fast, now slow; all gradients effortlessly mounted; plentiful power in reserve; never a jarring gear shift; smooth brakes; perfect road-holding. And no direct feeling, you might say, of the road travelled. That's what was wrong. "No one experienced in great music could fail to see that the long, quiet opening sentence is the beginning of a great and tragic work," said Donald Francis Tovey in his essay on

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Brahms' Fourth Symphony. Such a failure would have been easy on this occasion. When all sense of physical stress has been removed from the playing, when nothing sounds difficult, then the tensions of the music disappear. For Toscanini, for Szell, the Fourth Symphony was a struggle. So it is today for, say, Bernard Haitink. When Furtwängler conducted, it became a new adventure—for him, for his players, for the audience. Unexpected and wonderful things might happen in the course of it, and usually they did. In Karajan's performance, the music never took one by surprise; astonishments were limited to the nonesuch instrumental sound. Some works are particularly well suited to his supremely confident, unperturbed, equilibrate approach (the "Meistersinger" Prelude is one), but Brahms calls for a trace of grit. One should be aware of the composer's "gear shifts" in the form of harmonic wrench. Even in his halcyon movements, there are apt to be moments of flurry. The episode in the finale of the sunlit Symphony marked "*Tranquillo . . . Sempre più tranquillo*" should surely be a disturbing passage, despite the indication, because each harmonic haven proves illusory. Between manner and matter there is a Brahmsian paradox, which Karajan resolved too comfortably, settling for manner. The Berliners' playing of the pages was, emotionally, easy-osy. Technically, their wind/string balance during the exchanges was a marvel.

Technically, everything throughout the evening was faultless, except some woodwind chording not quite purely in tune. (The first flute seemed to be the offender; but then fine-mettled orchestras, like highly strung pianos, are easily shaken out of tune by travel.) String tone so suave, solid, and sumptuous (pizzicatos, whether *f*, in the first movement of the Fourth Symphony, or *pp*, in the Andante, plumped with a sweet kernel of ripe sound); horns so mellifluous, and well knit in chorus; full-orchestra texture so coherent, combined with luminous detail in solo work—these are Berlin glories, heard from no other band today. The *music* may have lacked force, but the playing was great. Anyone who swooned at the sound of the cellos as they began the Adagio of the Second Symphony need not be thought affected; it was the kind of tone to dissolve a listener into ecstasies. The first horn, later in the movement, should be praised by name—and would be, had the program book not failed to include a personnel register. —ANDREW PORTER

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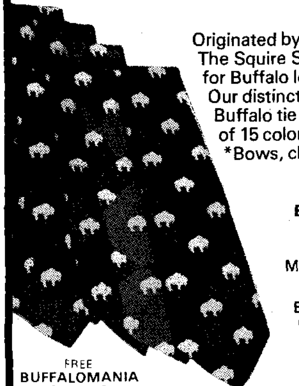

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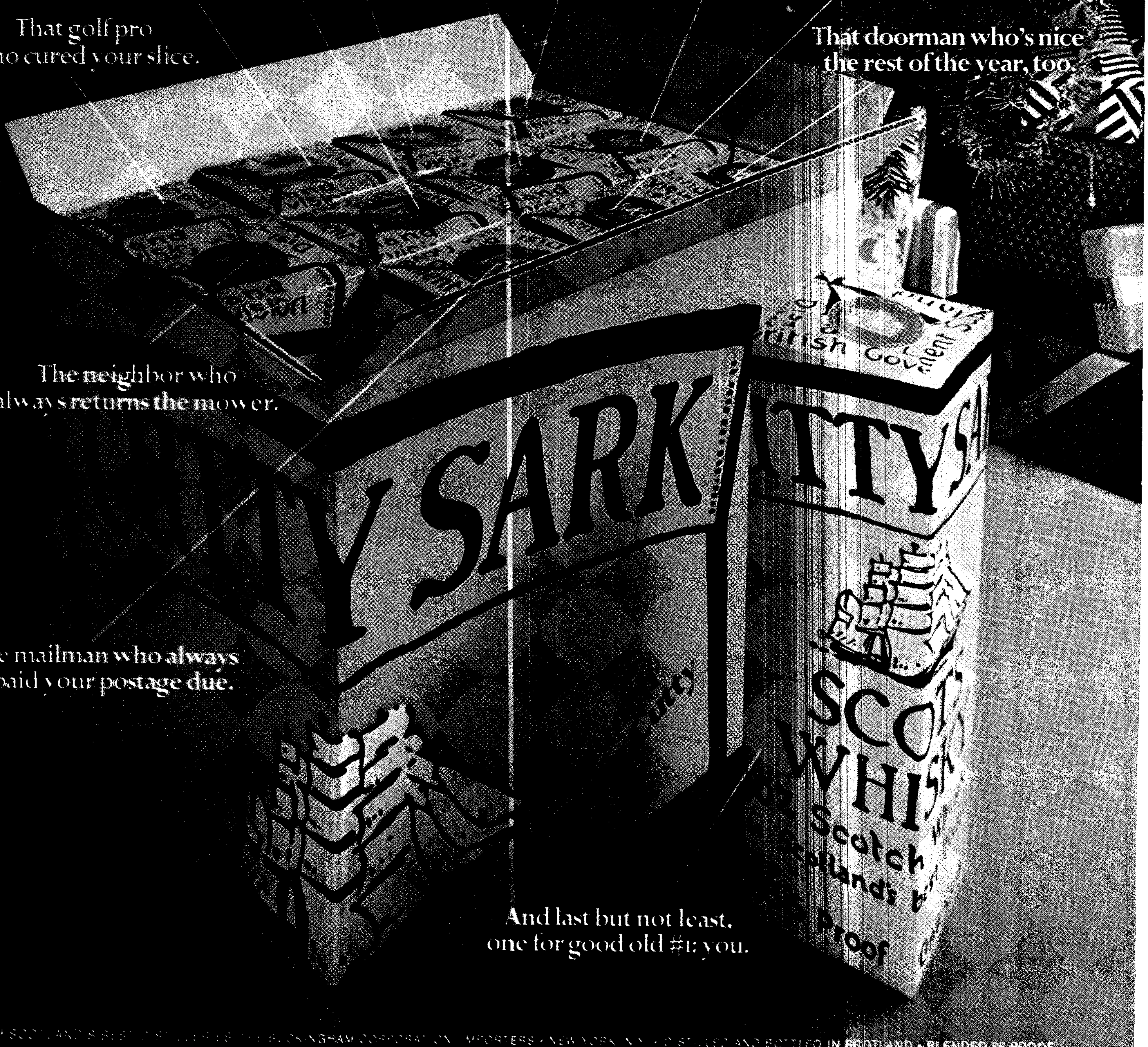

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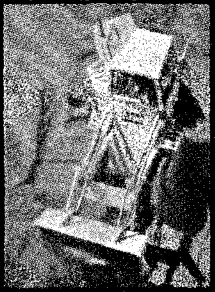

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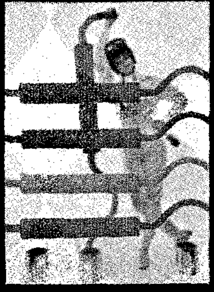

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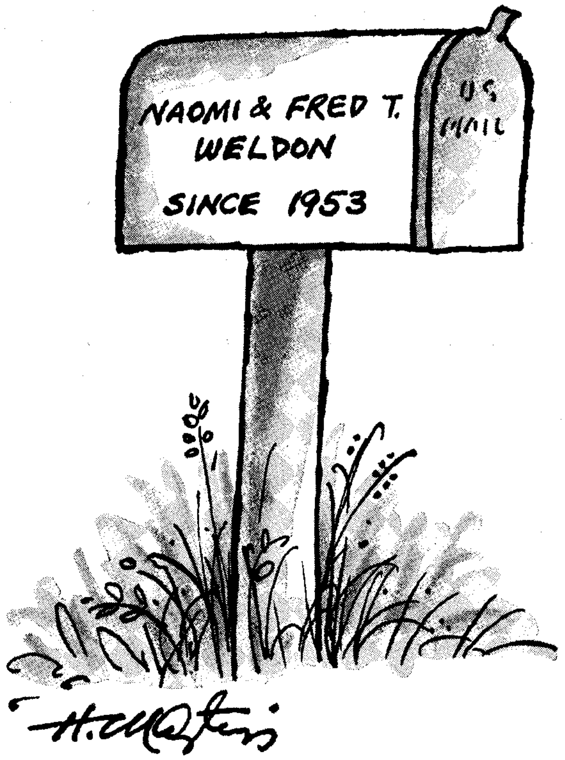
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shearing the Sheep

DELORES TAYLOR weeps throughout the two hours and fifty minutes of "The Trial of Billy Jack." She looks so gnarled and exhausted from the leakage that I began to have visions of a machine—an actress's equivalent of a duck press—that was squeezing the moisture out of her. In this sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack," she again plays the founder of the Southwestern interracial Freedom School, built on Indian land, which is being harassed by crooked and bigoted townspeople. Both films were made by Miss Taylor and her director-husband, Tom Laughlin, who plays Billy Jack: they do the scripts together; they use their daughter Teresa, now sixteen, in a leading role; and in this two-and-a-half-million-dollar sequel they give the director's credit to their nineteen-year-old son, Frank, who, from the look of "The Trial of Billy Jack," may actually have done it, though more likely he assisted his father. The 1971 film was, intermittently, a disarmingly innocent fairy tale, a silly-sweet child's greening of America, with idealized, spontaneous long-haired little kids trying to win over the melodramatized villains who represented the hypocritical reactionary forces in American life. It was a jumble, but the loose, good-humored children (they were actually Herbert Kohl's students from the Other Ways school) and the teachers (comedians from San Francisco's cabaret theatre The Committee) incarnated the film's hopeful spirit. And there was another factor in the film's success with subteens and teen-agers, who went to it over and over again: "Billy Jack" was the only counterculture movie to provide a positive hero. Billy Jack was a counterculture savior, a mystical, selfless Protector who, coming to the aid of children and Indians, personified the good. The 1969 "Easy Rider" had begun to suggest a primitive religious element in the counterculture, and Peter Fonda had exuded traces of sanctity, but the film was a downer. "Billy Jack" tapped an emerging mood—the transition of the flower children into the Jesus people. And now, in "The Trial of Billy Jack," the Laughlins, *en famille*, have gone all the way into messianic, tent-show moviemaking.

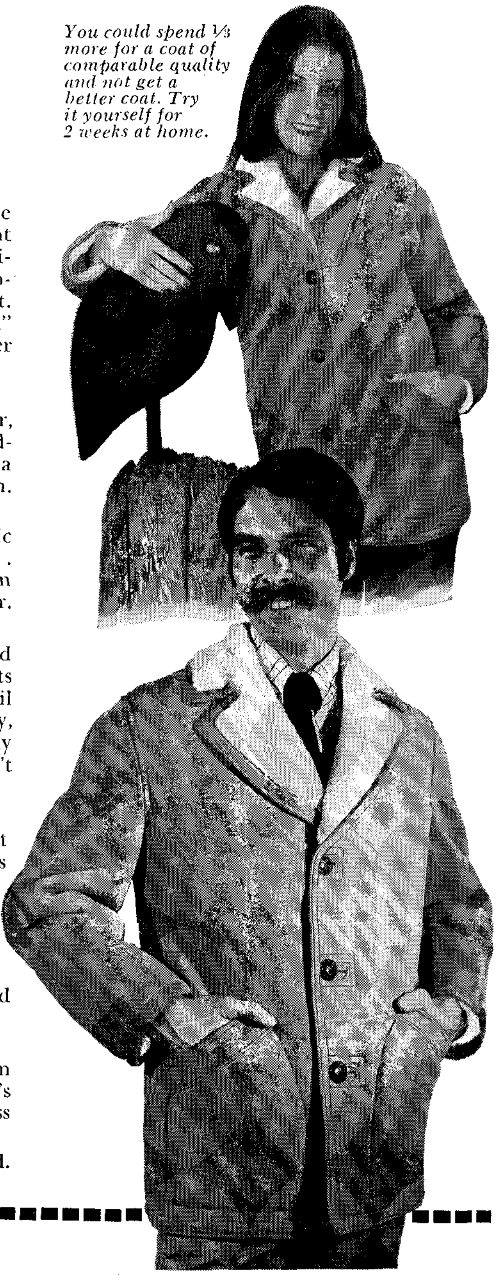
This film probably represents the most extraordinary display of sanctimonious self-aggrandizement the screen has ever known; beside it the George C. Scott of "The Savage Is Loose" is a piker. When Taylor's schoolmistress and Laughlin's Billy Jack meet after a separation, it's a holy rite; the sun's rays glitter behind their embracing figures, and the Grand Canyon itself is hardly large enough to provide the backdrop. Not since David Lean's last film has so much of the cosmos borne witness to the importance of a couple of actors. But, of course, as the aerial views suggest, these actors are playing more than roles; they are the Holy Family in a new, spectacular religious-calendar art for moviegoers, and they are revolutionaries in the same sense in which Jesus is said to have been a revolutionary. A female Ralph Nader and the greatest civil-rights activist of all time, the schoolmistress organizes her students (they're mostly of college age now) into teams of raiders who rip into an assortment of political problems, blasting corrupt officials in the school newspaper and on their own, student-run TV station; she chairs international conferences on subjects as disparate as child abuse and the legal rights of Indians. But she is also the suffering soul of the universe. Her blond hair streaming, her mouth drawn down, she's like those statues of Madonnas which are reported to be dripping, dripping, filling miraculous bucketfuls. Laughlin's Billy Jack, like the hero of TV's "Kung Fu" series (which was very possibly inspired by "Billy Jack"), is a spiritual man of peace spliced with the mythic cowboy who rights wrongs and rescues the innocent. A master of Hapkido (a form of karate), Billy Jack needs no weapons, since his body is a lethal instrument. (His mastery of the physical arts of the Mysterious East is inexplicably linked to his being half American Indian.) His stoic mask never lifts, except for a small, cruel smile—which says, Now let me entertain you—when he lets fly with those avenging feet, but he's into a wad of good causes, too. He doesn't take part in the students' activities that the Madonna calls their "scorching exposés," but his day-to-day life seems to have come out of newspaper headlines. A Vietnam veteran, Billy Jack is the man who blew the lid off My Lai (which is reënacted in a flashback). When the authorities will do nothing about an Indian family lost in a blizzard, he dispatches helicopters and ski patrols from the poshly equipped Freedom School; he's on the scene when the local hospital refuses to treat a critically ill survivor. And periodically he absents himself, returning to his Indian "grandfather," to take part in rites of purification involving peculiarly stolid visions, in which he turns blue and red, walks among serpents, is attacked by bats, and listens to doggerel wisdom supplied by Indian-maiden guides. The movie is abnormally literal-minded: it treats the Carlos Castaneda spinoffs in the same ploddingly unimaginative way it treats the Wounded Knee spinoff and assorted other outrages. The students' TV transmitter is bombed, and the campus is occupied by National Guardsmen. Billy Jack, who has killed a thieving, murderous banker with a kick to the throat, surrenders to the Guards in exchange for their promise to withdraw, but after he's taken away the Guardsmen proceed to a Kent State-style massacre, wounding or killing most of the principal characters. There is also a subplot involving a silent, battered child who has been mutilated by his father and has been brought back to speech (indeed, song) by the loving ministrations of young Teresa Laughlin (who also sings, and has been allowed to perform her own compositions). The pitiful



crippled child is cuddling a sweet wittle wabbit when he's mowed down by a National Guardsman. Watching this stupefying incident, I thought once again of Thelma Ritter, in "All About Eve," listening to Anne Baxter's account of her life and observing, "What a story! Everything but the bloodhounds snappin' at her rear end."

"The Trial of Billy Jack" is an orgy of victimization, with the audience put in the same position of helplessness as the Indians and students on the screen. Billy Jack appears to get spiritual strength from his ancestral religion, but the other Indians don't—they're like children waiting for him to lead them. And though the schoolmistress has been running her innovative school for many years and it is a world center of progressive thought, the students are an undisciplined rabble who can't act effectively or defend themselves. The Laughlins, with their spiritual union of suffering Christianity and zonked mysticism, have eternal Mom and Dad status. The Freedom School students are the helpless flock. Billy Jack must always appear magically to smite their enemies; the schoolmistress must inspire them with courage or berate them for their confusions. When, in reprisal for the work of her Nader's Raiders, the school is persecuted by the venal authorities, she becomes fretful and says mournfully to Billy Jack, "I suppose I should have cut back on the exposés," and I heard myself laughing aloud—and alone. Can I really have been the only one in the packed "public-preview" audience to find that funny? It's a Mama-star's view of a free, unstructured school: you turn them on and you turn them off, and whatever you do you're doing on their behalf.

Contradictions—or perhaps one should say conflicting fantasies—don't seem to bother the Laughlins; they are said to have been so dedicated to the education of their own children that they founded and ran the first Montessori school in Los Angeles, but their progressive Freedom School here has a squad of pulchritudinous drum majorettes which would be a credit to a Knights of Columbus convention. The box-office success of "Billy Jack" seems to have expanded the scope of the Laughlins' self-laudation. Gone are the ingenuous counterculture kids of "Billy Jack," with their four-letter words, and gone, too, are the improvisatory sequences that made that picture likable despite its scrambled thinking. The creative powers of love and youthful innocence are claimed for these college students, but from the way they look,



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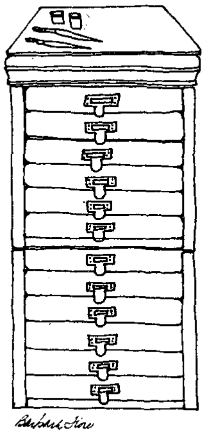
and the look of the production, that claim is about as convincing as in the Doris Day films of the fifties. Everything is expanded: the locations, the cast, the atrocities. When you see the swimming pool at the Freedom School, you half expect the students to plunge into a kaleidoscopic Busby Berkeley ballet. The school is huge, but Delores Taylor appears to be the only faculty member, and though the students are busy foiling the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., and saving the world, you never see one of them crack a book. All learning seems to come from that fount of tears Delores Taylor, whose anxiety about the students' lack of autonomy is expressed in the tiny sobs of a careworn, betrayed mother.

Is this maudlin epic a cynical exploitation of the widespread American sense of hopelessness? It even manages to cash in on the national letdown of the last month with some up-to-the-minute lines of dialogue about Ford's pardon of Nixon. Whether or not the Laughlins believe in what the film says doesn't have much to do with the validity of the message. (Seventh-Day Adventists generally seem honestly convinced of a lot of ideas that aren't any the more sound for being honestly held.) But when a film is a lump of message like this we can't help wanting to know if the moviemakers are on the level, or if it's a bald-faced big con, or if, maybe, they've turned themselves on in order to turn others on. The grandiosity of "The Trial of Billy Jack" suggests that it's a complete con, but it may not be fair to use lack of artistry as evidence of dishonesty. The film's shrewdly sloppy assertions, such as that the order to fire in My Lai came directly from Washington, and that our "two hundred and twenty million people are totally controlled by the votes of four or five men" on congressional committees, indicate that the Laughlins are more interested in the emotional force of their statements than in precision. Actors are notoriously intuitive about what the public will respond to, and the Laughlins may let their antennae do their thinking. The schoolmistress is often quite irrational, ranting at the students, and the movie doesn't seem to recognize how screwed up her thought processes are. Movie stars expect to be listened to, and a big box-office success can make them think that they have something big to say. The shots of Delores Taylor as the world-famous crusading schoolmistress giving interviews from a hospital bed are lighted and composed like sentimental chromos; she's framed like Jesus in the postcards that Americans buy in Mexico to send their hip friends. It's perfectly possible that Miss Taylor really feels she's taking the world's sorrows unto herself, and that Laughlin (he's a tiger at business promotion) feels he's going to save movies by aggressive selling, and at the same time sell peace. The stars may be too self-absorbed to be consciously dishonest, but that doesn't mean that they don't have a tough side.

Laughlin is said to be a charismatic personality—to be so convincing that he can turn people's heads around. The picture can claim to be "true," because almost all the social injustices it chronicles are based on actual events, but if you put together a collection of the sex crimes committed against women in the United States last year and had them all happen to one poor, unprotected girl whom no one would help, would it be an accurate reflection of the life of an American girl? Or would it be a masochistic jamboree that would intensify young girls' feelings of helplessness and might make them feel they needed a savior? In the movie, there is nothing in between the lecherous, greedy, brutal whiteys in power and the Freedom School contingent offering universal love as the only answer to the monolithic corruption of American life. You are asked to join the flock and become part of a holy crusade. When I fled the theatre, a sizable part of the audience was still singing along with the movie's pounding rendition of "Give Peace a Chance." Billy Jack was still up there, with his strong arms enveloping the wounded schoolmistress's wheelchair.



The picture is really quite mad, yet the Laughlins may get by with it. They have announced that it's opening in a thousand theatres on the same day; this is probably another case of inflation, but even if there are only seven hundred, that's still a mighty big Pentecostal tub-thumping show. "The Trial of Billy Jack" might be deliberately shaped for the bedraggled remnants of the peace movement, already Jesus-freaked, still grieving and lost, but opportunism and charismatic-star thinking are very difficult to separate. The movies have sometimes told the story of show-business figures who became rabble-rousers, but the movies always placed them on the square, simplistic reactionary right. "The Trial of Billy Jack" is a realization of those cautionary tales except that the Laughlins are on the square, simplistic reactionary left. They've brought the worst of mass culture together with the worst of the counterculture.

COMPARED to Tom Laughlin, George C. Scott the pitchman is just your ordinary blowhard star. A full-page ad for his picture "The Savage Is Loose" reads:

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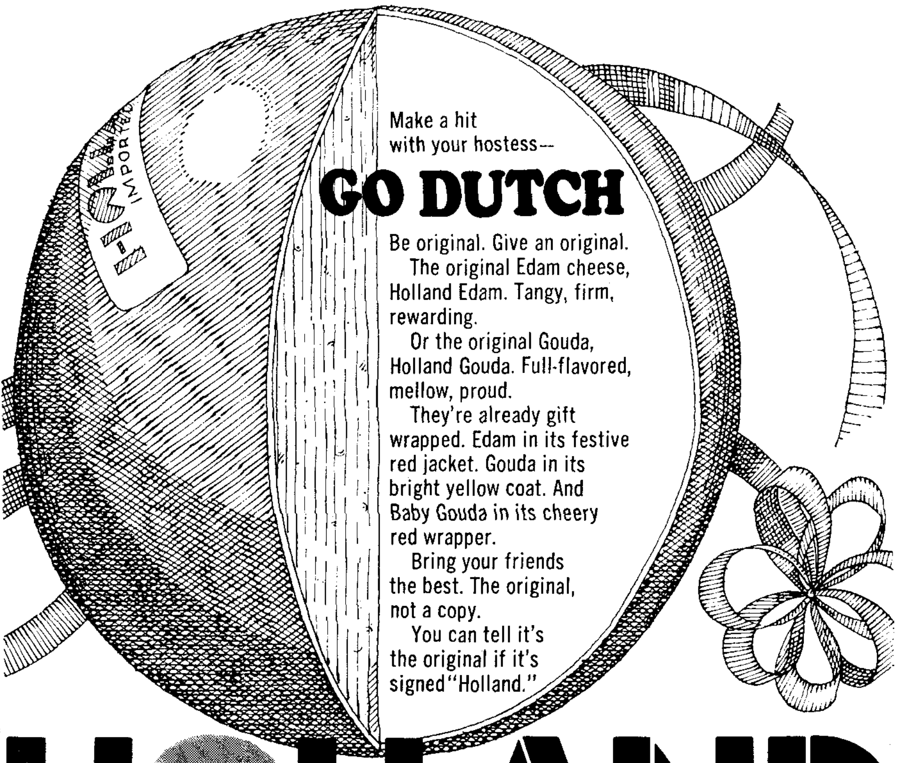
One expected a little more tone from Scott. From the way he's been plugging this effort, you'd think he was going to announce special year-end discounts before the '75 models come in. "The Savage" crawls by in slightly under two hours, but they're about as agonizing as any two hours I've spent at the movies. Bad pictures usually have some divertissements—a twerpy bit player, a line or two of dialogue about wombats or spider sperm, a few bars of jazz. This goddam thing is set on a deserted jungle island, and there's nothing to occupy one's time but Scott; his wife, the intensely serious, hardworking Trish Van Devere (who back in "Where's Poppa?" seemed an amusing comedienne—comedienne hell, there isn't an intentional laugh in this whole movie); and their child, played by Lee H. Montgomery when he's little and, as the years stretch on, by John David Carson. Scott is such a powerful actor he didn't really need to load the dice for himself this way.

The family, shipwrecked, is stuck on the island, and so are we. Scott teaches his son meagre—and dubious—lessons of survival (e.g., "The strong eat the weak in order to survive"), while Mrs. Scott wants to teach the boy about civilization. They battle over this for years, though there's no imaginable reason that the boy couldn't absorb both sets of lessons. They certainly have plenty of time to teach him, having no pressing social engagements. Eventually, the boy reaches puberty and wants sex with Mommy, and since he is now the Savage his father trained him to be, neither Scott nor Mrs. Scott can sit down and explain to him that boys back home often can't get sex, either, and have to make do. So the boy tries to kill big Daddy, and there are many long, stricken looks before the movie settles down to a repulsive finish, with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Mommy deciding to make Sonny happy. Scott has to take the rap for the crapehanger's direction and for not knowing better than to buy this script, but the scriptwriters, Max Ehrlich and Frank De Felitta, really ought to have their names inscribed in a special hall of infamy. When Sonny the Savage comes into the island shanty, having apparently been poring over Mommy's Bible like a Jesuit seminarian, and demands "Who was Cain's wife? It was Eve, his mother, wasn't it?" the running time of this movie is like a life sentence.

This primordial tale, steeped in the basics, might have been dreamed up by General Patton himself. It would be pleasant to believe that George C. Scott has a somewhat more flexible mind, but he seems to take the film's urgently stated banalities with the utmost seriousness, both onscreen and off. Can anyone who has seen him selling this movie on the talk shows doubt that he thinks the work of his hands is great? As an actor, Scott gives the impression of keen, total awareness: he seems excitingly smart. In this movie, he makes one wonder if that awareness of his adds up to more than angry obsession. In the opening shot of him, his glance fixes the camera, and at the end, with his patriarchal face coated in makeup to signify ruinous burns, he's still eating up the camera. He has done to himself what no other director has ever been able to do to him: he has made his vulture-faced, croaking-voiced magnetism ridiculous—he's a bore.

THERE'S a little picture kicking around called "The Groove Tube," which was also produced and directed by its star, Ken Shapiro, who wrote a lot of it, too. It's mainly a series of innocently scatological skits lampooning TV, but at the end Shapiro does a lovely, flaked-out dance. Looking gracefully berserk in a pin-striped pink suit, he galumphs sidewise through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue to the tune of "Just You, Just Me," and there's an entrancingly silly purity in his madness. That's what's missing from the big-star madness of "The Trial of Billy Jack" and "The Savage Is Loose." The Laughlins and Scott come on like philosopher-kings bestowing their grandeur upon us. Their movie roles have gone to their heads and fermented. —PAULINE KAEL

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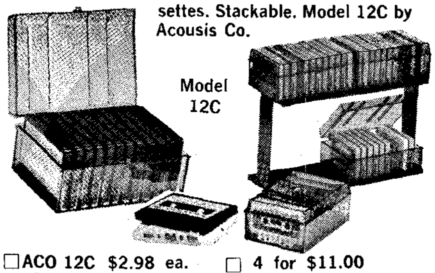

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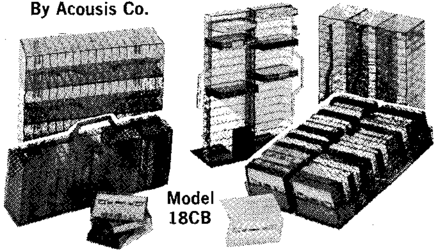

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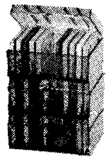

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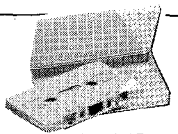

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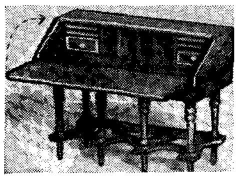

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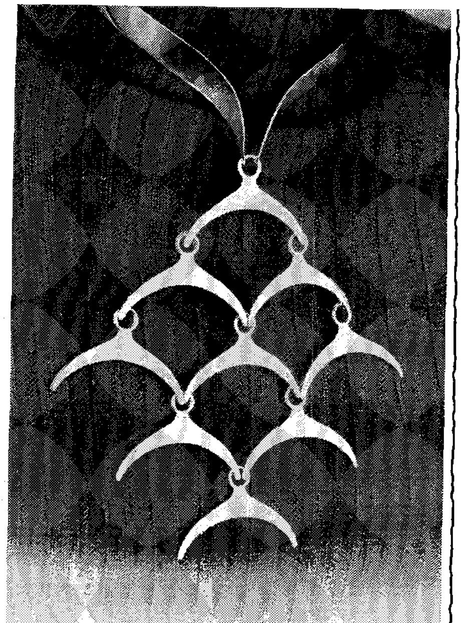
DANCING

Teddy and Topsy

THE theme that runs through "Your Isadora," Francis Steegmuller's edition of Isadora Duncan's correspondence with Gordon Craig, is that of two lovers who, to use Isadora's words in her autobiography, "My Life," "were not two, but one, that one amazing being of whom Plato tells . . . two halves of the same soul." In "Your Isadora" (Random House and the New York Public Library), the theme is expressed in one of the first and most beautiful of Isadora's letters to Craig: "We were born in the same star and we came in its rays to earth, & for a little I was in your heart & then I wandered far away & now I am back. That is our History. No one could understand it—but us." This note, dashed off while she was packing for Russia, is typical of the lyrical Isadora, and she never stops singing to Craig, even when he has her strained to the breaking point. The same theme expressed in Craig's writings to and about Isadora appears to take on different aspects of his personality—aspects that tumble through the book and never quite cohere in a solid whole. There is Craig quicksilver ("She is just simple, lovely, & we seem to be just about *one*"), Craig leaden ("We were made for each other"), and Craig gaseous (a passage that begins "Suppose one had been in a world with ones other half—once—and that world so wonderfully perfect; and then . . ." and then goes on for many mazy lines of description of "one's" various states and conditions without the other, ending with "and here she is—and here am I. Is not that marvellous? It is quite 'impossible,' being so very marvellous—with what a cry we come together"). That Craig may be smuggling deep personal meanings through this fog is evident, though the message is not clear; he was a man the truth of whose feelings he often managed to conceal from himself, and Steegmuller, who does not conceal his own intermittent rage at Craig, speaks with some force of his "stunted feelings."

Steegmuller is often angered on Isadora's account, but he's angered, too, by Craig's own treatment of himself, as when Craig, the penniless theatrical designer of genius, niggles away yet another lucrative carte-blanche contract. George Bernard Shaw observed that "Gordon Craig has made himself the most famous producer in Europe by dint of never producing anything." This was all but literally true. In the entire sixty-two-year course of his career in Europe, he was responsible for fewer than half a dozen productions. The two of these on which his fame rests were the "Rosmersholm" with Duse, given one performance only, in Florence in 1906, and the 1912 "Hamlet" for the Moscow Art Theatre, which remained years in repertory. Both these commissions were obtained through Isadora Duncan, who knew both Duse and Stanislavski, but, as Shaw also remarked, Craig could have obtained them—or any other commissions he wanted—on his own: "If ever there was a spoilt child in artistic Europe, that child was Teddy Craig. The doors of the theatre were wider open to him than anyone else." Craig was the son of Ellen Terry and the godson of Henry Irving, the most powerful and beloved acting team in England. He was also a visionary, whose proposals for theatrical reform and whose early revolutionary productions of operas and plays brought him a local fame but no money. He was utterly passive about practical matters; Ellen Terry subsidized him, and later Isadora did, too. With his gift for converting his vices into virtues, Craig in later life said, "I had no self-ambition whatever—it is this lack of popular sin which has always buoyed me up." (It isn't hard to imagine where Shaw—or Steegmuller—would begin a catalogue of the popular sins that Craig *didn't* lack.) During his days with Isadora, he tried to absorb her "American *push*," and spoke often of his need for a good business manager. The Steegmuller volume is perhaps unfair to Craig, because it offers less material for his side of the affair. Against "every scrap—ribbon—ticket—letter & card" that Isadora ever gave him (save ten "too personal" letters, which he burned) there are only the few drafts of his letters to her that he also retained, together with the notes on her he kept adding to all his life. (Isadora's copies of the letters from Craig have apparently perished.) But the book is not a distorted picture of Craig. It is a picture of Craig with all his self-distortions, the worst among them being his positive appetite for failure, which, masked as idealism, he foisted time and again on the trustful, the loving, and the all too successful Isadora.

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG met Isadora Duncan in December of 1904, when she was twenty-six and he was thirty-two. They were in Berlin, which Isadora, whose name was already a byword throughout half of Europe, had made the magnetic center of her art. It was here that she had published her lecture "The Dance of the Future," had founded a school, and had become the subject of a popular cult in which the whole German nation came to share. Craig was a newcomer to all this; in Weimar—but only in Weimar—where he had first been introduced to the artistic circles that clustered around his sponsor, Count Harry Kessler, it was the custom to speak disparagingly of Isadora. Wrote Craig, "I had heard that there was a sort of governess who had taken to dancing in an artistic manner," and his impression on meeting Isadora at the Duncans' salon in Berlin was of "a nice Greekish lady by art & a fine American girl by nature, and I am sure I shall be bored by her dancing." He went to see her perform and was overwhelmed. "I sat still and speechless," he wrote. In a few days, they celebrated their "marriage night"



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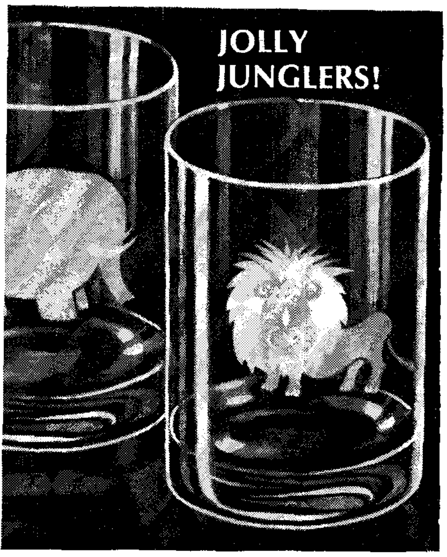
(his words) on the floor of his studio. Count Kessler, the diplomat and amateur of the arts who had sought to bring Craig into contact with theatrical producers in Germany, wrote of Isadora in his memoirs, "I did not have a great opinion of her as a dancer in her early days; she was clumsy, amateurish, and uncultivated. She learned a lot from Gordon Craig." Whether this is true or not—Isadora herself was pleased to report to Craig the opinion of the German papers three years later that her dancing showed "*grosse Fortschritt*" ("great progress")—Craig never took any credit. Although in many ways Craig played an ignoble, even a destructive, role in Isadora's life, that was one crime against her he didn't commit. He never supposed that she was any less great than he. He never ceased to praise her as an artist, and he never violated her autonomy. (Nor would he permit her to violate his. He refused to collaborate with her and went into fits over her famous blue-curtain backdrops because, he said, she let people think he had designed them.) There were myriad offenses against both flesh and spirit which Isadora survived. He accepted her love and returned it; he also accepted her money, in return for which he acted, incompetently, as her manager, drawing up crackpot contracts and inhuman tour schedules. He became the father of her first child, but he neglected her so badly during her pregnancy that she tried to commit suicide. After the baby was born (harrowingly; readers of "My Life" will be prepared for this birth scene), and too soon for the good of her health, he forced her back on tour, and reproached her when a second tour, in the dead of summer, proved profitless. All this Isadora endured. She even, in time, rose above the knowledge that dawned, well into the affair, of Craig's having already fathered eight children by three other women, whom he had then deserted. The eighth of these children, Edward A. Craig (who in 1968 published a scathingly objective biography of his father), was born in London to Craig's faithful mistress, Elena Meo, during the initial stage of Craig's love idyll with Isadora in Berlin. But it was his insistence on seeing the love and the deep natural sympathy that existed between them as an understanding between equal stars whirling in their separate courses that broke her heart. By the autumn of 1907, Isadora no longer had a lover, or a father for her child. Craig had set himself up at last, in Florence, with a workshop and a



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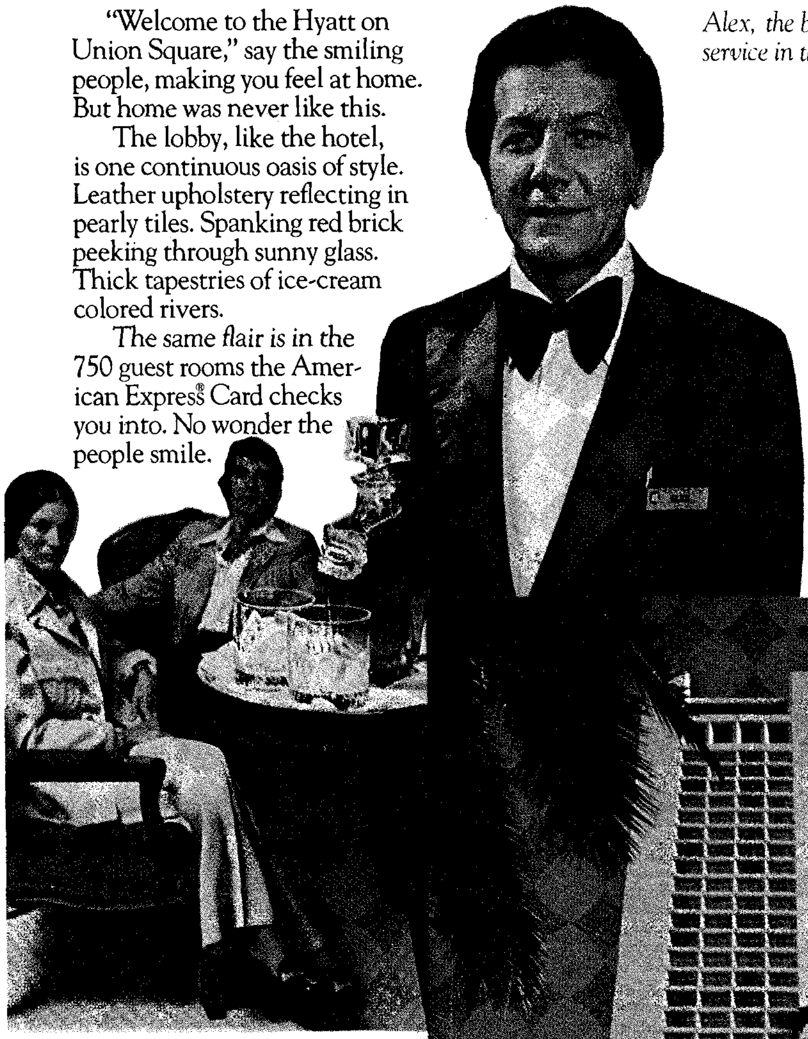

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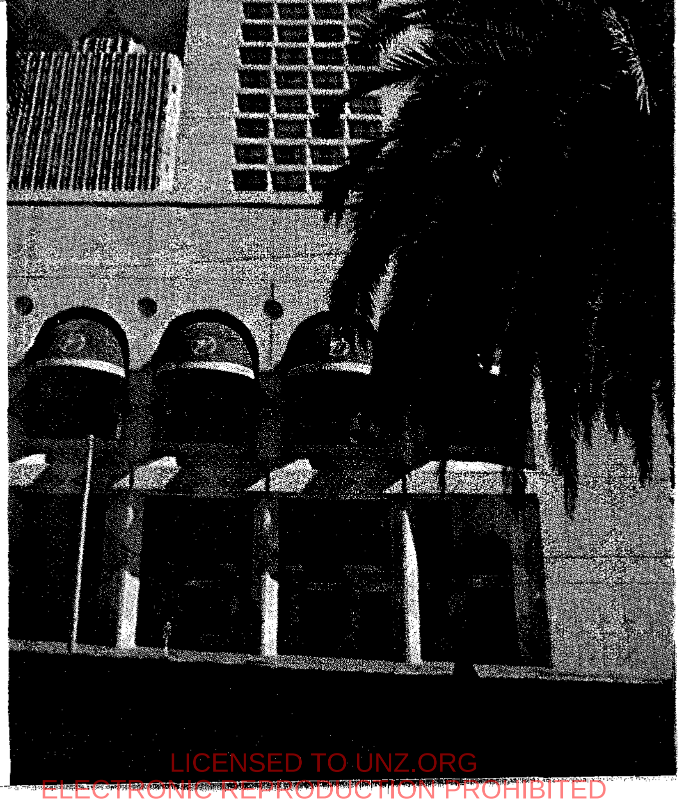

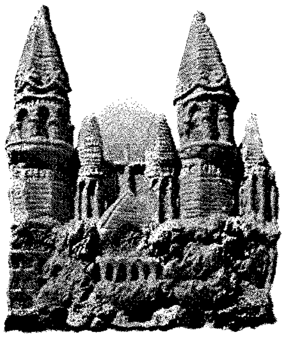

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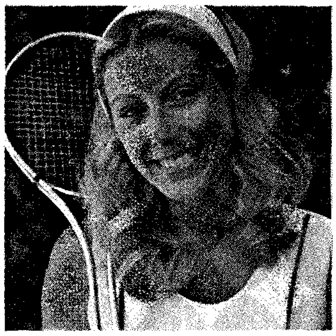

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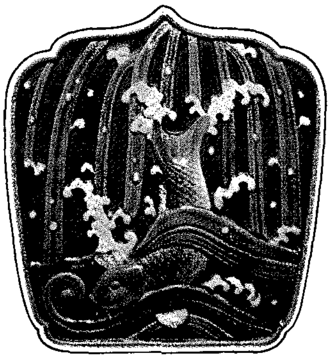

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rinting press. When the child, Deirdre, ied, in 1913, along with Isadora's econd child (by Paris Singer), in the ar that fell into the Seine, Craig was o busy to go to the funeral, and he eceived a wire from Elena and his nother reminding him to send condolnces. He had done so, and later he vrote again, reviving the old theme: 'For my heart and your heart are one eart and an utterly incomprehensible hing it is."

Steegmuller's connecting text offers number of useful speculations on Craig's abrupt changes of attitude toward Isadora over the years. "Transerence of guilt" is the only possible nterpretation of Craig's savage assertion that the children's death was aused by Isadora's carelessness. Other peculations involve Craig's apparent eed to perpetuate his illegitimacy (his ather, the designer and architect Edward Godwin, neither married Ellen Terry nor supported his children by her, and Craig seems to have inherited his irresponsibility along with his talent), and the amazing similarities between Ellen Terry and Isadora Duncan—as Steegmuller lists them, "both beautiful, both famous, both enchanting privately and electrifying on the stage, both unashamedly bearing children outside marriage to the men they loved: a mother who had still been giving him an allowance of £500 a year when he was twenty-four . . . and who since then had been supporting two of his families; a mistress who danced herself half to death to support their child and further his work." And Steegmuller invites further speculation by suggesting that "the battering by Craig—by the tornado of egocentricity that was Edward Gordon Craig—had permanent effects on [Isadora's] personality and way of life." Perhaps nothing accounts for her terrible marriage to Sergei Esenin so well as grief for the wayward young "genius" husband she never had. Steegmuller's sensitive explorations of Craig-Duncan psychology are what make this book the superior example of theatre biography that it is, but he becomes so resentful of Craig toward the end that he fails to account sufficiently for what strikes me as a new note in the correspondence—Craig's pathos when, some months after the children's death, he writes two genuinely loving and extraordinarily humble letters to Isadora, in one of which he asks, "Can you forgive me for all the bad things? & can you forgive me for trying to live without you? You see I can't. So can you? It would open the sky for me." And

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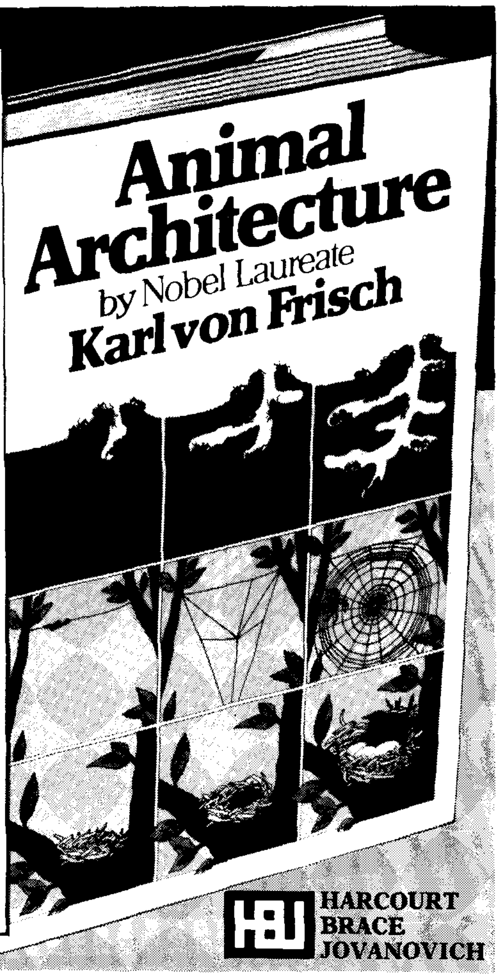

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there is his next-to-last letter, of 1917—his masterpiece—which begins by quoting her 1904 letter: "We were born in the same star . . ."

WHETHER they were "one heart," as each of them always claimed, Craig and Isadora were in their artistic personalities virtually one and the same being. On paper, in formal print, both were rhapsodists, and they were not very helpful when it came to evoking each other's work. She wrote a ringing essay on his book "The Art of the Theatre" in which she keeps calling him Mr. Vesuvius Theatre Destroyer. Right after seeing her dance, he began a notebook about her which he called "Book Topsy." His recorded reactions to that first performance form part of the literature of intoxication that Isadora inspired wherever she went. Craig, unlike most observers, saw clearly enough what was happening, and he was even able to put some of it indelibly into words, but when he approaches the gut issue—how she actually moved—he fills in with such statements as "only just moving—not pirouetting or doing any of those things which we expect to see," and "she came to move as no one had ever seen anyone move before." These, for all their warmth and accuracy, are question-begging words. We are left to guess, by negative inference, at the things Isadora actually accomplished in movement. Craig didn't attempt further description; he seemed to feel that it was impossible. "She was speaking in her own language—do you understand? her own language: have you got it?—not echoing any ballet master. . . . And if she is speaking, what is it she is saying? No one would ever be able to report truly—or exactly—extraordinary, isn't it?—yet no one present had a moment's doubt." And no one ever did report Isadora exactly. Her reviewers a few weeks later in St. Petersburg, the citadel of classical ballet, were captivated, as Craig was, by her simple platform manner, her sense of the dramatic, her vividness as an actress. Poetry flowed from their pens when they wrote about Isadora's numbers, each of which had a dramatic program. She was a bird, an undine, a bacchante, a supplicant, a mourner. A dazzling spectrum of emotions passes before the eye together with a hint of surging thighs, a bit of veiling, and a flash of "thin, pale feet."

So it went throughout her career. People talked about the sensations she evoked; they didn't talk about the range, shape, duration, or attack of

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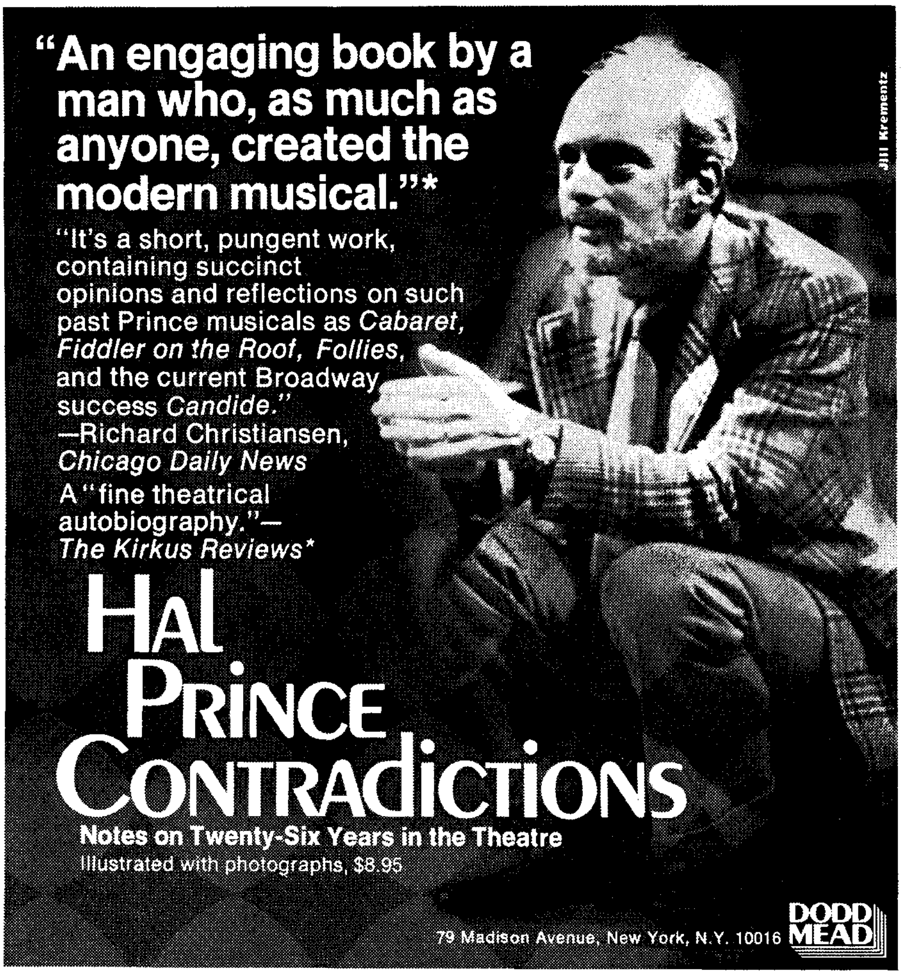
r movement, and Isadora, her whole bstance reduced to the most enchant- g gush, entered the dim galaxy of mmortal dancing artists whose bodies e to subsequent generations a mere ries of immaterial presences. Taglio- i, Duncan, Pavlova—they might be erfumes, almost, each with her own ngy essence, each handily label- ng the epoch in which she danced. Vhen we read about these dancers day, it is the epoch that comes be- re us, not the woman—the epoch hat unconsciously reflects itself in hat it favors, and uses all the wrong vords. In the case of Isadora Duncan, speaks of Tanagra figurines or Attic ases when it might more comfort- bly have linked her with Art Nouveau nd its own Rodin, who drew her; with harles Darwin, whom she revered nd whose "Expression of Emotions in Man and Animals" she undoubtedly new; and with François Delsarte's 'System of Expression,' a book she arried around like a bible. Yet Isa- lora's age did also recognize her as contemporary, and the ecstatic, hoked-up language it used about her was its tribute of recognition. No barrier of nationality kept this Californian from expressing meanings that, from Paris to Moscow, everyone seemed ready to accept. As William Bolitho wrote, in disapproval, "The feast of self-expression was in the oven; Isadora came in with the hors-d'oeuvres." But imagine the excitement of the starched and corseted audiences as they watched her racing around the stage in as near a natural state as decorum would permit—who can't imagine it?

To her own era Isadora came like the glad good friend who brings news of its inmost life. But in the immensity of her impact the individuality of her gesture is lost. What was original, what was borrowed, what was changed or deleted or heightened as she went through her period of *grosse Fortschritt* has never been documented. Even with Craig, who shared her mind as no other man in her life did, she seems never to have discussed her day-to-day work. In the more than two hundred letters that she wrote him, there is not a word about dancing. She speaks of composing new works, of rehearsing, of performing badly or well; she writes about the circumstances of her career, she complains about conditions on tour, she reports on audiences and receipts. But she never says what, exactly, she is up to during those rehearsal hours or what she had to do to progress, either as a dancer or as a choreographer. (The word was not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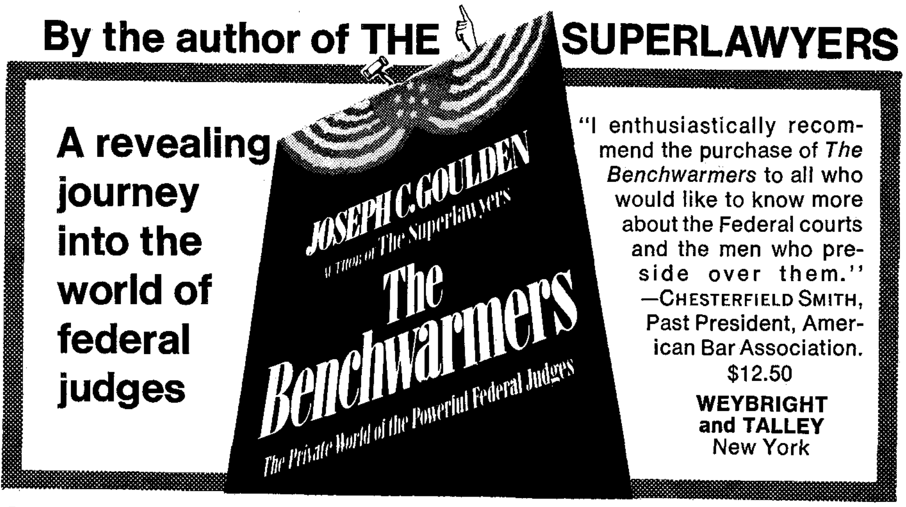
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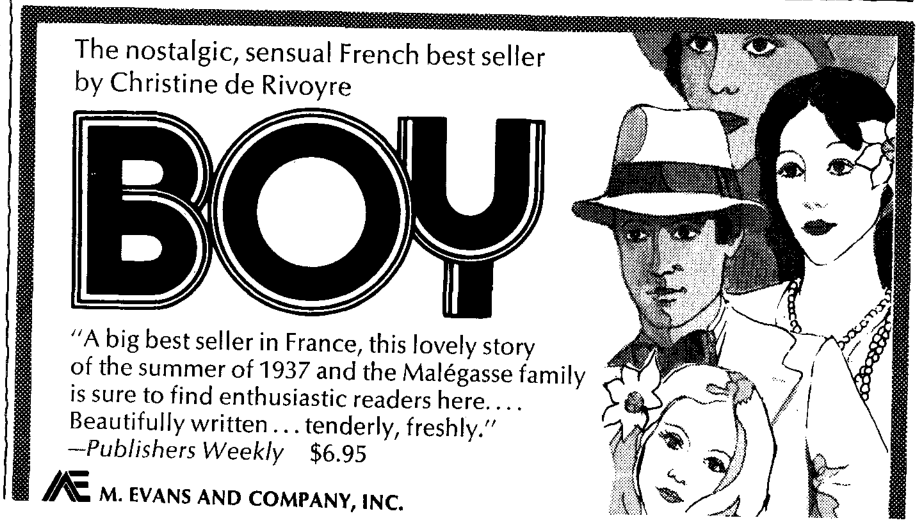
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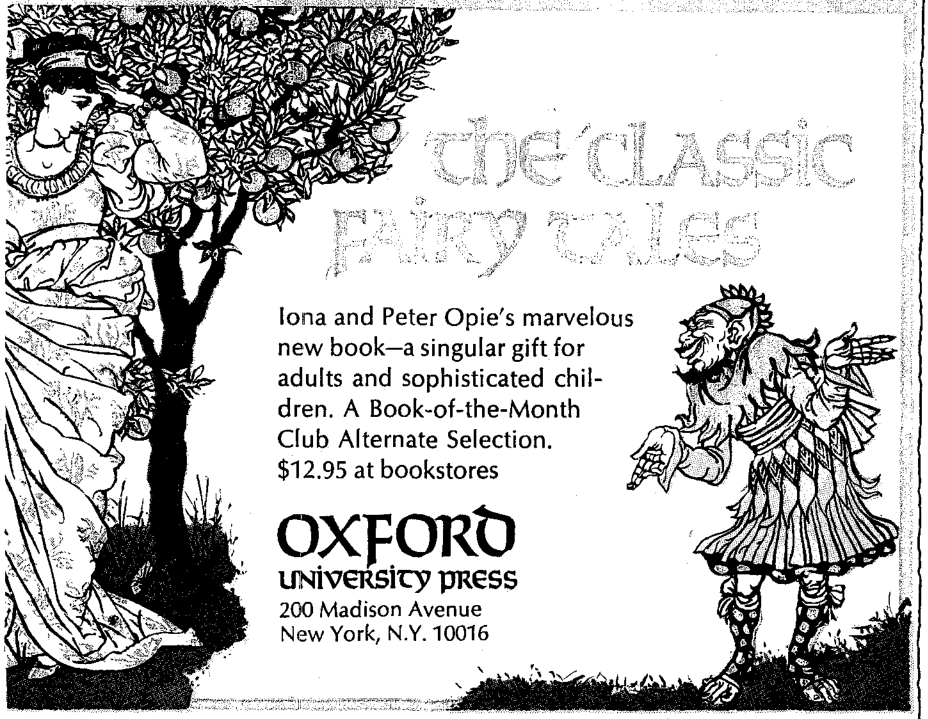

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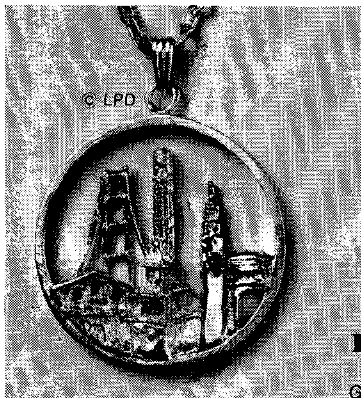

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then in use.) The only glimpse choreographic effort in "Your Isadora" comes when Isadora reques through Craig, some dance mus from Martin Shaw, a conductor frien of his. "Can you write music Greek rhythms," she asks, indicatin the accents. "It must be a *Pastora* with flutes and oboe. Something abo Pan & satyrs. *Long* rhythms." An Craig chimes in, "Fine long rhyth & as noble as hell."

BECAUSE Isadora was almost entirely self-taught and had raise herself in her own style, Craig nicknamed her Topsy, and it has been suggested that her "choreography" consisted of improvising onstage. But th doesn't seem to have been the case all. Annabelle Gamson's recent conce at the American Theatre Laborator which featured a suite of early, middl and late Duncan solos, proved, firs that a body of teachable and henc nonimprovised Duncan material exist and, second, that, performed in th right style, it might be as interestin today as any of the ballets have bee which absorbed Duncan gesture—ballets ranging from "Les Sylphides" "Walpurgisnacht" and "Allegro Brillante." Miss Gamson learned most o the choreography from Julia Levien who had it from Anna and Irma Duncan, two of Isadora's pupils who too her name. Duncan dances were indee made of steps, and steps full of th most surprising dynamic variety. Th large bold ones that suddenly reverse their shape in the air are the ones I remember best. And there were lovel open gestures of the arms and hand that seemed to stress a tender kind o relationship between the dancer an the audience and all the space around her and us. Nothing about the movement looked fancy, but it did look tricky—hard to do well. Miss Gamson's staccato style made every image decisively clear whether it was based on a pantomime gesture or an abstract one, and there was enthusiastic applause for everything from the overflow audience. The Duncan suite was too short to do much more than announce its authenticity—and its authority. One would like a whole evening in which dances of this kind could build their own poignance and grandeur.

—Arlene Croce

•

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BOOKS

Twice-Told Tales

“SOMETHING HAPPENED,” by Joseph Heller (Knopf), is, I'm extremely sorry to say, a painful mistake. I've read that Mr. Heller spent twelve years on this very large novel; perhaps that is one of its problems. For “Something Happened” resembles nothing so much as a fifties story of anxiety and despond among the corporate worker bees in the honeycombs of New York and the flowery fields of Fairfield County. Bob Slocum, its protagonist, tells the long, sad story in his own words. He begins with the office, where he “gets the willies” (a curiously dated expression) when he sees closed doors; he continues with long, circular sections, shot through with obsessive and repetitious flashbacks, that deal with the unhappiness of his wife, his daughter, his little boy, and, presumably, his youngest child, who, being brain-damaged, cannot voice his misery.

This sounds inexpressibly bleak, and it is. “Something Happened” is a novel of anomie, of the imminent disintegration of the social and moral order, and Mr. Heller puts his considerable talents (this is a well-written novel) at the service of his point. So much so, in fact, that he indulges in overkill. When we have seen Bob Slocum suffer a failure of nerve (or a failure of common humanity) in a dozen different situations, we do not need to see him fail a dozen times more; when we have heard a score of hateful, baiting conversations among the Slocums *en famille*, we do not need to hear a further score. Yet the book plods ponderously on for nearly six hundred pages, building a Watergate-size mountain of evidence against this society (or is it *that* society—the America of the late fifties, in which this novel must surely have its roots?) before a new note of menace is sounded: gradually (and skillfully, in terms of technique), Slocum's dogged, despairing monodies become more ravelled and disjunctive, and long before he suspects himself of going mad we see that that is what's happening. Now, at last, the long, slow buildup of the earlier pages seems to promise a dividend. Once the stage has been so painstakingly set, we think, we are to witness the self-destruction of an incipient madman as it happens from *inside*—from his internal point of view. But no: in an inexplicable flinging away of all he has built, Heller permits an unconvincing cataclysm—the death of one of Slocum's children by his own inadvertent hand—to arrest Slocum's fall and, amid double incredibility, to restore him to purpose and respectability, if not to real manhood.

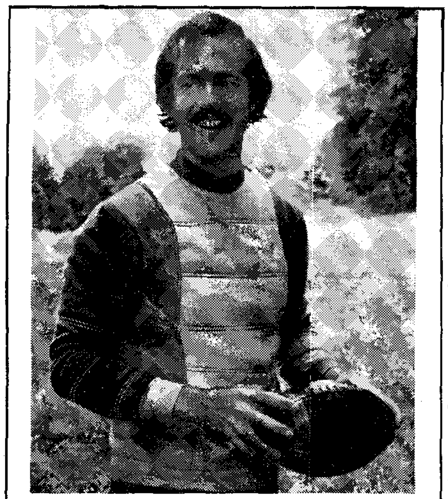
One of the reasons this book is (or was for me, at least) so difficult to read is that its characters—Slocum in particular—do not command respect or empathy. And this in turn is because they are too often archetypes or paradigms and not real people. It is discouraging to learn that Slocum's friends, enemies, and overlords in his anonymous company possess such deliberately anonymous names as Green, White, Brown, and Black; it is destructive of the humanity of the novel and of its ultimate purpose when we discover that there are never first names for his wife, daughter, and young son. (Perversely, his other son, the idiot, is referred to by his first name. This is but one example of the playing with paradox that allowed “Catch-22” to work but is utterly out of place—and false—in this utterly different novel.) The flatness, the blankness, the non-humanity of these characters makes the book tractarian, and it is a tract for other times. Too much has happened since 1960 for Bob Slocum's trials and miseries to seem quite apposite today.

PERHAPS in England's latest hour of trial her critics have come unstuck. On the jacket of “The Siege of Krishnapur,” by J. G. Farrell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; winner of the five-thousand-pound Booker Prize), a book about the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, the *Times* of London calls it “a novel of quite outstanding quality;” Julian Symons, in the *Sunday Times*, suggests that it is “a work of art on two levels,” in the manner of T. S. Eliot; the *T.L.S.* intimates that Farrell's perception “is distinguished above all by style;” John Spurling, in *The New Statesman*, calls the work “a masterpiece.”

Judith Shahn

Pshaw. Mr. Farrell's interesting and entertaining novel is merely the rather early effort of a writer who has not yet hit his stride; its audacious idea—to trace the dissolution of Victorian ideas and ideals among a group of English empire-builders during a sustained siege—promises more than it is able to deliver. The author has presumably done his homework; I have no doubt that the settings, clothes, language, and artifacts are as accurate as research can make them. But the plot, which is sort of pat, is strung out on a series of carefully staged set pieces, and the vaunted style is simply not in evidence. This may be a little unfair to an attempt to say something about Victorian certitudes and their downfall in the face of reality. Mr. Farrell is artful in his ability to assemble a cast of representative yet individual mid-Victorians. He makes us believe, most of all, in his main figure, Mr. Hopkins, the Collector of Krishnapur, who is both the political and the ethical leader of this undefended outpost of the East India Company. Hopkins is a man of unimpugnable rectitude who sports—and has sported, since the opening of the Crystal Palace, six years earlier—a fond belief that “the foundations on which the new men will build their lives are Faith, Science, Respectability, Geology, Mechanical Invention, Ventilation, and Rotation of Crops!” It is inevitable that this ebullient belief in Progress will be pummelled out of him in the course of the novel, but Mr. Farrell's ingenuity—and the vividness of his action sequences—makes the retelling of this old story fresh and pertinent. It is only when he gives in to the temptation to whet his blade of irony too keen—as when the Collector's treasured emblems of culture and progress are pressed into service in lieu of shells for a cannon (the head of Shakespeare, because of “the ballistic advantages stemming from his baldness,” proves “the most effective of all” in laying low an entire platoon of advancing sepoys)—that obviousness overcomes the strong line of the narrative.

When Mr. Farrell is not caught up in an understandable desire to poke fun at his characters and their orotund respectabilities, he can be both direct and affecting; then even his ordinary diction comes to life: “Somewhere not far away, surrounded by jungle, Chloë



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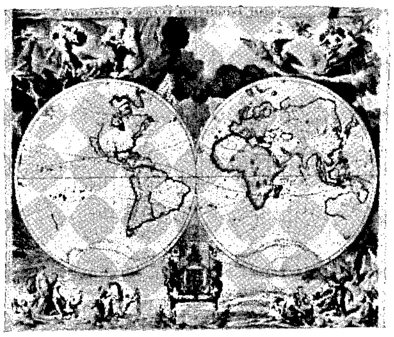

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and the sepoy lay side by side and rotted, or were eaten by the specialist animals of the night." For all its mishaps, "The Siege of Krishnapur" is a winning and readable novel, and it suggests that its author, who is not yet forty, is a man to watch.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

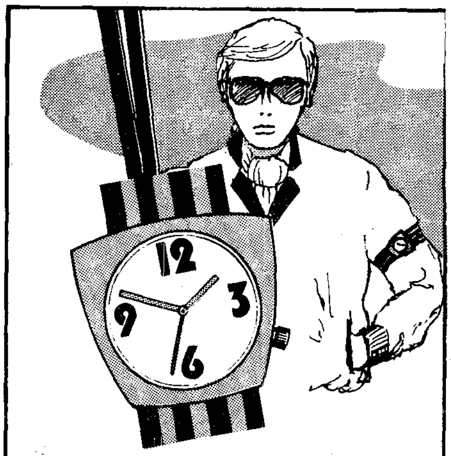
FICTION

LOOK WHAT THEY DONE TO MY SONG, by John McCluskey (Random House). There are at least two—perhaps even three—books lurking in this honest and original first novel, and that is both its weakness and its strength. The time is 1968, and the book is chiefly about a young black musician named Mack, who drifts around Boston and environs trying to keep body and soul together. Along the way, he meets a dignified old couple who take him under their wing, with no questions asked, and treat him like a son; several complicated women; an unsuccessful hustler; a lonely homosexual; and scores of other people whose lives Mr. McCluskey illuminates brilliantly but all too briefly. Except when he strains for lyric effect, the language of the book is plain, sensitive, and tough. Black vernacular and jokes (a hooker called Ova Easy, for example) have rarely had a better stage, and youngish blacks who have lived through the anguish of the sixties rarely a better spokesman. But the book's loose-leaf-journal style is an inadequate solution to the problem of having too many characters, and its leitmotiv (redemption through music) seems out of place whenever it turns up.

SCUFFLER, by Harvey Orkin (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A comic Horatio Alger story about a lovable, street-wise semi-orphan who blunders his way from the small-town pool halls of South Dakota to Hollywood, the good life, and oil millionairedom. The book has a lot of laughs but very little to carry the reader from one laugh to the next.

GENERAL

THE WORKHOUSE, by Norman Longmate (St. Martin's). A diligent, factual, readable history of the English poorhouse. Mr. Longmate explains that the workhouse was conceived as a reform to promote efficiency, economy, equity, and morality. Before workhouses, poor people had been treated disparately,



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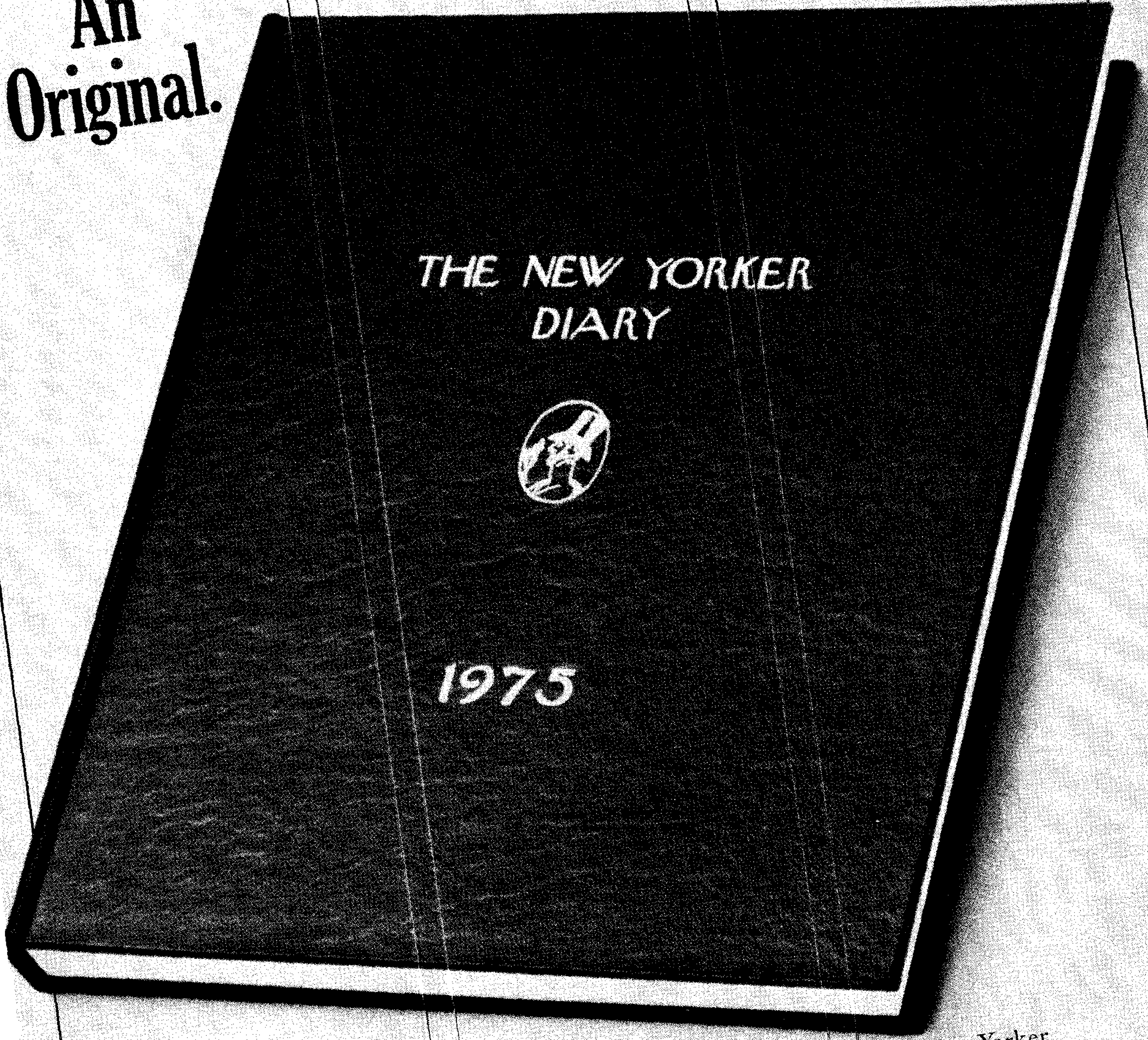

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depending on what parish they lived in; some got what we would call welfare in their own homes, others battened (or so it seemed to well-to-do observers) in idle luxury on old charitable endowments, and still others were condemned to harsh incarceration. Under the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, workhouses began appearing all over the British Isles—bastilles that collected the poor of several parishes and sorted and separated them (male, female, aged, infirm, children), the better (supposedly) to treat then What in fact happened was th everybody was treated worse tha ever. Mr. Longmate's good literar judgment makes his book somethin more than a tale of woe. He h used documents to discover people he shows us a gradual (if too gradual) amelioration of the treatmen of paupers, and, by the bye, cast light on contemporary difficulties—conceptual, emotional, and financial—in facing up to the problem o having the poor always with us.

FREDERICK PACKARD

Frederick Packard died last week, at seventy-one, after several years of failing health. He was a stocky man, with straight, dark hair and a close-cropped mustache, and nobody ever called him anything but Freddie. He began writing for us in 1929, having just been hired as a "checker." He wrote funny, cranky pieces about the misadventures that befell him as he trudged about the city, or that, more likely, befell him in his imagination, which always expected the worst and was not often disappointed. He wrote with angry ardor about the misuse of words, especially foreign ones. Freddie had spent many school holidays abroad and had developed a strong affection for France and its cookery, its wine, and its language. He also had a good working knowledge of German and Italian. In short, he was the ideal man to head our Checking Department, which he did for upward of a quarter of a century. He was a gentleman-scholar who, instead of poring at leisure over folios in some dim, ancient library, worked hard in an ordinary room in an office building in midtown Manhattan, under the pressure of constant deadlines.

Freddie doted on books of reference. Facts correctly stated were sacred to him, and woe betide the writer who chose to be approximate rather than precise! Even in an idle hour, if Freddie was reading a detective story and discovered that the distance between, say, Paris and Boulogne had been misstated by a kilometre or so, he would take offense at the careless miscreant of an author. Freddie came from an old Main Line family, and he knew who he was; he felt entitled to display a nineteenth-century American indignation whenever the spirit moved him, and the spirit moved him in the presence of erroneous dates and misspelled names. For sheer volume of information about hi period, Freddie was surely the equa of anyone. For example, he knew th lineage of many hundreds of popula songs—the name of the composer o the song, the name of the person wh first sang it, and, if it had been sun first in a musical comedy, the date o the musical's opening on Broadwa and the length of its run. Formidable.

Freddie's retirement from th Checking Department gave him mor time for drawing. He had a gift fo making small sketches in pen-and-in and in watercolor, and dozens of thes sketches were published as "spots" i this magazine; indeed, the latest o them appeared only a few weeks ago. If Freddie was sent a picture postcard from somewhere abroad, he might respond by presenting the sender o the card with his own version of the scene, charmingly rendered. In his prime, Freddie liked to pay calls at two or three favorite bars; one of them was Costello's, on Third Avenue. Tim Costello unwittingly served as a sort of father figure to Freddie, and it was a dark day for Freddie when he came to realize that *he* was serving as a sort of father figure to Tim. Freddie loved telling rueful stories against himself; as the stories accumulated over the years, he seemed to other members of the staff a legendary figure—a veritable Paul Bunyan of mishap. He would have liked us to tell at least one such story, and here it is: A colleague meeting Freddie in the corridor civilly passed the time of day by asking him how he was. Freddie took the question seriously, as Freddie would. Something terrible had happened—something that could happen only to Freddie and was therefore pleasing to him even though it made him miserable. He scratched the back of his hand. "I have two colds," he said.

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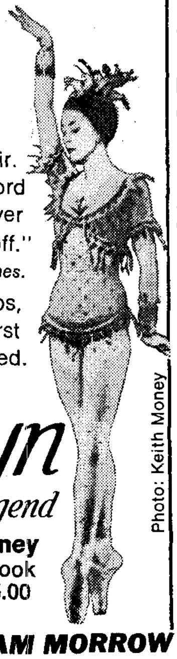

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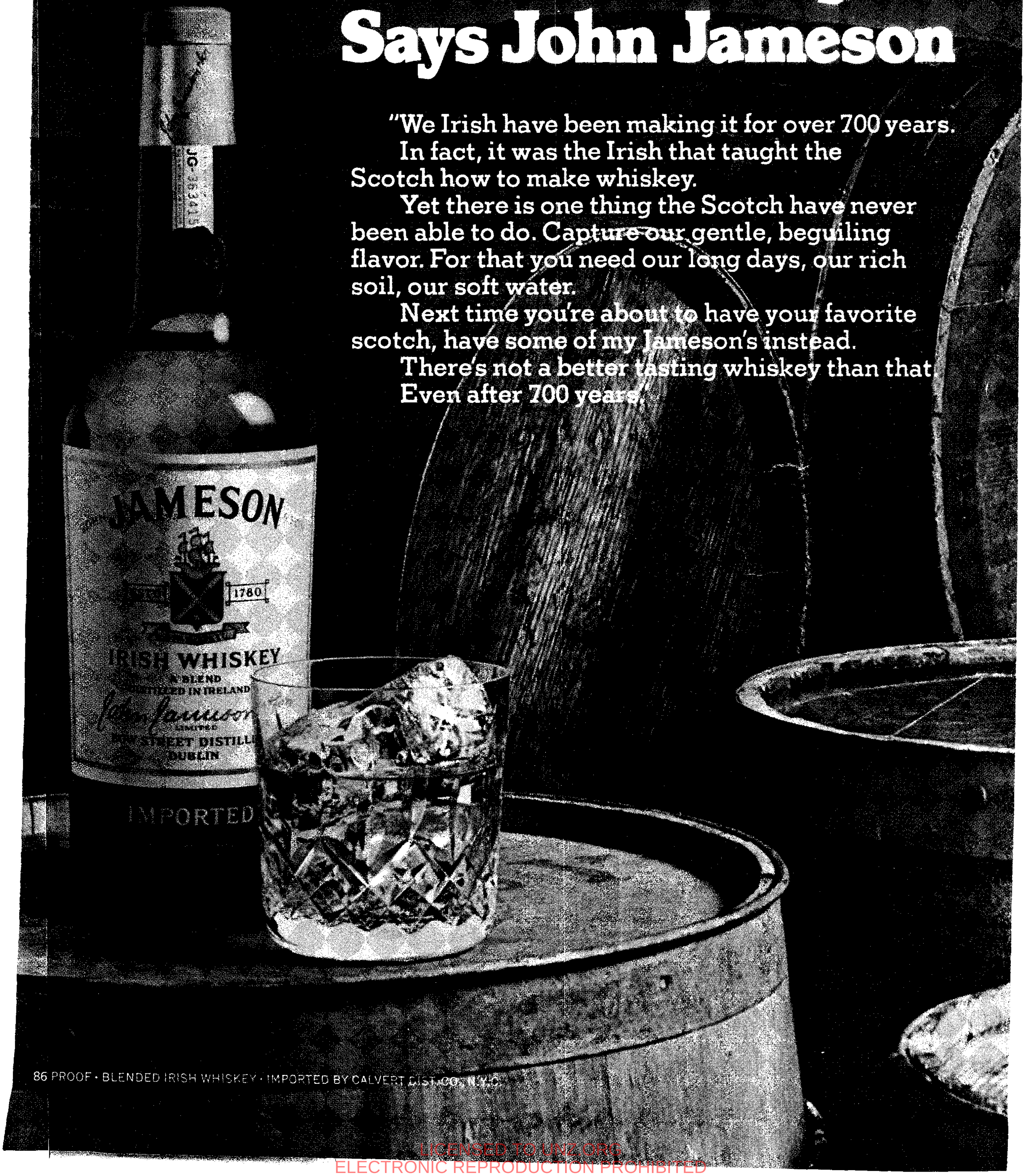
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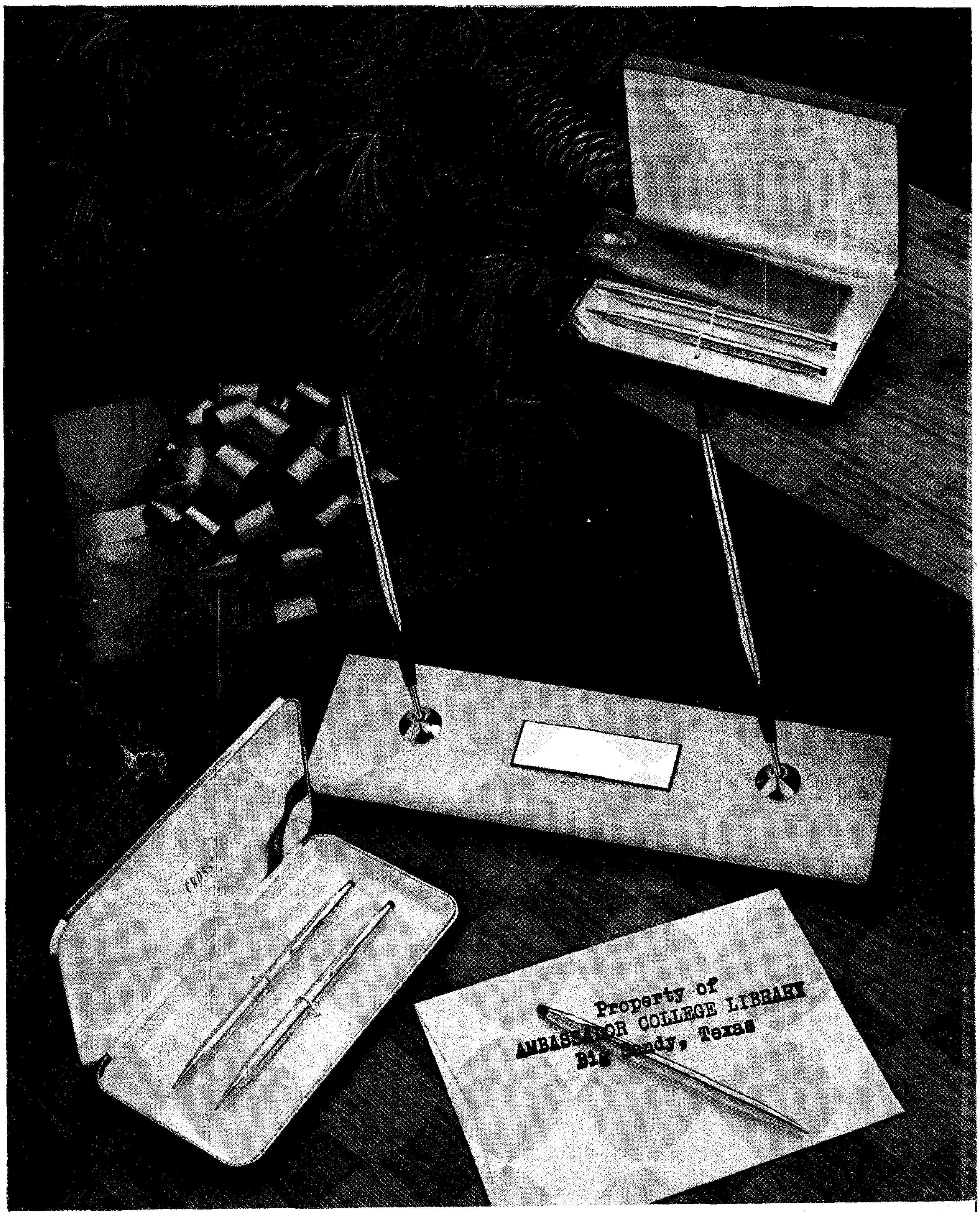

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